

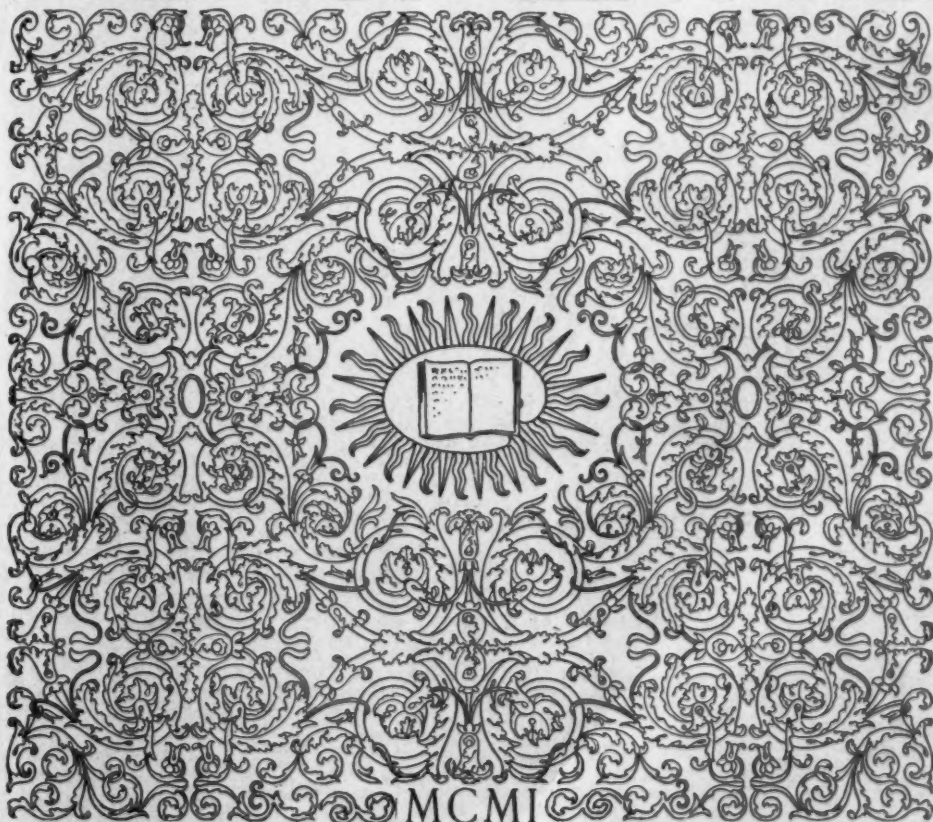
UNIV. OF MICH.  
Ex-President Cleveland on "The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy."  
"The Making of a Marchioness," a Novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett.

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JUNE, 1901.

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# THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED • MONTHLY • MAGAZINE



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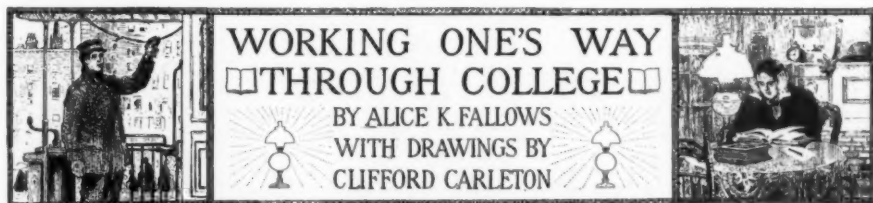


# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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ANY one who visits a certain little meat-shop in a side street of Boston on Saturday night, when the rush of trade is greatest, will find there an extra clerk, distinguished from his fellow-clerks only by an unusually intelligent face. Like them, he wears no coat, and he manages his long white apron as easily as they. His smile and quick repartee make him popular with the waiting throng, and he saws through the bone of a porter-house steak, wraps up the meat, and hands it to its owner as quickly and deftly as a professional. If the customer will go to a dingy grocery-store a little farther down the same street, he will find another man backed up against a kerosene-barrel, patiently rehearsing the price of eggs, butter, and soda to a bulky matron of the middle class, keeping his temper when she informs him that all these commodities are two cents cheaper at a rival store, and even smiling a cheerful good-by when the virago slips four cents' worth of codfish into her basket as the result of twenty minutes' haggling, and squeezes through the door.

If the same customer happens to be in Harvard Square the following Monday, at

the end of a collegiate hour, he will probably feel like the victim of a modern fairy-tale, when he recognizes in two students, swinging across the yard with note-books in their hands, the butcher and the grocer of Saturday night.

In the modern development of undergraduate self-support, such metamorphoses from student to workman and back again are so common that a stranger within half a day's distance of any one of the well-known colleges for men is likely to meet with a similar experience. The students themselves take these transformations as a matter of course, but the conventional visitor in a large college town may be permitted a start of surprise when he learns that the tactful person at an evening party, who looked after the comfort of the guests effectively and unobtrusively, and who set the social wheels in motion skilfully when they threatened to run down, was in reality a student, earning a dollar or more an evening for his services. It is rather disconcerting, also, for one with carefully regulated social ideas, to discover in the class orator at commencement the night clerk of his hotel. But a nation which

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allows one of its sons to work his way from canal-boy to President could not, if it wished, escape a reflection of democratic ideals even in its most aristocratic educational institutions.

The opportunities for self-support vary in the different colleges, according to their size and location. Occupations practicable for students in a small town are soon exhausted. For this reason the self-supporting student in Princeton, Williams, Dartmouth, Amherst, Leland Stanford, Jr.,



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

A STUDENT IN A GROCERY AND ON THE STREET.

way at the Chicago University, Columbia, Yale, or Harvard has a whole cityful of possibilities to choose from, if the college body itself proves unremunerative. When the prospective student of one of these universities consults the list of undergraduate industries from the safe vantage of his own home, indeed, he feels as bewildered as a woman before samples of all the dress-goods in a store. His choice at first seems unlimited. But only a few encounters with the actual difficulties of earning his living serve to reverse his ideas of his own importance, and to make him thankful to do the first profitable thing his hands find to do.

The freshman, particularly, discovers before him a very hard row to hoe. Lack of capital, ignorance of the college public, its supplies, and its needs, a scarcity of friends and acquaintances—all these things he must

and some other colleges must make the best commercial use possible of the college public, and not rely too greatly on the limited supply of outside work. But the man earning his

fore him a very hard row to hoe. Lack of capital, ignorance of the college public, its supplies, and its needs, a scarcity of friends and acquaintances—all these things he must

contend against. Upper-classmen may be choosers, but freshmen, like beggars, must be content with what they can get. They may be among the fortunate ones whose high grades are to be rewarded by scholarships later on. But this vague possibility will not keep the wolf from the freshman's door-mat in the meantime, and he will have to bestir himself or go hungry. Fear of hunger is a strong motive, and it drives hard bargains with its victims; but an expedient that would be a tragedy in the life of an older intellectual man becomes a pastime to the student who looks on it as a temporary measure, and he shovels off sidewalks blithely, and cleans furnaces to a song.

Every educational institution makes some provision for its needy students, by scholarships, loan funds, and aid funds, although relatively only a small number receive help in these ways. The larger proportion of working students must find some other method of meeting their expenses. Each college, too, assigns to poor students a certain number of its lesser tasks, including clerical work, care of the library, copying of syllabi, assistance in the various laboratories, and anything else in the administration of the different departments which can safely be trusted to an undergraduate.

The business opportunities at the disposal of the college itself are not, as a rule, rich in remuneration; but a student finds them a convenient barrier between himself and bankruptcy until he happens upon something more profitable. This he often discovers among the many devices for making money common to all the colleges in the country. Of these, tutoring seems, perhaps, the most desirable and appropriate for a man trying to develop his intellect. Its dignity is unquestioned, and, furthermore, it has the advantage of yielding good returns for a small expenditure of time. In some colleges the price drops as low as fifty cents an hour; but this is unusual, and the average amount paid would probably be double that sum. In the largest colleges, two dollars for an hour's teaching is not an unusual price, and experienced tutors have easily earned a thousand dollars in a year. Unfortunately, tutors are many, and the students who need their services comparatively few. Therefore the mass of the unemployed must seek their livelihood elsewhere.

Many solve the problem by becoming the middleman between an outside merchant and the inside college public. The agency which results is one of the methods of earning

money familiar in every college from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Confectioners, bakers, photographers, stationers, dry-goods merchants, tailors, and a hundred others reach college members thus through one of their own number. The agent finds his venture more or less profitable, according to the demand for the article which he handles. This fluctuates according to the season, or the condition of the business world outside, which finds a reflex in the tightening or opening of college purses supplied from the family till. A laundry agency ranks first of all in the working student's estimation, since no financial crisis or depression, without or within, materially affects his custom. Even if ruin is on the program for the next day, the desire for clean linen is insistent, and the agent who meets it is spared altogether the anxiety which attends the precarious sale of luxuries.

Other schemes for making money, directly dependent for their success on college patronage, are almost numberless, and vary greatly according to the local conditions of the college. From time immemorial, college papers and magazines have proved a financial blessing to the bright boy with literary talent, and he has not been slow to make use of them. Men with energy and push often organize eating-clubs for fellow-students, who give them their board in return. Others manage the clubs themselves, and if they are fortunate, obtain their board and something over as their reward for commissary duty. Waiting on table is a method of earning board widely practised in the different colleges, although some of those in the high places of the educational sanhedrim set on this occupation the stamp of their severe disapproval, because it seems to them that such menial labor is beneath the level of an intellectual man. In Johns Hopkins and Princeton, where the Southern element, with its strong prejudice against such work, largely prevails, student waiters are virtually an unknown quantity. But in almost every other college they are a fixed part of the wage-earning population. Yale approves of the custom, and will resume again next fall its system of student waiters, which was abandoned this year, not because it proved unsatisfactory, but because the manager of the dining-room wished to try an experiment. For a number of years Harvard has given employment to students who are willing to put their pride in their pockets and cover it with waiters' aprons. The task may not be a pleasant one, but the quarter which each

hour of service puts into an empty purse is as good as any other quarter. The boy working his way feels that he can scarcely afford to despise it, and usually as student waiter he performs his duties with the same sturdy regard for the means rather than the end that characterizes him in his other relations.

The occupations by which college boys contrive to make money out of their companions are numerous enough, but when student industries may include any branch of work in a great metropolis, one might as well try to prepare a business directory as to enumerate them. Students whose college is near a city stoke for furnaces, mow lawns, play gateman at railroad-stations, "supe" in theaters, usher at public entertainments, distribute handbills, sing in church choirs, take charge of mission classes, or work for doctors, lawyers, and merchants of every description.

Harvard, of all the colleges in the country, has the longest roll of undergraduate industries, and serves well, therefore, as a standard for comparison in considering the subject of college self-support in general. The wide-reaching area of its student labor is shown by the fact that, at some time or other during the last ten years, almost every branch of business in Boston has had its Harvard undergraduate representative. This extension of college work beyond academic limits is largely due to the Harvard employment bureau, which is particularly well organized. It has been in existence long enough to become well known, and it accomplishes now as widely different results as fitting out a summer hotel from clerk to bell-boy, and placing a teacher of psychology in a Western university. Business men in Boston who have places for students apply

through this bureau. It also serves to fill the place in the college of a "want" advertisement column in a daily paper, making the student employee and employer aware of each other, and forming the basis for the exchange of all kinds of student labor.

Yale, which shares with Harvard the

honor of ancient lineage, follows it as a close second in the number of occupations it can offer needy students. New Haven proves, perhaps, a more limited field than Boston for the outside college worker, although he may think that other advantages offered by the college make good the deficiency. In the past, a committee appointed by the Young Men's Christian Association has tried to assist the students who were looking for work; but this year a Bureau for Self-help has been formally established, and Professor Kitchel, who has been detailed to take charge of it, is sparing no effort to increase the opportunities for college boys to work among the businessmen of New Haven.

The Chicago University also has a labor bureau, which is increasing its scope every year. The report of a recent quarter shows that, out of ninety-six students registered for

work, fifty-two were given employment, that the approximate earnings of the fifty-two for that period amounted to eighteen hundred dollars, and that eighty-four dollars was the largest amount earned by one person.

The Labor Bureau at Columbia in three months supplied about forty students with work of various kinds, which gave a total income of twenty-six hundred dollars.

During the last four years wage-earners have come to be such an integral part of every student body that all the colleges for men, with few exceptions, have established labor bureaus for their benefit. In some cases the



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CARRYING BOOKS FROM A LIBRARY.



students themselves manage this labor exchange; again, it is under faculty supervision. But whatever the form, its object is the same—to make a meeting-place for demand and supply, and with the least possible loss of time to couple together the man with work to be done and the student who thinks he can do it.

A boy with a superabundance of ingenuity, however, often does not depend upon labor bureaus or any other artificial aid, but bends the usual occupations to his own particular needs, or breaks away from them altogether. To an original Harvard man of this kind is due the invention of a new and delightful kind of tutoring which has been adopted by students of other colleges. Through friends he formed a club of fifteen or twenty boys from some of the best families in Boston, and three times in the week took charge of them for several hours in the afternoon. He had a particular genius for managing them, and they would almost have given up a circus rather than lose a meeting. He took them on expeditions to various points of interest about Boston, which he himself had never seen, taught them games in the park, and, if the weather was utterly impossible, entertained them indoors. The sum which each boy paid made the class well worth the student's time and attention, while his pleasure in his work was second only to that of the boys. After the initial experiment, several clubs were formed, and it is now a common experience for Boston citizens to see a Harvard student and his twenty or more faithful satellites looking reverently at some poet's house, craning their necks at Bunker Hill Monument, or peering at the treasures in the museum.

Sometimes a student's financial project is born of desperation, particularly if he finds the needs of his alma mater filled to repletion, the resources of the labor bureau exhausted, and himself foot-sore and weary from tramping up and down the crowded streets of his college town looking in vain for work. One boy of an Eastern college in this sorry plight had recourse to his father's fruit-farm in California. He sent for a quantity of the fruit, which could easily be shipped. Since the small charge for freightage was his only expense, he found he could afford to sell it to the students for a little less than the market price. His profits paid for his shelter, food, and tuition. At the same time the purchase of fruit from him was an advantage to the customer, a circumstance

that is by no means inevitable in college economics.

Another man entered a Western college without a cent to his name, and was graduated with a substantial bank-account, the result of buying potatoes by the car-load for a small sum, and retailing them, at a large profit, to college and town.

Other methods of making money might be named by the score, but enough have been given to show the varied financial devices of college boys. The continued presence of wage-earners in the various educational institutions of the country is the best evidence that these devices are successful, and that a college course and self-support are a perfectly possible combination.

The cost of gaining an A.B. depends very much, of course, on the individual student, and on the college he is in. In the University of California, by working out the cost of his room and board, he can make his expenses next to nothing. Leland Stanford, Jr., has students who keep the sum for food and lodging down to \$90 a year. Their incidental expenses are so small that the total outlay amounts to little more. At Wesleyan University men have managed to live on \$129 a year, and to be comfortable on \$185. A man working his way through the University of Michigan can bring the cost of a year's education within \$175, although \$225 would be nearer the average. For the Oberlin boy the minimum expenditure is even lower. Adelbert College, of the Western Reserve University, has on file a list of self-supporting men who during their course spent from \$200 to \$400 a year. At Cornell the smallest sum for yearly expenses is given as \$270, with an average of \$400.

In other colleges, where expenses in general are higher than in these six colleges, the self-supporting man finds a larger sum on the debit side of his note-book. Sometimes, however, his chances for earning money are so much more plentiful that he need put forth no greater effort to earn his way than in a cheaper college.

At first glance Yale seems an expensive place, but though a "son of Eli" can spend a great deal of money if he has it, the man with none to spare can go through on a surprisingly small amount. The remission of nearly all of his tuition lifts a great burden from the shoulders of the man struggling to earn his way, while the loan library (which supplies him with text-books), and other kindly contrivances, relieve him of expense in many small ways. The proportion of self-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

#### A STUDENT WAITER.

helping students at Yale is growing greater year by year. The number of those receiving degrees during the last ten years who helped themselves through makes a total of five hundred and nineteen men, and of the three hundred and twenty-seven graduates last June fifteen paid their way through college unassisted and sixty-nine earned a large part of their expenses.

Harvard, which has smarted, unjustly perhaps, under the appellation of the rich man's college, has any number of graduates who will testify that it is the poor man's college as well, and that the working student, if he will, can bring his yearly expenses within three hundred dollars. The same amount in a different college community might purchase luxury. At Harvard it means rigorous economy. But if the work-

ing student can accommodate himself to a quart-measure limit, probably he will be happy there on three hundred dollars; if, however, he desires a bushel-basket horizon, he is bound to be hurt and bruised by beating against the limitations of his state. The prospective Harvard freshman does not always understand this after reading the letters collected by the late Mr. Bolles, secretary of the college, from Harvard alumni whose yearly expenses had ranged between three hundred and five hundred dollars. Self-support, from these letters, seems rather a simple matter, and the college has been trying to live down the effect of the pamphlet ever since. With the optimistic blindness of youth, hopeful boys have ignored the reading between the lines, and with the utmost trustfulness have made their

penniless pilgrimage to Harvard, demanding of the first distracted college official they met, "A job, sir, if you please." Many of them seem to feel that desirable positions may be picked off like plums from a tree, and they are personally aggrieved to find that the utmost supply of lucrative employ-

ments matched the demand long before they appeared on the scene.

One alumnus who wrote Mr. Bolles gives in a few sentences a record of privation and sacrifice that every prospective self-supporting student ought to be set to say like a shibboleth. "When I left Boston for Cam-



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A COLLEGE GUIDE AT THE SHAW MONUMENT.

bridge," he writes, "I had forty-four cents in my pocket. . . . The first day I spent all but nine cents. I had one great help in this year—\$250 from the Price Greenleaf Aid had been awarded me. This, however, I could not draw till Christmas. In order to buy books to begin my work, I pawned my watch and a few other things, receiving for the same \$15.50. . . . Part of this year I was very poor. My washing I did myself. About mid-year I was so short of money that for nearly two months I ate but one or two meals a day. This was the hardest period of my course, but rather incited than discouraged me."

If a man is made of such stern stuff that neither hunger nor poverty daunts him, he is a fit candidate for self-support at Harvard or any other college, and he may finish his course with a *cum laude*, honorable mention in one study, better health than he has had for ten years, and forty-five dollars to his credit, after meeting debts contracted as a subfreshman and paying up the Harvard loan fund, all of which the writer of the letter achieved during his college course.

Many men among the great number who have worked their way through Harvard have found an easier method, but the inexperienced subfreshman would do well not to build his hopes too confidently on discovering it.

With self-support as one factor in a college boy's life, restriction of some kind almost inevitably completes the equation. In every college from sea-coast to sea-coast, the student earning his way unassisted must needs make out a daily program in which bread-and-butter work takes the time devoted by his non-supporting classmate to pleasanter things. One of the limitations to which he must adapt himself as gracefully as he can is likely to be the comparative narrowness of his social horizon. The recreative value of mingling with one's fellows is not small, but far more important is the liberalizing influence of men belonging to one class, with one set of prejudices, in association with those of another, with opposite beliefs and convictions. It is pleasant to believe that our colleges are so arranged that the poor as well as the rich have the full benefit of this social friction. In the opinion of many good and estimable people, they are. Of nineteen college presidents or their representatives who were asked whether the fact of self-support affected a student's social position or not, eighteen answered the question in the negative. From their point of view, the answer

was no doubt correct. In all college functions and entertainments the working student has an equal right with his luxuriously supported classmate. Judging from these obvious facts, his social position seems all that could be desired. But an investigation from the inside soon shows that while the working student shares in the large corporate social life of the college, there are many little circles within the big circle which he cannot enter. Although the head of the college, through his presidential telescope, sees all his students free and equal, the less optimistic observer is forced to believe that, even in the most democratic institution, distinctions between the rich student and the working student must necessarily exist until the millennium comes to destroy the natural sequence of cause and effect.

The spokesman for Yale, where a working student may find social happiness, if at all, returns a modified answer to the question of the working boy's position, which fits much more nearly the actual facts of the case. "It is not easy," he says, "to make a sweeping reply which would be altogether correct. Of course here, as everywhere, though to a limited degree, the socially divisive influences of wealth and poverty are in operation. The man who has not means has to omit certain associations open to the man who has. Then, again, some kinds of service, such as waiting at table, suggest an inferiority, which others, such as tutoring or collecting, do not. But the man who has to go without, or who undertakes the lowly task, in order to gain an education, suffers the least possible here for the sacrifice he has to make, and is in general honored for it."

Occasionally previous training is accountable for the small scope of a working student's social experience. If he has not been taught the use of his fork and the other ordinary requirements of good society, even the fact of his being in a democratic college will not put him at once on the invitation list of fastidious students, who regard such omission in the nature of a crime.

Again, although a man personally is all that could be desired, mere lack of money often shuts him out of pleasant social organizations. He may be as eligible to expensive clubs as the rich man's son, even if he is earning his way by cleaning and pressing his fellow-students' clothes, but if he cannot pay the dues that membership implies, his eligibility affords him only spiritual satisfaction.

The reason for a boy's social restrictions



seldom lies in the work he is doing. Even in a college where the contrast of wealth and poverty is strongly marked, Cræsus does not necessarily exclude a poor student from his set because he meets him coming along the street lighting the street lamps. If Cræsus has an

vation of the accomplishments and graces which are second nature to Cræsus and his companions, and often enough the social failure of a working student can be traced directly to the strenuous demands upon his time. With obligations, intellectual or physi-



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"A JOB, SIR, IF YOU PLEASE."

artistic eye, it seems to him a very picturesque ceremony, as the lithe figure slips away into the dusk, leaving the rows of light behind. He may even grow poetical and think, half humorously, that it is typical of Knowledge shedding light on a benighted world. But the next morning at four o'clock, while Cræsus is lost in dreams, the lamplighter drags himself out of bed, when he would barter all the poetry in the universe for three hours' more sleep, and, retracing his route with heavy feet, extinguishes each light glimmering faintly in the cold gray dawn. A day begun thus, or in some other way equally rigorous, promises little time for the culti-

cal, filling every moment from breakfast to bedtime, his energy is likely to be exhausted. He has neither time nor strength to devote to a social career.

Nevertheless, working students who fall into any of these classes are not foredoomed to failure. All over the country there are notable exceptions to the rule, men who, in spite of every disadvantage, win not only academic honors, but social honors as well. In Western colleges and universities the working student finds it less difficult to earn a good place in the college society, perhaps, than in Eastern institutions, where "what our fathers did" is a more potent considera-

tion than in the newer country. But every college of the East has its record of self-supporting students who have gained intellectual glory and social distinction. Yale points with pride to many such men among its graduates, and even Harvard, where classes seem as rigidly fixed as in any college community, is rich in examples. If a

living as elevator-boy. Superficially he seemed among all his classmates least fitted for undergraduate distinction; yet by the end of four years he had transcended all the natural limits of his circumstances, and had become one of the most popular men in his class. Hasty Pudding and Signet were proud to number him among their members. He



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A POOR STUDENT.

student, to be sure, is an average man, with average attractions, and is not content with revolving in one of the many subcircles of Harvard society, his social unhappiness is quite definitely assured. But if he is the exceptional man, like others before him, he may be able to perform a miracle, pull himself up by the shoulders to the level of Cræsus, and make his very obstacles a stepping-stone to success.

One student entered the college penniless, and handicapped still further by such a limited knowledge of Greek, Latin, and mathematics as could be snatched between trips while he was earning his precollegiate

wore the Phi Beta Kappa key, which testified to the excellence of his scholarship, and his last bow to the college was as a speaker on the commencement stage. Since then he has taken his profession by storm, as he did the college world, and men are spelling his future with a capital F.

The converse of this man's experience is illustrated by that of another Harvard student, also without a penny, who promptly met the deficiency by turning car-conductor from three in the afternoon until midnight, earning fourteen dollars a week. His mind was unusually brilliant, and even in the few hours for study allowed him he did work of such a qual-

ity that it gave him first rank in his classes. With his magnificent physique, he might have won the day for his college at the great game sometime, when the score hung balanced and the Yale eleven hurled itself

These men represent the extreme of success and failure at Harvard, and most of the self-helping students do not rise so high or fall so low. But in no other college will the working student find the rounds of the social



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A STUDENT PAPER-HANGER.

against Harvard; but he seemed to have no power of making an adjustment with his fellow-students. He rebuffed when he meant to attract, and was as difficult to manage in a social situation as an oyster. After a time the students ceased trying to draw him out. Misunderstood, he grew more and more grim and taciturn, until finally, unable to endure the intolerable loneliness any longer, he threw up the game and left college, heart-sick and disappointed.

ladder harder to scale. The reason is not, as might be supposed, the relatively small number of working students, which makes their welfare only incidentally important; for Yale, with no more students earning their way, with a population and complexity of interests scarcely second to those of Harvard, seems to offer an easier social proposition to the self-helping boy. The difference lies in that mysterious something which gives each college its strong individuality. Any-

thing so subtle is difficult to reduce to words, but it is fair, perhaps, to say that Yale in general is likely to look through the achievement of the man at the man himself. If the material symbols express ability in one line or another, the man is taken on trust. Harvard reverses the process, and sees, first, what a man is and what he does afterward. The man dignifies the thing. If the spirit of the college could be crystallized into a creed, it might begin, "I believe in the personal equation," and if Harvard could set its own St. Peter at the gate of paradise, a student could pass through only as he demonstrated his belief in the creed.

If this is a fair characterization of Harvard, it explains the reason for the particular trials and blessings which a student meets there in his self-supporting career. The boy who comes on his own merits finds that the college is like a great swimming-school where he is dropped into deep water and told to swim. If he can, his fellow-students begin to notice him; if not, he sinks into oblivion. This system, like any other, has its advantages and disadvantages. More advice and less experience might sometimes seem a merciful provision. But the policy of non-interference is carried to its farthest limit at Harvard. The college is not likely to turn its psychology upside down for one student.

Therefore, if the unit is destined to be unhappy under these conditions, let him, says Harvard, find his place in the dissected map of some other college population. Nevertheless, although this is the theoretical attitude of the college, if the working student is made of the right stuff, and does not expect to be carried to his degree on the shoulders of some one else, he will soon perceive the resemblance between Harvard and that proverbial dog whose bark was worse than his bite, and he will be pleased to discover how many of the Cambridge officials and professors are constantly lending a helping hand to those who need it. His social ambition may remain ungratified even to the end of his course, because he cannot, perhaps, spend the necessary time and strength to follow up the openings he may have; the fault, then, is in his circumstances. Or he may not have the essential personal requirements to gain him favor; then he must shift the blame to Providence and be content with the intellectual good the gods provide—an unailing consolation, since in that field the fight is fair, without favor.

In such colleges as the Northwestern University, where one half of the thousand stu-

dents in residence at Evanston support themselves, men with their way to earn have an approximation of the earthly paradise. College life is arranged with a definite appreciation of their needs, and equally with the more fortunate half they have a voice in the conduct of affairs. The University of Michigan, Adelbert College, and half a score of institutions besides are particularly kindly in their attitude toward the working student. Oberlin, from its foundation, has been an embodied invitation to the poor boy hungering for a college course. Nearly one half of the students there now are earning all the money they spend, or a large part of it. The rich man is the exception, and everything is ordered with special reference to the welfare of the poor man. The hours for social affairs are so arranged that he can enjoy them and do his work too. But, best of all, he can escape there the limitation which trammels him in other colleges, where he must meet the requirements for his A.B. in the four years' schedule time, no matter how exacting the demands of breadwinning may be. Under this régime, oftentimes, college work must be slurred over. To an earnest student this is the serious drawback to college self-support. In the sum of his limitations, a poverty of social joys is the smallest item; but the scarcity of time for study counts heavily. By the Oberlin system, such a boy has the alternative of taking five or six years, or even longer, for his work. The Chicago University, also, where school keeps from June to June, extends the same privilege to working students. The disadvantage of lengthening the college course is the delay it causes in getting at the real business of life. A minor objection is the loss of class and the absence of class feeling, which has a definite psychological value of its own in the development of boy nature.

At best, however, self-support implies compromise, and sometimes painful compromise. Even if a student gives up social pleasures cheerfully, he has still to face the twofold responsibility of college work and self-support. It is the old problem of serving two masters. If one gets its due, the other must often suffer. If both have an equal share of the student's conscientious attention, the tax on a limited supply of physical strength may be too great. In general, however, a student with a healthy body and a clear head may be trusted to come out of his four years' test in fairly good condition.

In the commercial development of modern college self-support, the average working stu-



dent earns his money much more easily than did his father or his grandfather before him. As long as he remembers that an education is his principal reason for being in college, he will profit by these easier methods of getting money. But sometimes in his inexperience he overdoes his service for the wrong master, and puts too strong an emphasis on business interests. A warning finger which the college wage-earner would do well to heed is furnished by the case of a certain subfreshman, fertile in commercial expedients, who came to a sad end. He conceived a brilliant plan, which involved circulating among the students a blotter covered with advertisements. It was clever and unique. Merchants were delighted with it. Such an opportunity for cheap extensive advertising did not come their way every day, and they engaged space without hesitation. The subfreshman made a goodly sum, and he was ready to march into college with flying colors. But alas! he had neglected the one thing needful. When the crucial moment came he failed in his examinations. The scheme crumbled, and the college knew him no more.

With men of an older college generation, such an anticlimax would have been impossible. In earlier times, when a boy began to feel longings for college as he drove his plow through the stony New England soil, or cut hay in the scorching heat of a Western noon-day, his first thought was, "What can I do without?" Then began a process of elimination that left him only the barest necessities. He saved and scrimped before he went to college, to collect money to go with, and he saved and scrimped as a student, to make the sum last as long as it would. A poor student then took off his coat and chopped wood, when need arose, but he chopped only long enough to earn the small sum necessary for food to dull the edge of his hunger, and for coal enough to keep his thermometer a few degrees above freezing-point. Many boys, like one man, now a prominent minister, did not hesitate to walk twenty miles in one night to their homes and back again with their week's provisions slung over their shoulders in a bag.

Occasionally, even at present, the negative method of earning a college course is practised by students. One college boy, rosy and ruddy according to reliable reports, is living on twenty-one wheat biscuits a week. Two other men, who were impressed with the advantages of the old-fashioned system, shared a small hall-room in common, turned it into kitchen, dining-room, study, or bed-

room, as occasion required, cooked their meals on an oil-stove, paid less than a dollar a week each for food, and planted the seeds of chronic indigestion which will probably last them the rest of their lives.

As a rule, however, the self-supporting man swings into line with the modern movement, and earns his money by pushing out into some new field rather than by practising a series of renunciations. Conditions are different, and the class of men that sits in cold garrets now is not the equal of the class that absorbed its learning in such surroundings thirty or forty years ago. Starving for an education may be a virtue under some circumstances, but it is a virtue in which the wise student will let his moderation be known to all men, choosing in preference another horn of his dilemma, if he can find one.

This was the opinion of another student, the son of a very rich man, who, through the failure of his father, suddenly found himself one day facing the world with less than nothing. He was living in luxurious quarters when the crash came, with books, pictures, rich draperies, rare rugs, and all the other comforts of an unrestricted student income. If he had followed the old-fashioned formula, he would have renounced the pleasures of life, betaking himself straightway to a bleak attic, attiring himself in ready-made clothes, and subsisting on oatmeal and milk for the rest of his college course. As an alternative, he set his wits to work. They were nimble, and he had fortunately been doing good work. In a short time he had all the tutoring he wanted at the highest prices. As managing editor of a college paper he earned several hundred dollars; as mentor and guide to a freshman who needed intellectual stiffening he received twenty-five dollars a week, and such was the improvement of the rather pulpy boy that his father considered the sum one of the best investments he had on his books. Not a jot or tittle of his former style or comfort did this college man abate. He was finally graduated with an honorable record in his work, with the respect of the faculty and the affection of his fellow-students.

This particular man, as his high grade of scholarship shows, escaped effectually, even with his luxurious standard of living, the temptation to make business first and learning second; but in the most extensive application of modern methods a reversal of the terms seems easily possible. In the middle of the century, earning an education was a



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE SOCIAL HOUR IN THE ROOMS OF A STUDENT OF MEANS.

rigorous process, but whatever happened, the college as a college was sacred. The idea of using it as a business speculation, the thought of mingling bargains and culture, to these men of a past generation, would have been rank heresy. Their most daring financial venture seldom involved more risk than the position of cog in some business already established, where they could do routine work without anxiety, while the man at the head received the blame or the praise, furnished the capital, took the risk, made the ventures, and pocketed the profits.

In the old days a farmer sometimes allotted his prospective college boy a garden patch, and gave him the small sum which the sale of the vegetables brought. Again, it was chickens which brought the subfreshman in a few paltry dollars, or a cow dedicated to the good cause. But to the boy of the twentieth century, with his knowledge of Wall street and stocks, such slow returns seem altogether unnecessary. The vegetable patch, if he had it, would soon be converted into a market-garden, and his half-dozen hens into a poultry-yard. As to the

modern college cow, its possibilities have already been demonstrated on a large scale by an enterprising undergraduate. In some way or other, during his freshman days he obtained one cow, quickly found patrons among the professors' families, added to the one cow another and yet another, until he had a substantial dairy on his hands, with an income which made the other self-supporting students break the tenth commandment whenever they thought of him.

In the long list of college industries, however, the student butterman in a certain large college holds the record. A couple of years ago he had scarcely a penny to his name, when the idea came to him of supplying one family with some particularly choice butter to which he had access. From this trifling incident, quite after the manner of the acorn, his good fortune began to grow. Now he sells thousands of pounds of butter a week over all the suburb in which the college is situated. He has assistants, wagons, and all the other paraphernalia of a prosperous, influential merchant, and the distinction of controlling what is probably the largest undergraduate business in existence.

Such enterprise as these men have shown is certainly commendable if their sense of values is not destroyed, and if college is still the center of their attention, and their business simply the means to make it possible. To the unaccustomed minds of the older graduates it sometimes seems as if the clink of money-changers had invaded their alma mater, even to the inner temple of the sacred academic walls themselves.

But a closer attention shows them that, after all, most of the boys earning their way to-day are meeting the same old problems that confronted them fifty years ago. The combination of study and breadwinning, as it did then, usually means a deficit somewhere. A student of 1901, like his prototype of 1850, comes to his classes with a tired body, a fagged brain, and a lesson half prepared. The exciting cause in one case may be selling potatoes by the car-load, as hoeing them out of their hills for a miserly farmer was in the other. But the result is the same—a pass-degree as the result of four years' attainment, where, with untaxed time, honors might have been possible; or if, on the other hand, the boy's intellectual ambition is not to be quenched by weariness, honors at the cost of an overworked nervous system, which shuts out future achievement until enforced idleness and rest restore the balance.

College self-support, viewed thus, seems scarcely a holiday task. But even under present conditions neither a breakdown nor a low grade is the ordained conclusion of the self-supporting hypothesis, and any number of hale and hearty men to-day are leaving their impress on the age who struggled through college, earning their way, and winning a high degree of scholarship as well.

The hard lot of the working student, in fact, is his best stock in trade, if he is willing to make use of it. College patrons, as a rule, understanding his difficulties, treat him leniently. When he works for a non-collegiate employer he is usually judged on a stricter basis of merit. As a reader of gas-meters, for example, he must be able to make approximately correct entries in his big book, and as a dry-goods clerk he must know feet and yards, and have a working knowledge of mental arithmetic at least. A drug clerk cannot be trusted with poisonous drugs unless he is equal to his responsibilities. Nor would any consideration of sentiment have kept in his place the student who worked for the Associated Press from eleven

at night until four in the morning to earn his ten or fifteen dollars a week. If he had not followed out orders as well as his professional neighbor, he would have been shown the door without ceremony. Outside of college, competition is unlimited and the best man wins. The law of equivalents is inexorable. For every dollar earned, a man must give one hundred cents' worth of goods, equal to his neighbor's or a little better; otherwise he goes to the wall, and a receiver pastes a red notice on his door.

Yet even the strict requirements of the business world are relaxed for the self-helping student. "I am working my way," proves an open sesame to the heart of many an employer. But it is in college circles that the true magic of the phrase reveals itself. Of course Shylocks and screws do exist even among college employers. But if a type-written sheet comes home punctuated with dollar-signs and figures, instead of commas and periods, the tender-hearted professor is likely to erase them patiently and expostulate mildly. The thrifty housewife, giving a student a room in exchange for his care of the furnace, who finds his part of the bargain badly kept, shivers perhaps with cold, but almost forgives the delinquent because he was probably in a hurry to do his Greek. The woman who worships exactness and precision, when she pays the amateur paper-hanger full wages, sighs when she thinks how the crooked stripes on her wall will be an ever-present nightmare, but she tolerates the bad work because a poor student did the papering.

This process of veiled benevolence is carried on to quite an extent in the various colleges. It satisfies the charitable instincts of the donor and preserves partly the self-respect of the recipient. But the method is not always an unmitigated blessing to the student himself. It is likely to give him false ideas of his own value, and wrong rules for the game of self-support. His notions may be corrected by the experiences of his postcollegiate career. Doubtless they will. A few rounds in the ungloved contests of the business world will teach him much. But the student who depends on sympathy, even in college, to excuse his inefficiency, is counted more or less a thorn in the flesh. It is his capable, wide-awake brother who avoids the dangers of college self-support, and gains its blessings, who stands the best chance of taking the outside world by the shoulders and turning it his way.



## The Making of a Marchioness

By Frances Hodgson Burnett



WHEN Miss Fox-Seton descended from the twopenny bus as it drew up, she gathered her trim tailor-made skirt about her with neatness and decorum, being well used to getting in and out of twopenny buses and to making her way across muddy London streets. A woman whose tailor-made suit must last two or three years soon learns how to protect it from splashes, and how to aid it to retain the freshness of its folds. During her trudging about this morning in the wet, Emily Fox-Seton had been very careful, and, in fact, was returning to Mortimer street as unspotted as she had left it. She had been thinking a good deal about her dress—this particular faithful one which she had already worn through a twelvemonth. Skirts had made one of their appalling changes, and as she had walked down Regent street and Bond street she had stopped at the windows of more than one shop bearing the sign, "Ladies' Tailor and Habit-Maker," and had looked at the tautly attired, preternaturally slim models, her large, honest hazel eyes wearing an anxious expression. She was trying to discover where seams were to be placed and how gathers were to hang; or if there were to be any gathers; or if one had to be bereft of every seam in a style so unrelenting as to forbid the possibility of the honest and semi-penniless struggling with the problem of remodeling last season's skirt at all.

"As it is only quite an ordinary brown," she had murmured to herself, "I might be able to buy a yard or so to match it, and I *might* be able to join the gore near the plaits at the back so that it would not be seen."

She quite beamed as she reached the happy conclusion. She was such a simple, normal-minded creature that it took but little to brighten the aspect of life for her and to cause her to break into her good-natured, childlike smile. A little kindness from any one, a little pleasure or a little comfort, made her glow with nice-tempered enjoyment.

As she got out of the bus, and picked up her rough brown skirt, prepared to tramp

bravely through the mud of Mortimer street to her lodgings, she was positively radiant. It was not only her smile which was childlike: her face itself was childlike for a woman of her age and size. She was thirty-four and a well set up creature, with fine square shoulders and a long small waist and good hips. She was a big woman, but carried herself well, and having solved the problem of obtaining, through marvels of energy and management, one good dress a year, wore it so well, and changed her old ones so dexterously, that she always looked rather smartly dressed. She had nice, round, fresh cheeks and big, honest eyes, plenty of mouse-brown hair, and a short, straight nose. She was striking and well-bred looking, and her plenitude of good-natured interest in everybody, and her pleasure in everything out of which pleasure could be wrested, gave her big eyes a fresh look which made her seem rather like a nice overgrown girl than a mature woman whose life was a continuous struggle with the narrowest of mean fortunes.

She was a woman of good blood and of good education, as the education of such women goes. She had few relatives, and none of them had any intention of burdening themselves with her pennilessness. They were people of excellent family, but had quite enough to do to keep their sons in the army or navy and find husbands for their daughters. When Emily's mother had died and her small annuity had died with her, none of them had wanted the care of a big, raw-boned girl, and Emily had had the situation frankly explained to her. At eighteen she had begun work as assistant teacher in a small school; the year following she had taken a place as nursery-governess; then she had been reading-companion to an unpleasant old woman in Northumberland. The old woman had lived in the country, and her relatives had hovered over her like vultures awaiting her decease. The household had been gloomy and gruesome enough to have driven into melancholy madness any girl not of the sanest and most matter-of-fact tem-



perament. Emily Fox-Seton had endured it with an unflinching good nature, which at last had actually awakened in the breast of her mistress a ray of human feeling. When her mistress at length died, and Emily was to be turned out into the world, it was revealed that she had been left a legacy of a few hundred pounds, and a letter containing some rather practical, if harshly expressed, advice.

Go back to London [Mrs. Maytham had written in her feeble, crabbed hand]. You are not clever enough to do anything remarkable in the way of earning your living, but you are so good-natured that you can make yourself useful to a lot of helpless creatures who will pay you a trifle for looking after them and the affairs they are too lazy or too foolish to manage for themselves. You might get on to one of the second-class fashion-papers to answer ridiculous questions about house-keeping or wall-papers or freckles. You know the kind of thing I mean. You might write notes or do accounts and shopping for some lazy woman. You are a practical, honest creature, and you have good manners. I have often thought that you had just the kind of commonplace gifts that a host of commonplace people want to find at their service. An old servant of mine who lives in Mortimer street would probably give you cheap, decent lodgings, and behave well to you for my sake. She had reason to be fond of me. Tell her I sent you to her, and that she must take you in for ten shillings a week.

Emily wept for gratitude, and ever afterward enthroned old Mrs. Maytham on an altar as a princely and sainted benefactor, though after she had invested her legacy she got only twenty pounds a year from it.

"It was so kind of her," she used to say with heartfelt humbleness of spirit. "I never dreamed of her doing such a generous thing. I had n't a shadow of a claim upon her—not a shadow."

It was her way to express her honest emotions with emphasis which italicized, as it were, her outpourings of pleasure or appreciation.

She returned to London and presented herself to the ex-servant-woman. Mrs. Cupp had indeed reason to remember her mistress gratefully. At a time when youth and indiscreet affection had betrayed her disastrously, she had been saved from open disgrace and taken care of by Mrs. Maytham. The old lady, who had then been a vigorous, sharp-tongued, middle-aged woman, had made the soldier lover marry his despairing sweetheart, and when he had promptly drunk himself to death, she had set her up in a lodging-house which had thriven and

enabled her to support herself and her daughter decently.

In the second story of her respectable, dingy house there was a small room which she went to some trouble to furbish up for her dead mistress's friend. It was made into a bed-sitting-room with the aid of a cot which Emily herself bought and disguised decently as a couch during the daytime with the aid of a red-and-blue Como blanket. The one window of the room looked out upon a black little back yard and a sooty wall on which thin cats crept stealthily or sat and mournfully gazed at Fate. The Como rugs played a large part in the decoration of the apartment. One of them, with a piece of tape run through a hem, hung over the door in the character of a portière; another covered a corner which was Miss Fox-Seton's sole wardrobe. As she began to get work, the cheerful, aspiring creature bought herself a Kensington carpet square, as red as Kensington art would permit it to be. She covered her chairs with Turkey-red cotton, frilling them round the seats. Over her cheap white muslin curtains (eight and eleven a pair at Robson's) she hung Turkey-red curtains. She bought a cheap cushion at one of Liberty's sales, and some bits of twopenny-halfpenny art china for her narrow mantelpiece. A lacquered tea-tray and a tea-set of a single cup and saucer, a plate and tea-pot, made her feel herself almost sumptuous. After a day spent in trudging about in the wet or cold of the streets, doing other people's shopping, or searching for dressmakers or servants' characters for her patrons, she used to think of her bed-sitting-room with joyful anticipation. Mrs. Cupp always had a bright fire glowing in her tiny grate when she came in, and when her lamp was lighted under its home-made shade of crimson Japanese paper, its cheerful air, combining itself with the singing of her little, fat, black kettle on the hob, seemed absolute luxury to a tired, damp woman.

Mrs. Cupp and Jane Cupp were very kind and attentive to her. No one who lived in the same house with her could have helped liking her. She gave so little trouble, and was so expansively pleased by any attention, that the Cupps, who were sometimes rather bullied and snubbed by the "professionals" who generally occupied their other rooms, quite loved her. Sometimes the professionals, extremely smart ladies and gentlemen who did turns at the halls or played small parts at theaters, were irregular in their payments or went away leaving bills



behind them; but Miss Fox-Seton's payments were as regular as Saturday night, and, in fact, there had been times when, luck being against her, Emily had gone extremely hungry during a whole week rather than buy her lunches at the ladies' tea-shops with the money that would pay her rent.

In the honest minds of the Cupps, she had become a sort of possession of which they were proud. She seemed to bring into their dingy lodging-house a touch of the great world—that world whose people lived in Mayfair and had country houses where they entertained parties for the shooting and the hunting, and in which also existed the maids and matrons who on cold spring mornings sat,—amid billows of satin and tulle and lace, surmounted with nodding plumes,—waiting, shivering, for hours in their carriages that they might at last enter Buckingham Palace and be admitted to the drawing-room. Mrs. Cupp knew that Miss Fox-Seton was "well connected"; she knew that she possessed an aunt with a title, though her Ladyship never took the slightest notice of her niece. Jane Cupp took "Modern Society," and now and then had the pleasure of reading aloud to her young man little incidents concerning some castle or manor in which Miss Fox-Seton's aunt, Lady Malfry, was staying with earls and special favorites of the Prince's. Jane also knew that Miss Fox-Seton occasionally sent letters addressed "To the Right Hon'ble the Countess of So-and-so," and received replies stamped with coronets. Once even a letter had arrived adorned with strawberry-leaves, an incident which Mrs. Cupp and Jane had discussed with deep interest over their hot, buttered toast and tea.

Emily Fox-Seton, however, was far from making any professions of grandeur. As time went on, she had become fond enough of the Cupps to be quite frank with them about her connections with these grand people. The countess had heard from a friend that Miss Fox-Seton had once found her an excellent governess, and she had commissioned her to find for her a reliable young ladies' serving-maid. She had done some secretarial work for a charity of which the duchess was patroness. In fact, these people knew her only as a well-bred woman who for a modest remuneration would make herself extremely useful in numberless practical ways. She knew much more of them than they knew of her, and, in her affectionate admiration for those who treated her with human kindness, sometimes spoke to Mrs.

Cupp or Jane of their beauty or charity with a very nice, ingenuous feeling. Naturally some of her patrons grew fond of her, and as she was a fine, handsome young woman with a perfectly correct bearing, they gave her little pleasures, inviting her to tea or luncheon, or taking her to the theater.

Her enjoyment of these things was so frank and grateful that the Cupps counted them among their own joys. Jane Cupp, who knew something of dressmaking, felt it a brilliant thing to be called upon to renovate an old dress or help in the making of a new one for some festivity. The Cupps thought their tall, well-built lodger something of a beauty, and when they had helped her to dress for the evening, baring her fine, big white neck and arms, and adorning her thick braids of hair with some sparkling, trembling ornament, after putting her in her four-wheeled cab, they used to go back to their kitchen and talk about her, and wonder that some gentleman who wanted a handsome, stylish woman at the head of his table did not lay himself and his fortune at her feet.

"In the photograph-shops in Regent street you see many a lady in a coronet that has n't half the good looks she has," Mrs. Cupp remarked frequently. "She's got a nice complexion and a fine head of hair, and—if you ask *me*—she's got as nice a pair of clear eyes as a lady could have. Then look at her figure—her neck and her waist! That kind of big long throat of hers would set off rows of pearls or diamonds beautiful. She's a lady born, too, for all her simple, every-day way; and she's a sweet creature, if ever there was one. For kindness and good nature I never saw her equal."

Miss Fox-Seton had middle-class patrons as well as noble ones,—in fact, those of the middle class were far more numerous than the duchesses,—so it had been possible for her to do more than one good turn for the Cupp household. She had got sewing in Maida Vale and Bloomsbury for Jane Cupp many a time, and Mrs. Cupp's dining-room floor had been occupied for years by a young man Emily had been able to recommend. Her own appreciation of good turns made her eager to do them for others. She never let slip a chance to help any one in any way.

It was a good-natured thing done by one of her patrons who liked her which made her so radiant as she walked through the mud this morning. She was inordinately fond of the country, and having had what

she called "a bad winter," she had not seen the remotest chance of getting out of town at all during the summer months. The weather was beginning to be unusually hot, and her small red room, which seemed so cozy in cold weather, was shut in by a high wall from all chance of breezes. Occasionally she lay and panted a little in her cot, and felt that when all the private omnibuses, loaded with trunks and servants, had rattled away and deposited their burdens at the various stations, life in town would be rather lonely. Every one she knew would have gone somewhere, and Mortimer street in August was a melancholy thing.

And Lady Maria had actually invited her to Mallowe. What a piece of good fortune—what an extraordinary piece of kindness!

She did not know what a source of entertainment she was to Lady Maria, and how the shrewd, worldly old thing liked her. Lady Maria Bayne was the cleverest, sharpest-tongued, smartest old woman in London. She knew everybody and had done everything—in her youth a good many things not considered highly proper. A certain royal duke had been much pleased with her, and people had said some very nasty things about it. But this had not hurt Lady Maria. She knew how to say nasty things herself, and as she said them wittily, they were usually listened to and repeated.

Emily Fox-Seton had gone to her first to write notes for an hour every morning. She had sent, declined, and accepted invitations and put off charities and dull people. She wrote a fine, dashing hand, and had a matter-of-fact intelligence and knowledge of things. Lady Maria began to depend on her and to find that she could be sent on errands and depended on to do a number of things. Consequently she was often at Hill street, and once when Lady Maria was suddenly taken ill and was horribly frightened about herself, Emily was such a comfort to her that she kept her for three weeks.

"The creature is so cheerful and perfectly free from vice that she's a relief," her Ladyship said to her nephew afterward. "So many women are affected cats. She'll go out and buy you a box of pills or a porous plaster, but at the same time she has a kind of simplicity and freedom from spites and envies which might be the natural thing for a princess."

So it happened that occasionally Emily put on her best dress and most carefully built hat, and went to Hill street to tea. (Sometimes she had gone in buses to some

remote place in the City to buy a special tea of which there had been rumors.) She met some very smart people and rarely any stupid ones, Lady Maria being incased in a perfect, frank armor of good-humored selfishness, which would have been capable of burning dullness at the stake.

"I won't have dull people," she used to say. "I'm dull myself."

When Emily Fox-Seton went to her on the morning on which this story opens, she found her consulting her visiting-book and making lists.

"I'm arranging my parties for Mallowe," she said rather crossly. "How tiresome it is! The people one wants at the same time are always nailed to the opposite ends of the earth. And then things are found out about people, and one can't have them till it's blown over. Those ridiculous Dexters! They were the nicest possible pair, both of them good-looking and both of them ready to flirt with anybody. But there was too much flirting, I suppose. Good heavens! if I could n't have a scandal and keep it quiet, I would n't have a scandal at all. Come and help me, Emily."

Emily sat down beside her.

"You see, it is my early August party," said her Ladyship, rubbing her delicate little old nose with her pencil, "and Walderhurst is coming to me. It always amuses me to have Walderhurst. The moment a man like that comes into a room the women begin to frisk about and swim and languish—except those who try to get up interesting conversations they think likely to attract his attention. They all think it is possible that he may marry them. If he were a Mormon he might have Marchionesses of Walderhurst of all shapes and sizes."

"I suppose," said Emily, "that he was very much in love with his first wife and will never marry again."

"He was n't in love with her any more than he was in love with his housemaid. He knew he must marry, and thought it very annoying. As the child died, I believe he thinks it his duty to marry again. But he hates it. He's rather dull, and he can't bear women fussing about and wanting to be made love to."

They went over the visiting-book and discussed people and dates seriously. The list was made and the notes written before Emily left the house. It was not until she had got up and was buttoning her coat that Lady Maria bestowed her boon.

"Emily," she said, "I am going to ask

you to Mallowe on the 2d. I want you to help me to take care of people and keep them from boring me and one another, though I don't mind their boring one another half as much as I mind their boring me. I want to be able to go off and take my nap at any hour I choose. I will *not* entertain people. What you can do is to lead them off to gather things or look at church towers. I hope you 'll come."

Emily Fox-Seton's face flushed rosily, and her eyes opened and sparkled.

"Oh, Lady Maria, you *are* kind!" she said. "You know how I should enjoy it. I have heard so much of Mallowe. Every one says it is so beautiful and that there are no such gardens in England."

"They are good gardens. My husband was rather mad about roses. The best train for you to take is the 2:30 from Paddington. That will bring you to the Court just in time for tea on the lawn."

Emily could have kissed Lady Maria if they had been on the terms which lead people to make demonstrations of affection. But she would have been quite as likely to kiss the butler when he bent over her at dinner and murmured in dignified confidence, "Port or sherry, miss?" Bibsworth would have been no more astonished than Lady Maria would, and Bibsworth certainly would have expired of disgust and horror.

She was so happy when she hailed the twopenny bus that when she got into it her face was beaming with the delight which adds freshness and good looks to any woman. To think that such good luck had come to her! To think of leaving her hot little room behind her and going as a guest to one of the most beautiful old houses in England! How delightful it would be to live for a week quite naturally the life the fortunate people lived year after year—to be a part of the beautiful order and picturesqueness and dignity of it! To sleep in a lovely bedroom, to be called in the morning by a perfect housemaid, to have one's early tea served in a delicate cup, and to listen, as one drank it, to the birds singing in the trees in the park. She had an ingenuous appreciation of the simplest material joys, and the fact that she would wear her nicest clothes every day, and dress for dinner every evening, was a delightful thing to reflect upon. She got much more out of life than most people, though she was not aware of it.

She opened the front door of the house in Mortimer street with her latch-key, and went up-stairs, almost unaware that the damp

heat was dreadful. She met Jane Cupp coming down, and smiled at her happily.

"Jane," she said, "if you are not busy, I should like to have a little talk with you. Will you come into my room?"

"Yes, miss," Jane replied, with her usual respectful lady's-maid's air. It was in truth Jane's highest ambition to become some day maid to a great lady, and she privately felt that her association with Miss Fox-Seton was the best possible training. She used to ask to be allowed to dress her when she went out, and had felt it a privilege to be permitted to "do" her hair.

She helped Emily to remove her walking-dress, and neatly folded away her gloves and veil. She knelt down before her as soon as she saw her seat herself to take off her muddy boots.

"Oh, *thank* you, Jane," Emily exclaimed, with her kind italicized manner. "That *is* good of you. I *am* tired, really. But such a nice thing has happened. I have had such a delightful invitation for the first week in August."

"I 'm sure you 'll enjoy it, miss," said Jane. "It 's so hot in August."

"Lady Maria Bayne has been kind enough to invite me to Mallowe Court," explained Emily, smiling down at the cheap slipper Jane was putting on her large, well-shaped foot. She was built on a large scale, and her well-made foot was of no Cinderella-like proportions.

"Oh, miss!" exclaimed Jane. "How beautiful! I was reading about Mallowe in 'Modern Society' the other day, and it said it was lovely and her Ladyship's parties were wonderful for smartness. The paragraph was about the Marquis of Walderhurst."

"He is Lady Maria's cousin," said Emily, "and he will be there when I am."

She was a friendly creature, and lived a life soreally isolated from any ordinary companionship that her simple little talks with Jane and Mrs. Cupp were a pleasure to her. The Cupps were neither gossiping nor intrusive, and she felt as if they were her friends. Once when she had been ill for a week she remembered suddenly realizing that she had no intimates at all, and that if she died Mrs. Cupp's and Jane's would certainly be the last faces—and the only ones—she would see. She had cried a little the night she had thought of it, but then, as she told herself, she was feverish and weak, and it made her morbid.

"It was because of this invitation that I wanted to talk to you, Jane," she went on.

"You see, we shall have to begin to contrive about dresses."

"Yes, indeed, miss. It's fortunate that the summer sales are on, is n't it? I saw some beautiful colored linens yesterday. They were so cheap, and they do make up so smart for the country. Then you've got your new tusser with the blue collar and waistband. It does become you."

"I must say I think that a tusser always looks fresh," said Emily, "and I saw a really nice little tan toque—one of those soft straw ones—for three and eleven. And just a twist of blue chiffon and a wing would make it look quite good."

She was very clever with her fingers and often did excellent things with a bit of chiffon and a wing, or a few yards of linen or muslin and a remnant of lace picked up at a sale. She and Jane spent quite a happy afternoon in careful united contemplation of the resources of her limited wardrobe. They found that the brown skirt *could* be altered, and with the addition of new revers and collar, and a jabot of string-colored lace at the neck, the dress would look quite fresh. A black net evening dress, which a patron had good-naturedly given her the year before, could be remodeled and touched up delightfully. Her fresh face and her square white shoulders were particularly adorned by black. There was a white dress which could be sent to the cleaner's, and an old pink one the superfluous breadths of which could be combined with lace and achieve wonders.

"Indeed, I think I shall be very well off for dinner-dresses," said Emily. "Nobody expects me to change often. Every one knows—if they notice at all." She did not know that she was humble-minded and of an angelic contentedness of spirit. In fact, she did not find herself interested in contemplation of her own qualities, but in contemplation and admiration of those of other people. It was necessary to provide Emily Fox-Seton with food and lodging and such a wardrobe as would be just sufficient credit to her more fortunate acquaintances. She worked hard to attain this modest end, and was quite satisfied. She found at the shops where the summer sales were being held a couple of cotton frocks to which her height and her small, long waist gave an air of actual elegance. A sailor hat, with a smart ribbon and well-set quill, a few new trifles for her neck, a bow, a silk handkerchief daringly knotted, and some fresh gloves, made her feel that she was sufficiently equipped.

During her last expedition to the sales

she came upon a nice white duck coat and skirt which she contrived to buy as a present for Jane. It was necessary to count over the contents of her purse very carefully and to give up the purchase of a slim umbrella she wanted, but she did it cheerfully. If she had been a rich woman she would have given presents to every one she knew, and it was actually a luxury to her to be able to do something for the Cupps, who, she always felt, were continually giving her more than she paid for. The care they took of her small room, the fresh hot tea they managed to have ready when she came in, the penny bunch of daffodils they sometimes put on her table, were kindnesses, and she was grateful for them.

"I am very much obliged to you, Jane," she said to the girl, when she got into the four-wheeled cab on the eventful day of her journey to Mallowe. "I don't know what I should have done without you, I'm sure. I feel so smart in my dress now that you have altered it. If Lady Maria's maid ever thinks of leaving her, I am sure I could recommend you for her place."

THERE were other visitors to Mallowe Court traveling by the 2:30 from Paddington, but they were much smarter people than Miss Fox-Seton, and they were put into a first-class carriage by a footman with a cockade and a long drab coat. Emily, who traveled third with some East-End hop-pickers with bundles, looked out of her window as they passed, and might possibly have breathed a faint sigh if she had not felt in such buoyant spirits. She had put on her revived brown skirt and a white linen blouse with a brown dot on it. A soft brown silk tie was knotted smartly under her fresh collar, and she wore her new sailor hat. Her gloves were brown, and so was her parasol. She looked nice and taut and fresh, but notably inexpensive. The people who went to sales and bought things at three and eleven or four-three a yard would have been able to add her up and work out her total. But there would be no people capable of the calculation at Mallowe. Even the servants' hall was likely to know less of prices than this one guest did. The people the drab-coated footman escorted to the first-class carriage were a mother and daughter. The mother had regular little features, and would have been pretty if she had not been much too plump. She wore an extremely smart traveling-dress and a wonderful dust-cloak of cool, pale, thin silk. She was not an ele-



gant person, but her appointments were luxurious and self-indulgent. Her daughter was pretty, and had a slim, swaying waist, soft pink cheeks, and a pouting mouth. Her large picture-hat of pale-blue straw, with its big gauze bow and crushed roses, had a slightly exaggerated Parisian air.

"It is a little too picturesque," Emily thought; "but how lovely she looks in it! I suppose it was so becoming she could not help buying it. I'm sure it's Viot."

As she was looking at the girl admiringly, a man passed her window. He was a tall man with a square face. As he passed close to Emily, he stared through her head as if she had been transparent or invisible. He got into the smoking-carriage next to her.

When the train arrived at Mallowe station, he was one of the first persons who got out. Two of Lady Maria's men were waiting on the platform. Emily recognized their liveries. One met the tall man, touching his hat, and followed him to a high cart, in the shafts of which a splendid iron-gray mare was fretting and dancing. In a few moments the arrival was on the high seat, the footman behind, and the mare speeding up the road. Miss Fox-Seton found herself following the second footman and the mother and daughter, who were being taken to the landau waiting outside the station. The footman piloted them, merely touching his hat quickly to Emily, being fully aware that she could take care of herself.

This she did promptly, looking after her box, and seeing it safe in the Mallowe omnibus. When she reached the landau, the two other visitors were in it. She got in, and in entire contentment sat down with her back to the horses.

The mother and daughter wore for a few minutes a somewhat uneasy air. They were evidently sociable persons, but were not quite sure how to begin a conversation with an, as yet, unIntroduced lady who was going to stay at the country house to which they were themselves invited.

Emily herself solved the problem, producing her commonplace with a friendly tentative smile.

"Is n't it a lovely country?" she said.

"It's perfect," answered the mother. "I've never visited Europe before, and the English country seems to me just exquisite. We have a summer place in America, but the country is quite different."

She was good-natured and disposed to talk, and, with Emily's genial assistance, conversation flowed. Before they were

half-way to Mallowe, it had revealed itself that they were from Cincinnati, and after a winter spent in Paris, largely devoted to visits to Paquin, Doucet, and Viot, they had taken a house in Mayfair for the season. Their name was Brooke. Emily thought she remembered hearing of them as people who spent a great deal of money and went incessantly to parties, always in new and lovely clothes. The girl had been presented by the American minister, and had had a sort of success because she dressed and danced exquisitely. She was the kind of American girl who ended by marrying a title. She had sparkling eyes and a delicate tip-tilted nose. But even Emily guessed that she was an astute little person.

"Have you ever been to Mallowe Court before?" Miss Brooke inquired.

"No; and I am so looking forward to it. It is so beautiful."

"Do you know Lady Maria very well?"

"I've known her about three years. She has been very kind to me."

"Well, I should n't have taken her for a particularly kind person. She's too sharp."

Emily amiably smiled.

"She's so clever," she replied.

"Do you know the Marquis of Walderhurst?" asked Mrs. Brooke.

"No," answered Miss Fox-Seton. She had no part in that portion of Lady Maria's life which was illumined by cousins who were marquises. Lord Walderhurst did not drop in to afternoon tea. He kept himself for special dinner-parties.

"Did you see the man who drove away in the high cart?" Mrs. Brooke continued, with a touch of fevered interest. "Cora thought it must be the marquis. The servant who met him wore the same livery as the man up there"—with a nod toward the box.

"It was one of Lady Maria's servants," said Emily; "I have seen him in Hill street. And Lord Walderhurst was to be at Mallowe. Lady Maria mentioned it."

"There, mother!" exclaimed Cora.

"Well, of course if he is to be there, it will make it interesting," returned her mother, in a tone in which lurked an admission of relief.

Emily wondered if she had wanted to go somewhere else and had been firmly directed toward Mallowe by her daughter.

"We heard a great deal of him in London this season," Mrs. Brooke went on.

Miss Cora Brooke laughed.

"We heard that at least half a dozen peo-



ple were determined to marry him," she remarked with pretty scorn. "I should think that to meet a girl who was indifferent might be good for him."

"Don't be too indifferent, Cora," said her mother, with ingenuous ineptness.

It was a very stupid bit of revelation, and Miss Brooke's eyes flashed. If Emily Fox-Seton had been a sharp woman, she would have observed that, if the rôle of indifferent and piquant young person could be made dangerous to Lord Walderhurst, it would be made so during this visit. The man was in peril from this beauty from Cincinnati and her rather indiscreet mother, though, upon the whole, the indiscreet maternal parent might unconsciously form his protection.

But Emily only laughed amiably, as at a humorous remark. She was ready to accept almost anything as humor.

"Well, he *would* be a great match for any girl," she said. "He is so rich, you know. He is very rich."

When they reached Mallowe, and were led out upon the lawn, where the tea was being served under embowering trees, they found a group of guests eating little hot cakes and holding tea-cups in their hands. There were several young women, and one of them—a very tall, very fair girl, with large eyes as blue as forget-me-nots, and with a lovely, limp, long blue frock of the same shade—had been one of the beauties of the past season. She was a Lady Agatha Slade, and Emily began to admire her at once. She felt her to be a sort of added boon bestowed by kind Fate upon herself. It was so delightful that she should be of this particular house-party—this lovely creature, whom she had only known previously through pictures in ladies' illustrated papers. If it should occur to her to wish to become the Marchioness of Walderhurst, what could possibly prevent the consummation of her desire? Surely not Lord Walderhurst himself, if he was human. She was standing, leaning lightly against the trunk of an ilex-tree, and a snow-white Borzoi was standing close to her, resting his long, delicate head against her gown, encouraging the caresses of her fair, stroking hand. She was in this attractive pose when Lady Maria turned in her seat and said:

"There's Walderhurst."

The man who had driven himself over from the station in the cart was coming toward them across the grass. He was past middle life and was plain, but was of good height and had an air. It was perhaps, on

the whole, rather an air of knowing what he wanted.

Emily, who by that time was comfortably seated in a cushioned basket-chair, sipping her own cup of tea, gave him the benefit of the doubt when she wondered if he was not really distinguished- and aristocratic-looking. He was really neither, but was well built and well dressed, and had good grayish-brown eyes, about the color of his grayish-brown hair. Among these amiably worldly people, who were not in the least moved by an altruistic prompting, Emily's greatest capital consisted in the fact that she did not expect to be taken the least notice of. She was not aware that it was her capital, because the fact was so wholly a part of the simple contentedness of her nature that she had not thought about it at all. The truth was that she never thought of herself, but found all her entertainment and occupation in thinking of other people and in being an audience or a spectator.

It did not occur to her to notice that, when the guests were presented to him, Lord Walderhurst barely glanced at her surface as he bowed, and could scarcely be said to forget her existence the next second, because he had hardly gone to the length of recognizing it. As she enjoyed her extremely nice cup of tea and little buttered scone, she also enjoyed looking at his Lordship discreetly, and trying to make an innocent summing up of his mental attitudes.

Lady Maria seemed to like him and to be pleased to see him. He himself seemed, in an undemonstrative way, to like Lady Maria. He also was evidently glad to get his tea, and enjoyed it as he sat at his cousin's side. He did not pay very much attention to any one else. Emily was slightly disappointed to see that he did not glance at the beauty and the Borzoi more than twice, and then that his examination seemed as much for the Borzoi as for the beauty. She could not help also observing that since he had joined the circle it had become more animated, as far at least as the female members were concerned. She could not help remembering Lady Maria's remark about the effect he produced on women when he entered a room. Several interesting or sparkling speeches had already been made. There was a little more laughter and chattiness, which somehow it seemed to be quite open to Lord Walderhurst to enjoy, though it was not exactly addressed to him. Miss Cora Brooke, however, devoted herself to a young man in white flannels with an air of tennis about

him. She sat a little apart and talked to him in a voice soft enough to exclude even Lord Walderhurst. Presently she and her companion got up and sauntered away. They went down the broad flight of ancient stone steps which led to the tennis-court, lying in full view below the lawn. There they began to play tennis. Miss Brooke skimmed and darted about like a swallow. The swirl of her lace petticoats was most attractive.

"That girl ought not to play tennis in shoes with ridiculous heels," remarked Lord Walderhurst. "She will spoil the court."

Lady Maria broke into a little chuckle.

"She wanted to play at this particular moment," she said. "And as she has only just arrived, it did not occur to her to come out to tea in tennis-shoes."

"She'll spoil the court all the same," said the marquis. "What clothes! It's amazing how girls dress now."

"I wish I had such clothes," answered Lady Maria, and she chuckled again. "She's got beautiful feet."

"She's got Louis Quinze heels," returned his Lordship.

At all events, Emily thought that Miss Brooke seemed to intend rather to keep out of his way and to practise no delicate allurements. When her tennis-playing was at an end, she sauntered about the lawn and terraces with her companion, tilting her parasol prettily over her shoulder, so that it formed an entrancing background to her face and head. She seemed to be entertaining the young man. His big laugh and the silver music of her own lighter merriment rang out a little tantalizingly.

"I wonder what Cora is saying," said Mrs. Brooke to the group at large. "She always makes men laugh so."

Emily felt an interest herself, the merriment sounded so attractive. She wondered if perhaps to a man who had been so much run after a girl who took no notice of his presence and amused other men so much might not assume an agreeable aspect.

But he took more notice of Lady Agatha Slade than of any one else that evening. She was placed next to him at dinner, and she really was radiant to look upon in palest green chiffon. She had an exquisite little head, with soft hair piled with wondrous lightness upon it, and her long little neck swayed like the stem of a flower. She was lovely enough to arouse in the beholder's mind the anticipation of her being silly, but she was not silly at all.

Lady Maria commented upon that fact to Emily when they met in her bedroom late that night. Lady Maria liked to talk and be talked to for half an hour after the day was over, and Emily's admiring interest in all she said, she found at once stimulating and soothing. Her Ladyship was an old woman who indulged and inspired herself with an Epicurean wisdom. Though she would not have stupid people about her, she did not always want very clever ones.

"They give me too much exercise," she said. "The epigrammatic ones keep me always jumping over fences. Besides, I like to make all the epigrams myself."

Emily struck a happy mean, and she was a genuine admirer. She was intelligent enough not to spoil the point of an epigram when she repeated it, and she might be relied upon to repeat it and give all the glory to its originator. Lady Maria knew there were people who, hearing your good things, appropriated them without a scruple.

To-night she said a number of good things to Emily in summing up her guests and their characteristics.

"Walderhurst has been to me three times when I made sure that he would not escape without a new marchioness attached to him. I should think he would take one to put an end to the annoyance of dangling unplucked upon the bough. A man in his position, if he has character enough to choose, can prevent even his wife's being a nuisance. He can give her a good house, hang the family diamonds on her, supply a decent elderly woman as a sort of lady-in-waiting, and turn her into the paddock to kick up her heels within the limits of decorum. His own rooms can be sacred to him. He has his clubs and his personal interests. Husbands and wives annoy each other very little in these days. Married life has become comparatively decent."

"I should think his wife might be very happy," commented Emily. "He looks very kind."

"I don't know whether he is kind or not. It has never been necessary for me to borrow money from him."

Lady Maria was capable of saying odd things in her refined little drawling voice.

"He's more respectable than most men of his age. The diamonds are magnificent, and he not only has three superb places, but has money enough to keep them up. Now, there are three aspirants at Mallowe in

the present party. Of course you can guess who they are, Emily."

Emily almost blushed. She felt a little indelicate.

"Lady Agatha would be very suitable," she said. "And Mrs. Ralph is very clever, of course. And Miss Brooke is really pretty."

Lady Maria gave vent to her small chuckle. "Mrs. Ralph is the kind of woman who means business. She'll corner Walderhurst and talk literature and roll her eyes at him until he hates her. These writing women, who are intensely pleased with themselves, if they have some good looks into the bargain, believe themselves capable of marrying any one. Mrs. Ralph has fine eyes and rolls them. Walderhurst won't be ogled. The Brooke girl is sharper than Ralph. She was very sharp this afternoon. She began at once."

"I—I did n't see her"—wondering.

"Yes, you did; but you did n't understand. The tennis, and the laughing with young Heriot on the terrace! She is going to be the piquant young woman who aggravates by indifference, and disdains rank and splendor; the kind of girl who has her innings in novelettes—but not out of them. The successful women are those who know how to toady in the right way and not obviously. Walderhurst has far too good an opinion of himself to be attracted by a girl who is making up to another man: he's not five-and-twenty."

Emily in spite of herself was reminded of Mrs. Brooke's plaint: "Don't be too indifferent, Cora." She did not want to recall it exactly, because she thought the Brookes agreeable and would have preferred to think them disinterested. But, after all, she reflected, how natural that a girl who was so pretty should feel that the Marquis of Walderhurst represented prospects! Chiefly, however, she was filled with admiration at Lady Maria's cleverness.

"How wonderfully you observe every-

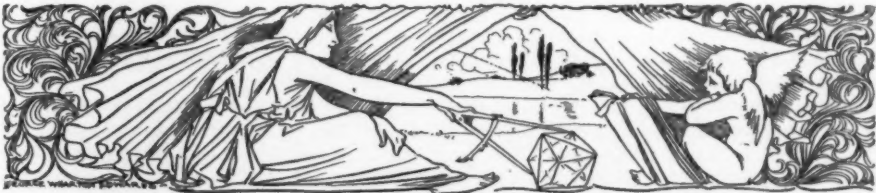
thing, Lady Maria!" she exclaimed. "How wonderfully!"

"I have had forty-seven seasons in London. That's a good many, you know. Forty-seven seasons of débutantes and mothers tend toward enlightenment. Now there is Agatha Slade, poor girl! She's of a kind I know by heart. With birth and beauty, she is perfectly helpless. Her people are poor enough to be entitled to aid from the Charity Organization, and they have had the indecency to present themselves with six daughters—six! All with delicate skins and delicate little noses and heavenly eyes. Most men can't afford them, and they can't afford most men. As soon as Agatha begins to go off a little, she will have to step aside, if she has not married. The others must be allowed their chance. Agatha has had the advertising of the illustrated papers this season, and she has gone well. In these days a new beauty is advertised like a new soap. They have n't given them sandwich-men in the streets, but that is about all that has been denied them. But Agatha has not had any special offer, and I know both she and her mother are a little frightened. Alix must come out next season, and they can't afford frocks for two. Agatha will have to be sent to their place in Ireland, and to be sent to Castle Clare is almost like being sent to the Bastille. She'll never get out alive. She'll have to stay there and see herself grow thin instead of slim, and colorless instead of fair. Her little nose will grow sharp, and she will lose her hair by degrees."

"Oh!" Emily gave forth sympathetically. "What a pity that would be! I thought—I really thought—Lord Walderhurst seemed to admire her."

"Oh, every one admires her, for that matter; but if they go no further that will not save her from the Bastille, poor thing. There, Emily; we must go to bed. We have talked enough."

(To be continued.)



## THE FIRST OF JUNE.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

NOW have come the shining days  
When field and wood are robed anew,  
And o'er the world a silver haze  
Blends the emerald with the blue.

Now doth summer clothe the land  
In garments free from spot or stain—  
The lustrous leaves, the hills untanned,  
The vivid meads, the glaucous grain.

The day looks new, a coin unworn,  
Freshly stamped in heavenly mint:  
The sky keeps on its look of morn;  
Of age and death there is no hint.

How soft the landscape near and far!  
A shining veil the trees infold;  
The day remembers moon and star;  
A silver lining hath its gold.

Again I see the clover bloom,  
And wade in grasses lush and sweet;  
Again has vanished all my gloom  
With daisies smiling at my feet.

Again from out the garden hives  
The exodus of frenzied bees;  
The humming cyclone onward drives,  
Or finds repose amid the trees.

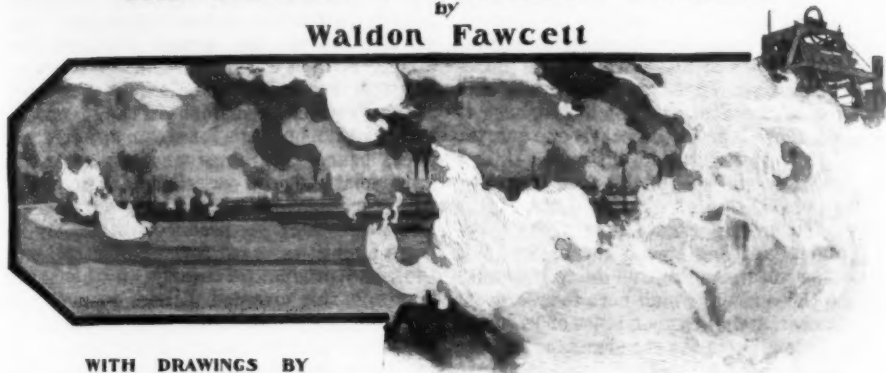
At dawn the river seems a shade—  
A liquid shadow deep as space;  
But when the sun the mist has laid,  
A diamond shower smites its face.

The season's tide now nears its height,  
And gives to earth an aspect new;  
Every shoal is hid from sight,  
With current fresh as morning dew.



## THE CENTER OF THE WORLD OF STEEL

by  
**Waldon Fawcett**



WITH DRAWINGS BY  
**Ernest L. Blumenschein**

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

THE destination of nearly three tons of iron ore in every five that come out of the wonderful Lake Superior country is that awe-inspiring beehive of smoke and grime and industry known as the "Pittsburg district," the busiest manufacturing center in the world and the very hub of the iron and steel industry. The junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers and the valleys which turn away in every direction constitutes the natural meeting-place of the coal and coke, the limestone and ore, which, here manipulated, constitute the thermometer of business.

If the rearing of this greatest of Vulcan's workshops were to be gone through with again in the twentieth century, with the light of experience beating upon the operation, with the present craze for economy of time influencing the iron-masters, and with the marvels of modern railroading daily shortening the list of impossibilities, it is possible that the Smoky City would be built nearer Lake Erie: the steel barons might elect to apportion the journeyings of the various commodities more equally by carrying the coal and coke a few hundred miles farther and cutting a few hours from the time required for the trip of the ore from mine to furnace. Now, however, it is highly questionable whether any general migration will ever occur.

Some of the men who have built steel plants on the shores of the Great Lakes have talked enthusiastically of the day when virtually all the furnaces and forges would be removed to the banks of the great inland waterway, and their opponents in the geographical debate have retaliated by propos-

ing the construction of a ship-canal which would enable the ore-laden vessels to steam direct to Pittsburg.

The majority of the persons who have been impressed by the plausible prophecies of the creation of a new fountainhead for the stream of American steel, however, have entirely overlooked the fact that the iron-mills within Pennsylvania's forest of fire-belching stacks represent an outlay more than equal to all the gold and silver produced in the world in half a decade. To pick up the ponderous inanimate workers that inhabit these infernos of toil and carry them, bag and baggage, across a couple of States, would constitute about the most stupendous moving job ever undertaken, and, most disastrous of all, it would inevitably entail a most serious interruption of production. Finally, with a portion of the railroads connecting Lake Erie's unloading-ports with the caldrons at Pittsburg in control of the iron-producing interests, there is provided a solution for the plea for lower transportation charges urged earnestly a few years ago.

The limitations of the Pittsburg district are not clearly defined, but if the reader will follow the school-boy's old-fashioned method of describing a circle on the map with the aid of a string and a pencil, and will place the pivotal pin on the dot that represents Pittsburg, a radius of one hundred miles in every direction will take in most of the territory where the ironmonger is the supreme sovereign. Andrew Carnegie has defined the steel-making center as embraced within a line drawn from Pittsburg to Wheeling, West Virginia; northwestward to Lorain, Ohio, on the shores of Lake Erie; eastward



to Cleveland, on the same body of water; and southeastward to Pittsburg.

The very vortex of this creative realm is found, however, in Pittsburg and its immediate environs. In Allegheny County, the division of the State in which Pittsburg is located, there is produced nearly one quarter of all the pig-iron turned out in the United States, fully one half of the open-hearth or best grade of steel, and virtually two fifths of the nation's aggregate output of steel of all kinds. Nestling among the hills of this small herculean empire, and lining the banks of the three rivers which here form a great Y of water, are miles upon miles of towering stacks, standing in the even ranks of soldiery and pouring forth sheets of flame that turn night into day for thousands of householders living on the surrounding hillsides.

A first faint conception of the tremendous, almost inconceivable magnitude of this giant industrial exposition, where above all other places a realization of the majesty of manual labor burns itself into the brain, is gained from a glimpse of the tremendous latent energy that is cast aside in the smoke and steam that hang in a heavy black canopy close above the roofs of the city. Perhaps it is because he understands better than does the stranger the significance of the soot-showering clouds that the Pittsburger smiles indulgently upon the visitor who complains because the sun is obscured or because he is unable to enjoy immaculate linen for any length of time.

To the superficial tourist it is, perhaps, only the dirtiest city in America. To the Pittsburger, who is gripped by the fascination of iron-making, and to all who look through his spectacles, it is still the dirtiest but also the most magnificent of cities. To this typical resident its clouded atmosphere is symbolic only of rush and dash and power and the accumulation of wealth with splendid rapidity. Pittsburg, moreover, is secure in her position as the capital of the domain of iron and steel. Coal crops out of the hills at her back; great engineering projects are making of the river that passes her gates an improved highway of commerce; her railroads are multiplying; and, finally, her metal-manufacturers, reaching out for foreign markets, have discovered that they can utilize the very cars which bring iron ore to carry back to the lakes the finished product, and there ship it through the St. Lawrence River direct to ports on the other side of the Atlantic.

The great product of the Pittsburg dis-

trict in this present age is, strictly speaking, not iron, but steel. As a commercial commodity, the one has largely displaced the other. There are, to be sure, in almost every city foundries which handle only the metal which was once preëminent in the manufacturing world, but rails for steam and electric lines, beams for ships and sky-scrapers, armor-plate for war-vessels, and heavy supports for bridges,—in fact, all the commodities which may be produced profitably in large quantities,—are formed of steel, and thus the product of nearly all the great plants in this crowded district reaches the consuming world in the form of the tougher and more elastic metal. Pittsburg sends from her freight-yards and docks each year millions of tons of this valuable material; enough, indeed, to fill a line of freight-cars extending almost across the Atlantic, if such a thing were possible, and forming a stock in trade representing more money than the United States government receives in revenue from all sources within a year.

Although many of the immense iron- and steel-making plants which surround Pittsburg and constitute her modern defenses are under one general management, each institution is complete in itself. On the map the names Braddock, Bessemer, Rankin, Duquesne, Homestead, and Munhall stand only for suburbs of the Iron City. Each, however, forms an important link in the chain of monster plants which stretches up the valley of the Monongahela, zigzagging back and forth across the river. These great establishments are not duplicates of one another, by any means, and yet, to a certain extent, the difference is only in detail. The rapid and thrillingly picturesque evolution of steel from iron ore may be watched in almost any one of them. The strands of burning metal, after having been pounded and pressed and rolled, may be measured off for the market as rails, sheets, boiler-plates, or any other of a score of forms, but the genesis of all is the same.

The iron ore is ready, when it arrives at Pittsburg, to be fed, if desired, directly into the furnaces. There is no necessity for crushers to crumble the rich red mineral in order that it may be readily assimilated. Iron buckets, each capable of holding a ton or more, and traveling at high speed on the long, slender bridges that form the highway for the ore when it is first taken from the lake vessels, carry the raw material from the railroad-cars to the capacious wooden storage-bins or to the novel elevators which

hoist it to the top of the great tubular caldrons where it is to receive its first baptism of fire.

The blast-furnace marks the dividing of the ways for the various forms of iron and steel. Everything coming under the classification of the most useful of metals, whatever is to be its ultimate form and character, emanates from this common source, where are assembled the various substances which combine to give the material its fundamental properties. The ore, fresh from the mines, is poured into the monster flame-lined tower along with the fuel—coal or coke or charcoal—and a proportion of limestone designed to form a chemical combination with the impurities in the ore so that they may be eliminated. After tons upon tons of the various ingredients have been dumped into the seething tank, apparently without the slightest effect upon the blinding intensity of the white heat, a blast of hot air, with the power of a hurricane, is forced through the great molten mass. In a remote sense it is the same principle which is employed in the blacksmith's forge. When this gigantic fanning of the flames has been carried on for several hours, the contents of the furnace are drawn off, first the refuse which the fiery bath has concentrated, and then the liquid iron.

Within the last half-century the march of progress has witnessed many alterations in the design of the blast-furnace itself, and still more changes in the methods governing the handling of its product. So recent have these revolutions been that the steps of advancement may be traced by a glance at the various classes of furnaces yet in service in the vicinity of Pittsburg. There is still in use an example of the old stone furnace, fed by a large force of wood-cutters, and numerous indeed are the representatives of that type of structure which, until a few years ago, constituted the approved apparatus for iron-melting. To the latter, as to the gigantic furnaces of the present day, the various classes of raw material come by train-loads—the ore from the Lake Superior mines, the coke from Connellsville or West Virginia, and the limestone from Ohio.

The mode of operating one of these older furnaces, although it was the accepted method only a few years ago, seems crude enough now. Workmen with shovels transfer the fuel and raw material from the railroad-cars to novel iron wheelbarrows which are loaded on a rickety-looking elevator that creeps creakingly up the outside of the fur-

nace to the top, a hundred feet in the air. Perched up on this chimney-like structure, with the molten pool directly below,—standing above the crater of a volcano, as it were,—are workmen whose daily occupation is as dangerous as that of a steeple-climber.

The deadliest danger is from the great wave of poisonous gases which rushes up with terrific force whenever the "bell," as the top of the furnace is called, is opened to admit a fresh supply of fuel or ore. As a rule, the escaping gases become ignited, and woe betide the unfortunate workman who is tardy in retreating before the sheet of flame that momentarily illuminates the whole country-side. At times, however, the gases do not pass off in flame, and the effect upon the workmen of this terrible rush of carbonic-acid fumes is very much the same as that which might be expected from an overdose of whisky. Sometimes a severe attack of hiccoughs and a violent headache warn the worker that he must quickly seek a clearer atmosphere, but more often the laborer falls in his tracks as completely overcome as though a heavy dose of ether or chloroform had been administered. So many men have lost their lives or been terribly burned by pitching headlong within the zone of heat and flame when staggering from the stupefying odor that, nowadays, an extra man is stationed at the top of the old-fashioned furnace, back where he will not be reached by the gases, whose duty it is to drag to the elevator and take to the ground as quickly as possible any of the men who may be overcome. It is not an unusual sight, at a good-sized blast-furnace plant of long establishment, to see half a dozen dazed men stretched side by side upon the grass, the ghastly pallor which the gas has wrought intensified by the blotches of grime which partly obscure it.

More terrifying even than the menace of the gases is the ever-present possibility of an explosion that will toss the massive cover of the furnace into the air. Sometimes this giant lid rises only a few yards and then falls back into place, but there have been instances when it landed on the ground many rods away. Whatever be the force of one of these sudden upheavals of the lava-like mass, the laborers on top of the furnace have no warning of its approach, and their chances of life, when flames burst forth as though from a cannon's mouth, constitute the most uncertain of problems.

The new modern furnace, however, has eliminated much of the risk of human life

that is involved in tending the ironmonger's kettle under the old plan, and from another standpoint it has shown the way to an immense saving of time and labor in the "charging" of the huge melting-pot. The present-day blast-furnace may perhaps best be described as an immense iron cylinder bearing a close resemblance to the stand-pipe of a waterworks system, and mounted on short iron stilts. There are usually two of these furnaces, some distance apart, and extending between them a line of six or eight smaller cylinders. The latter are the "stoves" wherein is heated the hot air that is blown through the molten mass in the furnace. In general appearance they somewhat resemble the blast-furnaces, save that instead of the mass of machinery that surmounts a blast-furnace, made necessary by the new methods of feeding fuel and ore to the monster, each stove is topped by a tall, slender chimney that gives it the appearance of an old-fashioned upright churn.

The great iron tube reared on end, which, in the eyes of the spectator, constitutes the blast-furnace, is in reality only the outer shell of the monster melting-pot. There is a lining of fire-brick, and, where the heat is most intense, a sheathing of water helps in the imprisonment. To appease an insatiable appetite, the furnace must be fed every quarter of an hour or so, and one of the larger-size structures will, in a working-day of ordinary length, eat up from three to four train-loads of fuel and iron ore.

There are so many furnaces dotting the landscape on every side of Pittsburg that the traveler, glancing at them from a car-window, finds it difficult to realize that each one of these structures constitutes a business enterprise of greater magnitude than almost any mercantile establishment, wholesale or retail, in the country. There are a number of furnace plants which turn out every day more than 600 tons of iron, or as much as could be put aboard an ordinary freight-train, and with the closing months of the century the 700-ton furnace and even the 800-ton furnace became a reality. When it is explained that it requires fully two tons of iron ore, a ton and a quarter of coke, and half a ton of limestone for each ton of iron produced, it may be seen what a gigantic movement of freight is required to keep caldrons boiling. A person may almost count on the fingers of one hand all the stores in the world which carry stocks approximating two million dollars in value, and yet, at the most conservative estimate, the outlay for one of the large

new furnaces exceeds that sum. Few establishments in the commercial world have two thousand employees on the pay-roll, but more men than that are required to keep a furnace of the maximum size "in blast," if there are counted the men who dig the ore, the laborers who mine the coal and turn it into coke, and the hundreds of toilers needed to wait upon the furnace itself.

The "tapping" of the furnace is the dramatic feature of attendance upon one of these artificial springs of the manufacturing world. An incision is made low down in the side of the furnace, at the very bottom of the tank of molten iron, and there pours forth in a steady stream, as from a pump-spout, a semi-liquid colorless mass, glowing so fiercely that the unaccustomed eye cannot gaze upon it for long at a time. The dark figures moving about quickly and silently in the gloom—and numerically they seem hopelessly inadequate to cope with such a monster—must think rapidly and act even more hurriedly when once the dam of fire-clay has been broken and the rivulet of fire is let loose.

It looks like a sluggish mass, this suddenly descending flood of hot iron, but in reality it moves with insidious rapidity. The close observer might study its course as he would that of a river cutting a new channel: see a shower of sparks thrown up in lieu of spray when it strikes an obstacle; watch it swirl in eddies around some slight obstruction or be turned aside by some large one. To the workmen whose duty it is to hold in subjugation the contents of the quickly emptied measure this is the supreme hour of opportunity, and it is a brief one. The flow from the furnace could be stopped only with difficulty, even in an emergency, and so the toilers must note closely the idiosyncrasies of the traveling iron, and exert all watchfulness that it be guided to the channels into which it is desired to go, or a heavy loss will result.

The men who work at the base of one of these present-day iron-making vessels face a daily peril fully as great as any that ever came to the laborers up aloft, even in the era of the general use of the old-fashioned furnace. Under existing conditions not only must the working-men have their wits about them when the furnace has been tapped and jetties of the searing slime leap out in every direction, but there is ever present the danger that the furnace will break. No vigilance in advance will serve the artisan of the iron world under such circumstances. When the

rent has been made and through the gaping wound there pours the white shining fluid that carries destruction, his only chance is to run for his life. Even then, if the workman is stationed near the furnace, his proximity may condemn him without so much as one chance of escape.

As has been noted before, very little manual labor is utilized nowadays in the feeding of a blast-furnace. The cars of coke, ore, and limestone are taken in hand upon their arrival by ponderous machines that upturn them bodily and empty their contents. Instead of the antiquated elevator, with its cargo of wheelbarrows, there are small cars which travel up and down on an incline, and which, upon arrival at the top, are made automatically to dump their contents into the furnace. Even the gases which were formerly the terror of the workmen are saved, to a considerable extent, in the type of furnace now generally constructed. Indeed, within the last few years, means have successfully been devised for converting these gases into electrical power or utilizing their force in the operation of machinery of various kinds. The key-note of the whole evolution is economy, and what has been accomplished in this direction may perhaps be best illustrated by citing the fact that where the blast-furnace of a decade or so ago produced a ton of iron for each man employed, the present-day structure has a proportionate production six times as great.

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Even in the disposition of the molten iron a short lapse of time has wrought great improvements. Under the old system the iron which escaped when the furnace was tapped

was run into little channels cut in the sand all about the base of the furnace, and there allowed to cool. It hardened, and came out of its earthen bed in the form of pieces called "pigs," about three feet long and larger around than a man's arm. Each piece was flat on the bottom, but had a rounded back bearing a slight resemblance to that of a fat pig; hence the name. These pieces of iron were the universal currency of the domain of iron and steel. They might go to the puddling-furnace, where, after the carbon had been burned out in the melting, the mass became wrought or pure iron, and was rolled into bars or plates; or they might go to the foundry, to emerge in some one of the various forms of cast-iron; or, finally, their destination might be a steel-making plant.

In any case, the pigs had to be remelted, and inasmuch as the frugal iron-manufacturer saw in this a waste of time and fuel,

he planned to eliminate the making of pigs. The solution was a perfectly simple and natural one. In the present age of industrial operations on a large scale, blast-furnaces and converting-plants are almost invariably under one management, are located in close proximity, and one is served by the other. There was nothing easier, therefore, than to do away with the old system of



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINNEY.

A BLAST-FURNACE.



consuming hours in allowing iron to cool, and in carrying it perhaps only a few rods, and devoting another interval to bringing it to the molten state again. Substituted for it was the up-to-date method of taking the bubbling porridge of iron from one great kettle and transferring it to another, as a housewife might do in preparing preserves.

Nowadays few pigs are made except when it is desired either to store the iron for fu-

iron and the occasional replacing of a loaded railroad-car with an empty one.

A predominant proportion of all the molten harvest from the blast-furnaces in the vicinity of Pittsburg goes direct to the immense steel plants that have made this part of the country famous, and for this reason, as well as from the fact that, of all possible transformations the primal metal may undergo, that of steel conversion yields the



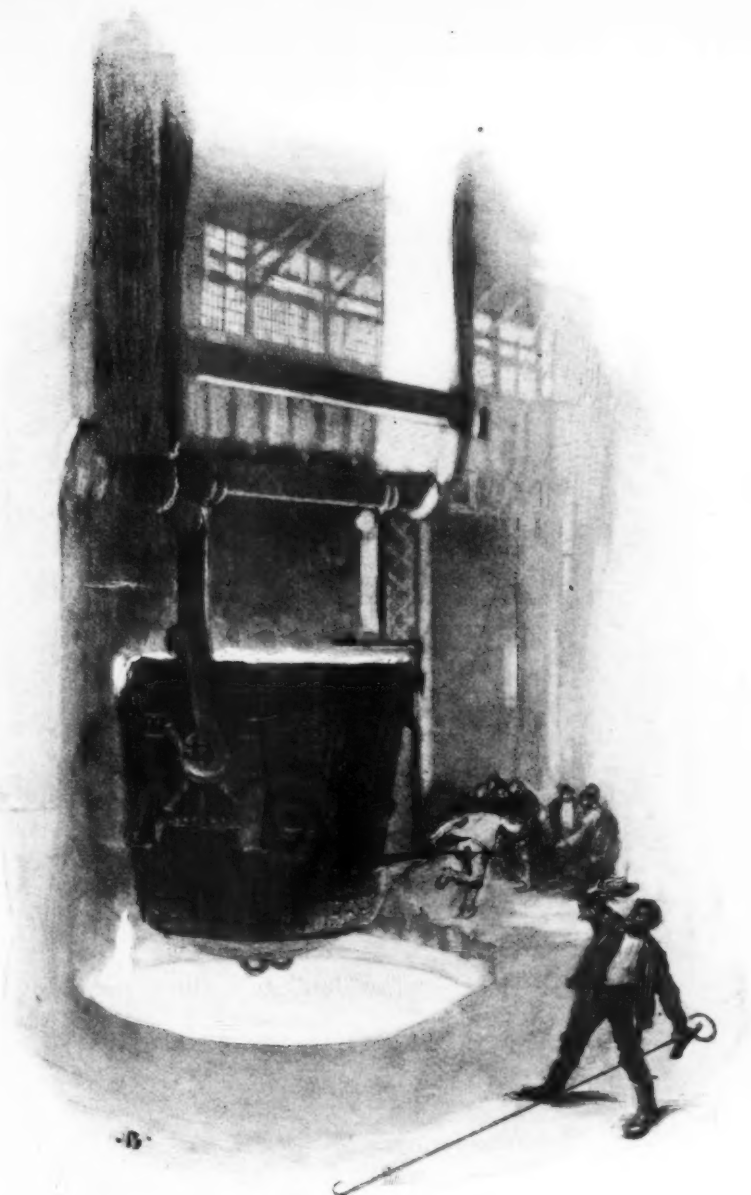
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.  
TAPPING A BLAST-FURNACE.

ture use or to ship the material to a plant some distance away to undergo the second operation in the converting process. Even the comparatively small quantities that are yet turned out are produced in a quicker and better way. Instead of allowing the liquid iron from the blast-furnace to course into the little troughs in the sand floor, it is poured into metal molds that form an endless chain, revolving at a speed that brings an empty receptacle under the fiery fount as rapidly as its predecessor is filled and passes on. As the molds describe a half-circle at the turn of the chain for the return trip, the pigs are shaken into a waiting railroad-car. Such a casting-machine can go on all day making pigs with only the human assistance that insures a plentiful supply of

most useful and most valuable product, the reader may find it most interesting to follow in his mental tour the metal which takes this route to market. The first stage of this journey—the trip from furnace to steel-mill on a train of ladle-cars filled almost to overflowing with glowing fluid freight—is perhaps the most wonderful excursion open to an adventure-lover in all the world.

Four or five of these bulky, brick-lined iron tubs, each capable of holding twenty tons, make up a train, which is drawn by a sturdy little locomotive. In several localities in the vicinity of Pittsburg the molten iron is hauled a distance of more than a mile, and in one case a trip of upward of five miles is necessary. Yet this long jaunt in the open air appears to have not the slightest effect





HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

RAISING THE FORTY-TON LADLE FILLED WITH MOLTEN IRON FROM THE LADLE-PIT.

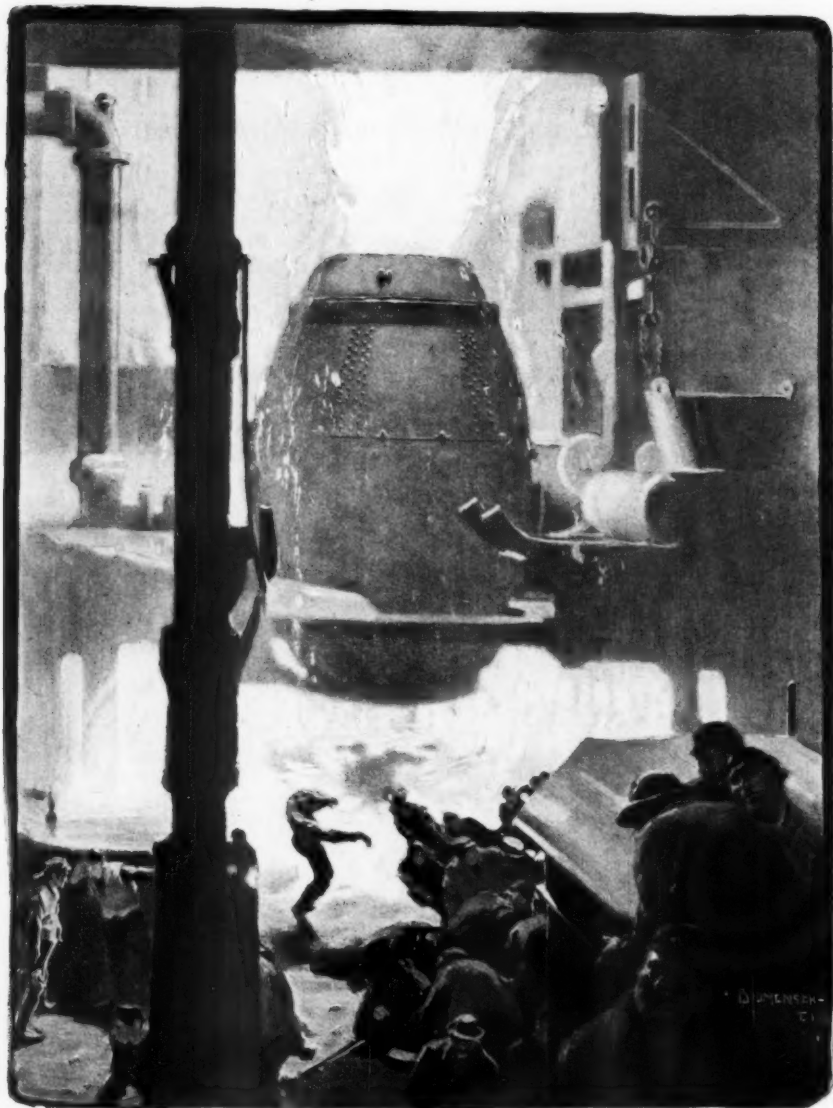
upon the temperature of the boiling metal. The estimate of value and importance which modern steel-makers place upon this new method of securing quickly the chief sinew of manufacture may not, perhaps, be better illustrated than by the statement that three "hot-metal" bridges have been thrown

across the Monongahela River in order that trains may make the transfer more speedily.

The visitor to a steel plant, taken unawares by the approach of one of these trains of fire, experiences a sensation never likely to be forgotten. A wave of strong, fierce, blistering heat heralds its approach, and re-

mains in the air long after it has passed. The little train proceeds slowly enough, and yet the red-tinged mass in each great pail

stray drops of the flaming iron fall upon steamers passing below. A heavy layer of sand covers the ties and fills all the inter-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE CONVERTER.

pitches from side to side as though it would slop over each time the car sways. That it does leak or spill occasionally is eloquently attested by the precautions taken in the construction of the bridges across the river, lest

vening spaces, while screens of heavy metal plates, faced with fire-brick, rise to a considerable height on each side of the track. The typical engineer of one of these fiery trains is as interesting a character to watch

at work as can be found in all this wonder-land. He never takes his eyes from the rocking liquid, and he must be ready, if the waves pitch too high, to slow down very suddenly, or he will lose part of his charge and perhaps work great harm besides. Moreover, he must be prepared all the while to jump from his post at a second's notice, for there is always danger that some unseen obstacle will topple over one of the big carriers, and obviously molten iron on a rampage is not a thing to be trifled with.

The furnace iron may go either to a Bessemer or to an open-hearth steel plant, these terms indicating the two methods of manufacture in use at the present time. The invention of the Bessemer process rightfully stands as one of the greatest achievements of modern times. Until a few years ago Bessemer steel met almost all ordinary demands. Consumers knew that the open-hearth metal was superior in some respects, but the rapidity with which the Bessemer grade could be produced, and its consequent cheapness, enabled it to hold the market. Recently, however, the process of open-hearth manufacture has been cheapened tremendously, and now the most extravagant predictions are made as to the extent to which the product of the slower process will ultimately displace the Bessemer commodity.

To step into a Bessemer plant in operation is not unlike being set down in the operating-stand at a gigantic fireworks display.

Tiny meteors, too large to be classed as sparks, fill the entire place, raining upon the flannel garments of the workers. The flying bits of flame that strike hands and

face the toilers shake off as a dog might toss aside drops of water, and it is only when some stray bit of burning iron slips down inside a worker's collar that one realizes that



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

POURING MOLTEN STEEL FROM THE CONVERTER TO THE LADLE.

these figures silhouetted against the glare are human. Everywhere within the dimly outlined walls rough iron hands suddenly dart out of the gloom and as quickly return



A FURNACEMAN.



AN OPEN-HEARTH FURNACEMAN.



A SCOTCH ENGINEER.

to it, lifting and carrying and lowering measures of varied sizes and forms, all alike dripping with flame. There is an occasional burst of light, like that at the discharge of a cannon, but succeeding the darkness so suddenly that it is only blinding. No visitor is allowed in this zone of fire save under the protection of a capable guide, and even then his glimpse of the spectacle is likely to be accompanied by occasional thrills of something more than excitement.

When the ladles of iron from the furnace arrive at this terminal of the journey, each in turn is lifted from the car by a great crane,—a gaunt arm of iron capable of carrying as much as a thousand men,—and poured into a gigantic kettle known as a "mixer," just as a person might pour a pail of water into a tub. There is always the possibility that something will break or a chain slip and an avalanche of liquid metal be precipitated; so the workmen remain at a discreet distance during this part of the proceedings. The mixer is capable of holding the contents of several of the big ladles, and, indeed, its purpose is to brew into one great mess the product from the various furnaces, making it absolutely uniform in quality. At intervals twoscore tons of the chastened metal are poured into a ladle which carries it to the "converter."

The working of the Bessemer converter is the spectacular climax of the most picturesque scene in the entire drama of steel-making. The converter itself resembles nothing so much as a gigantic iron egg, hung on trunnions in such a manner as to give it the appearance of being pierced by an axle, upon which, if unrestrained, it might swing round and round. It tips gently and gracefully to receive the huge cupful of molten

mixture which a crane serves to it, and after the fiery libation has been poured into its capacious mouth, glides slowly back into a horizontal position. Suddenly with a terrific roar the blast is turned on, and for a time a cyclone of cold air is forced through the converter, on much the same principle as heated air pierces the liquid mass in the blast-furnace. In this second chemical purification by intense heat many impurities which had not been driven off in any of the previous processes are eliminated, and a dash of ferromanganese, a metal compound rich in manganese, is added, just as spice is added in cooking.

It is in fixing the limit of time for the blowing through the converter that a boyish-looking fellow, perched on a small platform up near the roof, has opportunities dozens of times a day to involve his employers in a loss of thousands of dollars. Wearing great goggles of specially prepared glass, he watches, with the intent gaze of a youngster at his first foot-ball game, the flame rushing from the elevated nose of the big retort, which is like the alcohol-lamp that jewelers use, magnified many hundreds of times. The visitor, standing upon the elevated platform, sees the pyramid of flame, as it escapes with a hoarse cry from its prison, change in color from red to white and then to the faintest of blues, just as multicolored balls burst from a Roman candle. To the layman the changing tints of the illumination have no significance, but not so to the young man, with muscles tense, leaning forward close at hand.

The wearer of those magic spectacles sees many things which the watcher does not, the pair of lenses enabling him to read many meanings in the sheet of fire which



A ROLLER—HUNGARIAN.



A FURNACEMAN—AMERICAN.



A YARDMAN—ITALIAN.

are hidden from those about him. He might be compared to the helmsman of a ship, and as the man at the wheel has an interpretation for each beacon flaring up on the horizon, so each new tint flaming up signifies to this student some change in the chemical composition of the sizzling broth—something added or something taken away. Finally the anxiously awaited shade makes its appearance in the fiery tongues leaping toward the roof, and quick as a flash the operator pulls this lever and swings that, and the blast is shut off. A minute too soon or a minute too late would impair the texture of the metal fabric. The young man intrusted with this responsibility looks no older than many a lad just entering college, yet he is a striking representative of skilled labor in the highest sense of the term, and receives a salary of ten dollars a day.



AN ENGINEER—WELSH.

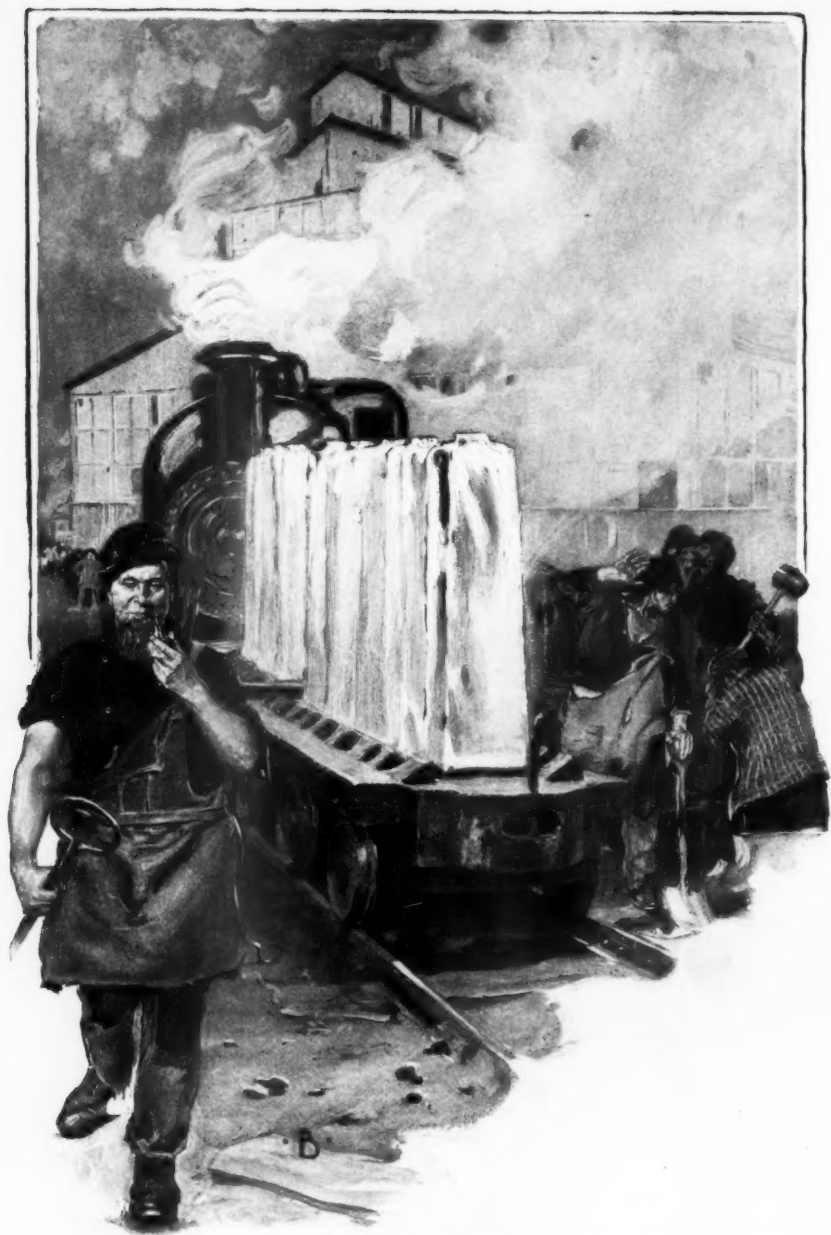
After the impurities have been blown out of the molten metal, the converter is again lowered, and the fifteen tons of contents are drawn off into ladle-buckets, and poured into ingot-molds. This marks a distinct step in the transformation of the iron and steel, and before looking into its mysteries it may be well to glance at the second, or open-hearth, method of making steel. Under this plan the iron from the blast-furnaces, instead of finding its way to a converter, is placed in open-hearth furnaces, immense brick structures which resemble nothing so much as the ovens in a

bakery and harbor the "hottest heat" imaginable. Instead of hot air being forced through the molten mass in this instance, dependence is placed upon the inconceivably terrific heat generated by great gas fires beneath the furnaces. To look into an open-hearth furnace with unshaded eyes gives the visitor no other impression than would be gained by gazing intently at the sun at midday. Through blue glasses, however, the surface of the glowing white mass is disclosed, boiling and bubbling and sputtering like water over a kitchen fire.

After the liquid steel comes from the Bessemer converter or from the open-hearth furnaces, it is poured into molds uniform in size, where it hardens in the form of blocks of steel known as "ingots." The ingot-molds are iron boxes very much resembling large coffins in size and shape. They stand in a row on a train of pygmy cars, and when, one after another, they have been filled by stopping momentarily under the big ladle of steel, from a hole in the bottom of which a glowing stream flows out, the little train rumbles away, throwing out waves of heat, just as did the group of ladle-cars in transit for the blast-furnace. After the metal has been allowed to cool somewhat, a heavy iron hand, known as a "stripper," drags off the molds, or "jackets," leaving red-hot blocks of iron, each weighing as much as a dozen men.

The thrusting of the ingot into a bed of





HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

TRANSPORTING GLOWING STEEL-INGOTS TO THE ROLLING-MILL.

flame to reheat it to its old temperature marks the first of the final stages in the evolution of the iron and steel. From this form it may be changed into "blooms," or billets, blocks of steel smaller in size; it may be flattened in ponderous presses into armor-plate for war-vessels; or it may emerge, after endless squeezings between giant rolls, as rails or sheets or bars.

Almost any visitor to one of the great mills where the steel receives the finishing touches which make it ready for the market is likely to be surprised by the seemingly meager force of men that people the immense structure. Standing at one end of the building, he can scarcely distinguish any of the objects at the other, but under his gaze comes only a vast vista of machinery. The mechanical workers rise from the floor, reach out from the walls, cling to the ceiling. Some are stationary, while others travel at high velocity up and down, round and about the building; yet there is no confusion, no delays or collisions, and, most wonderful of all, the visitor catches only an occasional glimpse of the human hands which control all this vast mechanism, unless he peers into the tiny houses where, inclosed by glass, the operators sit surrounded by levers, like switchmen in their towers.

The most interesting objects in all this mechanical array are the rolls. Each set, by its appearance, suggests a clothes-wringer or the mangle in a laundry, save that there are great, hard, smooth rolls on each side as well as above and below; in other words, pressure is administered from every direction. The ingot is carried to the big flattening-machine along a series of revolving rollers, as though it were a board in a moving sidewalk. When the rolls first "bite" it, and for several trips thereafter, as it squeezes back and forth, the scale which has formed causes each fresh gripping to be heralded by an explosion like the sudden crash of artillery. All the while water is poured upon the rolls in a perfect stream, to keep them from getting overheated, and frequently it splashes on the ribbon of hot metal wriggling through, but apparently without the slightest effect. The drops appear inky black against the fiery surface, and they roll off with a suggestion of the movement peculiar to quicksilver.

The rail-mill presents many pictures that appeal strongly to lovers of the picturesque. Under ordinary circumstances the great strands of iron, each half as long as a city block, slide back and forth smoothly enough

between the rolls that are stretching them and pressing them into the required shape, but a tiny obstacle may at any moment turn one of these cables of fire off the beaten track and twist it into a hopeless tangle or wind it like a squirming snake around some unfortunate workman. When the rolling process has been completed, the piece of iron slides along to the great buzz-saws, which cut it up into the thirty-foot rails known to the railway traveler. Every time the whirling circular saw clips off one of these lengths, sparks radiate in every direction, as though the biggest pyrotechnical pin-wheel ever devised had been suddenly set in motion. When the rail has been cooled, and holes have been drilled in it, it is ready to start for any part of the world. The evolution of bars or beams or sheets from the big steel slabs is gained by the same general method of procedure. It is the size and shape of the grooves in the rolls which determine the form to be ultimately assumed by the steel in their clutches.

There are so many marvelous things connected with the milling of iron as it is carried on to-day at the greatest seat of the industry on the globe that to attempt to designate any one factor as the most wonderful is manifestly difficult, and yet it is probable that a majority of the visitors to any one of the gigantic plants at Pittsburg are most thoroughly dumfounded by the astonishing methods of handling material by mechanical means. Thousands of gallons of the hottest fluid ever devised are carried for miles up hill and down, and blocks of red-hot iron, each weighing almost as much as a horse and wagon, are put through a dozen machines, and all the while the old-fashioned manual labor has not been brought into requisition. Every other known force is utilized. Steam-engines move the parcels of fire; hydraulic apparatus lifts the furnace doors; electrically operated tongs put the pieces of iron into the fire and draw them out again; and, finally, compressed air drives the tools which drill holes in the material, all but ready for the market. Each of these mechanical workers, too, is designed to render aid to the others, whether it be the feeblest clamp or a great crane capable of lifting a locomotive as easily as a child picks up a pin.

The completeness of one of the large modern steel-manufactories is one of its finest qualifications. This is strikingly exemplified at Homestead, where is located what is claimed to be the largest single iron- and steel-making establishment in the world.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE GIANT ROLLS.

The buildings, which extend for a mile and a half along the river-front, cover acres upon acres of ground, and winding through and around them is a private railway system equipped with seventy locomotives. It was the historic labor struggle at this plant,—which, by the way, gives employment to over seven thousand men,—that a few years ago sounded the knell of high-priced labor in the iron and steel industry. Prior to that disas-

trous strike the iron-workers of exceptional skill were receiving fabulous wages, some of them earning from \$25 to \$40 a day. Now the best-paid artisans do not receive more than \$20 a day, and it is few indeed whose daily wage exceeds \$10. Moreover, the necessity for skilled labor is disappearing. The machine, seemingly endowed with human intelligence, is doing the work better and cheaper than its prototype of flesh and bone.



## WANTED: A HERO

BY  
VICTOR MAPES  
WITH DRAWINGS BY  
A. I. KELLER

### I. ON THE BEACH AT SOUTHAMPTON.

IT was a warm summer morning at Southampton, Long Island. The sky was cloudless, the water a clear, beautiful blue, and the stretches of white sand glistened under the sun's rays.

The scene on the beach was unusually animated. Not for weeks had there been so many bright faces, pretty gowns, and dazzling parasols gathered together in so small a space. It seemed as if all the girls for miles about had assembled by common agreement to bewilder onlooking eyes. They whispered and giggled, and clung to one another in affectionate attitudes, pretending to be quite unconscious and indifferent, but revealing by unmistakable signs that something uncommon was in the air. Now and then, as a carriage appeared in the distance and drove up to the pavilion, a sudden silence would pass over them, while they stole glances in that direction, and strained their eyes to make out the newcomers. The sedate mamas smiled knowingly in the background, and exchanged remarks as they followed the movements of their darlings.

"There he is now!" called out a small boy whose two sisters formed part of a group. Half-repressed ejaculations escaped from the girls, and all turned instinctively to behold the approach of a carriage.

"Hello, it's Florence Munroe!" said a college freshman in knickerbockers, who

had been taking a minor part in the conversation. "By Jove! she said she was n't coming down this morning."

Meanwhile a tall, dark girl of commanding presence had stepped from the carriage, followed by a shorter, sandy-haired girl. The former, Florence Munroe, could not fail to attract attention wherever she went; the other was Nanny Smith, her school-girl crony. She was always to be seen in Florence's wake, in an attitude of servile companionship, and the idea of attracting attention apparently held no place in her thoughts.

"She has on Princeton colors, I do believe!" declared one of the group.

"So she has," chimed in the others.

"Is n't that like her!" said a pug-nosed girl, snappishly. "She's always trying to be so superior. She pretended last night to Polly Hope that she did n't care to meet him. Of course she's dying to, more than anybody else."

Further remarks were prevented by the arrival of Florence and Nanny. They had come down the plank walk together, and now joined the group on the sand. The costume which called forth such hostile criticism was a white gown, with black silk belt and collar, and orange ribbons. Nanny Smith wore a white gown trimmed with blue, and, as one glanced about, it appeared that blue was the predominating color on the beach that morning.

"Miss Munroe, I'm so glad you changed

your mind," said the youth in knickerbockers, with an attempt at sarcasm: "it would have been a pity to deprive the beach of that gown."

"How kind of you!" she answered, with a cold smile. Then turning to the other girls, she asked with a casual air:

"Have any of you seen Harry Debaude? Has n't he come yet?"

No one answered her, and the girl to whom the question was particularly addressed tilted her pug-nose higher than ever with a scornful expression.

"Oh, I forgot," Florence continued—"he has that man Lord on his hands. I'm rather curious to see what he looks like in gentleman's clothes. They say he's frightfully ugly."

Her defiant attitude incensed the other girls, and they disdained to reply. She stood a minute longer, glanced out at the water, then turned toward the bathing-houses.

"Are you coming, Nanny? I don't think I'll wait any longer."

"I'm not going in, you know," said Nanny, as the two moved off together; "but I'll help you undress."

Just then another carriage appeared, and this time it was the one that all were expecting.

Everybody turned and looked, the small boys threw down their shovels and pails and ran up for a better view, while a visible thrill of excitement passed up and down the line. There was no doubting that the great moment had arrived.

Harry Debaude got out of the wagon, and after him stepped down a large, strong fellow with brown face and light hair. He wore white duck trousers, a blue coat, and a straw hat with a blue ribbon.

This was Josh Lord, the great Yale athlete, making his first appearance on the beach of Southampton.

Josh Lord had stroked the champion crew that broke the record in June; he was half-back on the foot-ball team, and captain elect for the coming year; he could lift a greater weight than any known person of his age; his proportions and muscles had been tabulated by the athletic director as the ideal type of college man; pictures of him had filled the newspapers for weeks at a time; details of his life and qualities were household words; and he was generally conceded to be the greatest all-round athlete of the decade.

Was it any wonder that the girls of South-

ampton were anxious to have a good look at him, that their hearts had been put in a flutter at the announcement of his coming?

Florence Munroe and Nanny Smith had almost reached the bath-houses when Harry Debaude caught sight of them. He whispered a word to Josh Lord, and then came forward to intercept them. His face was smiling and animated, and he made no attempt to conceal the importance he felt in the situation.

"Good morning, good morning," he said.

"I'd like to present Josh Lord to you."

The great athlete stood a few steps off, awaiting the formality with a conscious air. Harry motioned to him, and he strode forward, removing his hat as he came. Every eye on the beach was turned on him steadfastly.

"Miss Munroe," said Harry, "may I present my friend Mr. Lord? Miss Smith, Mr. Lord."

The big fellow bowed, and seemed inclined to extend his hand to Florence. Then seeing that she was occupied with her parasol, he checked himself. Their eyes met in a fugitive glance. Florence held up her gloved hand to him, and he took it hurriedly, while they both laughed. Then he shook hands with Nanny, repeating in a deep, frank voice:

"How do you do? How do you do?"

All four seemed a little embarrassed, and there was a moment's pause. Harry Debaude ended it by addressing Florence.

"How is the water? Pretty rough, is n't it, after yesterday's storm?"

"Yes; there's more surf than there's been for weeks. But I like it when it's rough, you know. Are you going in, Mr. Lord?"

"Am I going in? Well, I guess! Is n't everybody going in?"

"I'm going in," said Florence, smiling at him with her brown eyes. "I did n't know but what the high waves would frighten you."

Josh Lord seemed pleased at the joke. He broke out in a laugh, put one hand in his trousers pocket, and stood looking at her admiringly.

Florence glanced down at the sand and continued to smile, then she looked up and started to move off.

"Well, we'll see you later on the beach," she said. "Come, Nanny."

The hero of the day stood looking after her as she retreated.

"Gosh!" he said to Harry, "she's 'a corker,' and no mistake!"



"I thought you'd like her," answered Harry; "she's the finest girl at Southampton. Wait till you know her better."

"Wait nothin'," retorted Josh, looking off once more after Florence as she disappeared around a corner of the bath-houses. "I tell you what," he added, with an attempt at humor, "she can have me right now, whenever she wants me!"

A troubled look flashed over Harry's countenance at this remark. It was gone in an instant, and he smiled with Josh, but said nothing.

They went on down the plank walk to the beach, where, a minute later, the Yale athlete found himself surrounded by an admiring crowd. A few had already met him elsewhere, but the greater number now had the honor of being presented for the first time. He seemed modest and ill at ease amid the excessive attentions that were shown him. The fair sex embarrassed him with its witty skirmishing, while he found little or nothing to say to the men. The beach and the water, however, he thought were "great," and as soon as the first rush of adulation was over, he asked Harry to take him to the bath-house, where he could "get out of his togs."

Meanwhile Nanny Smith was assisting Florence Munroe to exchange one dainty costume for another equally elaborate and bewitching.

"I'm glad we met him first," said Florence. "It's so much better than being one of the crowd. Everybody on the beach was watching us."

"It must have made them furious to see him stop for us."

"What a funny way he shakes hands! Did you notice it? It was just like a big lump of dough taking hold of you."

"That's because he's bashful. I'm sure he's bashful. You can always tell by the way they shake hands."

"I don't care, it gives me the creeps when a man lets his hand flop that way."

"I expected he'd be much worse-looking, did n't you?"

"I don't know; he's got a big mouth and he's terribly freckled, but his eyes are nice. What an awful scar that is on his forehead! I wonder if he got it playing foot-ball."

So their tongues ran on, while their pretty fingers played with bows and hooks and buttons in the intricacies of a feminine toilet. At length the change was completed. Florence tucked away the last stray lock, gave an approving farewell to her face in the glass, and, with a final pat to her alpaca

skirt, tripped out on the beach, a vision of loveliness in black and white.

HALF an hour later she was lying in Josh Lord's arms, unconscious of surroundings, her face as white as marble, her long black hair sweeping untrammelled on the sea.

No one knew precisely how it happened, it was all so quick and unexpected. Somebody on the beach had uttered a piercing shriek, there was a general rush and commotion, with excited cries on all sides, then Josh Lord was seen struggling in the water with Florence Munroe, bearing her lifeless in his arms. Other bathers ran to his assistance, and the bathing-master was on the spot in an instant; but Josh had no need of them. He carried his burden like a Hercules, pushing rapidly through the waves, then up the beach, to the white, sunny sand, where he laid her gently down.

He seemed wonderfully cool and collected in contrast with the hysterical throng that pressed about.

"Stand back, please—stand back!" he said in a commanding tone that meant to be obeyed. "Give her air!"

Harry Debaude and Nanny Smith were there, with wild eyes and blanched faces, both of them.

"Get a blanket, Harry," said Josh. "She's all right."

Harry started off in search of a blanket, while Nanny Smith, under Josh's directions, loosened Florence's gown about the throat. Meantime Josh and the bathing-master, one on each side of her, were rubbing Florence's hands. Harry came back almost immediately with a blanket, and in a moment she opened her eyes.

She looked about her slowly in a dazed, half-conscious way, smiled faintly as she realized that Josh Lord was holding her hand, and attempted to pull it away.

"I'm all right," she said; "don't mind me. Just let me lie here a minute, and I'll be all right."

Then, as her presence of mind returned, she addressed Josh Lord with an effort to appear quite herself again.

"You must think I'm a great baby, Mr. Lord. I was trying to go out to you. I really can swim, sometimes."

"Oh, accidents will happen," he answered, with a laugh. "I guess you're none the worse for it."

As Florence walked back to the bathing-house, a few minutes later, she might have

felt embarrassed to be the center of all eyes, with her wet, clinging hair and her dilapidated costume. She did not feel embarrassed, however. Her heart fluttered delightfully with pride and importance. The great Yale athlete had come to Southampton; there had been an exciting episode, and he had played the hero. Hero he was; but she, after all, was the heroine.

## II. JOSH TAKES HIS LEAVE.

JOSH stayed two weeks at the Debaudes', and there was nothing wanting to make his visit a thoroughly enjoyable one. From the moment of his arrival he had found himself the most popular man at Southampton, and it was only too easy for him to maintain his popularity. Indeed, thanks to his name and reputation, the matter was quite beyond control.

Fortunately, however, he bore himself very well indeed. He talked with the fellows and danced with the girls, like any ordinary mortal; he rode a bicycle, played golf, and took his bath; he allowed himself to be questioned and praised without ever abusing the prerogatives of his glory, and showed an evident desire on all occasions to be as simple and unassuming as the circumstances would permit.

It is true, at times, he proved himself a little awkward and ungainly in the trivialities of social usage, and his language was interspersed with naive expressions and college colloquialisms that jarred a little in polite conversation. These minor points might have raised a laugh at the expense of another, but with him they were accepted in good part, and served only to enhance a personality which was welcomed on all sides with enthusiasm.

From the first day's episode on the beach, it was evident that Josh had taken a decided fancy to Florence Munroe. Indeed, her favor in the athlete's eyes was so unmistakable that envious tongues were at once set a-wagging. Some even went so far as to hint that her peril in the water had been a wholly fictitious one, skilfully contrived to make her interesting. But Josh, after all, was a young man, and it was only natural that he should show some one a preference. Why should it not be Florence as well as another?

Nanny Smith, too, with her plain exterior and her wholesome, outspoken way, got on famously with him. She met him on his own ground, so to speak, and loosened his tongue as no one else succeeded in doing. She made

him explain to her how he held an oar and turned it, how he caught and kicked a football, how the signals were given, and how he broke through the enemy's line. She rolled up newspapers in a bunch and made him kick them on the lawn, to illustrate his explanations. She felt his arm, too, and had him feel hers and Florence's, and asked for expert opinions.

So the days came and went, with Josh and Harry and Florence and Nanny forming a quartet that was most of the time unseparated. The second Sunday came at last, and on Monday morning Josh was to take his leave. That afternoon the four went down to the beach for a quiet stroll. Josh spoke of his departure, and Harry was for having him stay another week. Florence and Nanny joined him, but Josh said it was impossible. He wished he could stay longer; he had never had such a pleasant two weeks in his life; but he was expected elsewhere, and he had to go.

So this was their last time on the beach together. The sea was very calm for Southampton; the place quite lonely and deserted, save for a few maids off to the right, who paddled at the edge of the water, and broke out now and then in loud peals of laughter.

The four turned to the left and strolled on along the sand for a considerable distance. Harry had his dog with him, a snappy little fox-terrier, which ran after sticks and stones that were thrown for him. Nanny was trying to get the dog far out into the waves, and called Harry to help her, while Josh and Florence seemed inclined to lag behind. They directed their steps imperceptibly away from the water, and finally sat down at the edge of a dune.

They sat in silence for a time, with their eyes bent down. Florence traced meaningless figures with the tip of her parasol, and Josh watched them as if they were interesting. The dog was barking in the distance, and they could hear Nanny's voice as she urged him on. Florence glanced up once or twice and smiled. Josh met her glances and smiled too.

"Hear the dog?" said Florence.

"Yes," answered Josh.

Then they lapsed again into silence; the moments passed, and they had nothing to say.

Florence looked up again and smiled.

"What were you thinking about?" she asked.

"I?"

"Yes. What were you thinking about?"

Josh's brown face flushed a little, and he looked down with embarrassment.

"I don't know," he said. "What were you?"

"No; I asked you first. Tell me, and then perhaps I'll tell you."

"I was thinking about to-morrow."

"Were you? What about to-morrow?"

"About my going away. I was wondering when I'd see you again."

"Is that worth thinking about?"

Josh stole a glance at her and looked troubled, but made no answer.

"Suppose we should never meet again—would it make any difference?"

Josh looked at her again, but said nothing.

"There's no reason why you should n't stay here another week—Harry's asked you."

"I can't."

"Was that all you were thinking about?"

"I'll have to go back to New Haven early next month for foot-ball. That lasts almost until December, and in January training begins for the crew. After the race in June, I'll have to go back West and work."

"You're kept pretty busy, are n't you?"

"You wanted to know what I was thinking about. I was wondering how you'd take it if I asked you something."

He paused with hesitation, while Florence darted a questioning look at him. It was her turn to be silent.

"Do any of your friends ever—write to you?" he asked slowly.

"Is that what you were wondering about?"

"Yes."

"You're making fun of me," said Florence. "I don't believe you'll ever think of me again after you leave here to-morrow. You probably say the same thing to every girl you meet, just to raise her hopes."

"You don't mind if I write to you, then?"

"I did n't say that."

Josh looked a little puzzled. Florence continued archly:

"You know, if you really meant to write, I could n't very well stop you. The letter would get to me with or without my permission."

"Would you answer it?"

"The surest way to know is to try."

"That's all right," said Josh, and he looked pleased.

Florence gave a merry laugh.

"I don't believe you, you know," she said.

"I'm not the first girl you've met, but only one of a hundred or a thousand. It's so easy for a great athlete like you to turn their

heads. You probably keep a list of them, with dates and places, to publish in your memoirs."

"You would n't believe me, then, if I told you that you are the only girl I ever cared about writing to?"

"I'll believe in your letter when I see it. Seeing is believing, you know."

So saying, Florence repeated her merry laugh, and rose up on the sand, as Harry and Nanny appeared on the crest of the beach.

THREE days later she came back from the post-office and entered Nanny's room triumphantly, with a letter in her hand.

"Who do you think it's from?" she asked, her brown eyes beaming.

"Who?" said Nanny.

"Josh Lord!"

### III. FLORENCE AND HARRY.

HARRY DEBAUDE and Florence Munroe had grown up together as playmates and neighbors. There had always been a tinge of sentiment in their relations—ever since Harry picked out Florence to be his wife. He was a school-boy in short trousers at the time, and she a wee little mite of a miss rolling a hoop in the street. But youth was no barrier to their affections, and they openly avowed that they were going to marry when they grew up.

Then Harry went off to boarding-school, and their adieus were very touching. Florence cried bitterly, and was quite inconsolable the livelong day. He, too, was much affected. He promised to write to her often, and swore he would never forget her, no matter how long they stayed apart. He kept his promise, and wrote her cunning, boyish letters, which she tied up in pink ribbons and put away carefully among her treasures.

In the course of time their correspondence ceased naturally and imperceptibly. When they met, they no longer referred to their childhood pledges; but they always remained the best and dearest of friends, and down deep in their hearts there continued to glow a little spot of tenderness which each one cherished for the other.

Harry inherited from his grandparents an artistic bent, which revealed itself early, and as a boy he determined to make art his profession. At boarding-school, however, he got the mania for athletics, and so thoroughly enjoyed the reputation he made for himself as a runner that he could think of



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nothing else. It seemed to him that athletic prowess formed the only real title to distinction, and he was quite willing to waive his artistic ambitions, when the time came, for the sake of going to Yale.

At college, however, a crushing disappointment lay in store for him. When he presented himself as an athletic candidate, the medical advisers discovered that his heart-action was irregular, and classed him with those who each year are forbidden participation in contests.

College life, as may have been observed before, is a little world by itself, with its own laws and standards. Like the greater world beyond, it keeps its incense for those who flatter its vanity or serve its ends. Poor Harry found himself, of necessity, beyond the pale. On all exciting occasions he was

obliged to stand humbly in the background, while his classmates and fellow-collegians were cheered to the echo, discussed and heralded in the newspapers, and unsparingly honored by their generation.

It seemed a little hard to him for a time, but he resigned himself good-naturedly to the inevitable. Meanwhile he had gradually drifted back to his taste for art. He sketched and painted at leisure moments; he made clever drawings for the "Yale Record," which were much admired at college; and one or two of his pictures found their way into the New York weeklies.

Early this summer he had started a portrait of Florence; but as he knew his subject and wished to do it justice, he was overcritical with himself. He made several beginnings, and each time destroyed them



to begin anew. Then, in the whirl of distractions and social frivolities, he put the work aside to await a more favorable opportunity.

The week after Josh's departure came the tennis tournament at Southampton, and, after that, golf-week. It was n't until early September that things quieted down a little and Harry felt warranted in asking Florence to pose for him again. It was an open-air picture that he wished to make, with Florence seated on the sand, the sea behind her, and sunlight in her hair. The gown he chose was the one she had worn on the day of Josh's arrival.

"Orange and black go against my grain a little, as a Yale man," he said. "There's no denying that. But I'll have to sacrifice my prejudice for the sake of art. Those colors are just what's needed to bring out your hair and complexion, and if they give you to Princeton, it's time poor Princeton got a prize, anyhow. She may never get another from Yale."

So the picture was begun again, and every day after lunch, if the sun was shining, Harry and Florence went to their spot on the beach. Nanny usually accompanied them, and sat near Harry, watching the colors, as they were put on, with almost childish interest and anxiety.

"That's splendid, Harry," she would say every day—"splendid!"

She was in mortal fear lest he should get discouraged again and destroy the picture, so she kept at him steadfastly.

"Don't you worry," Harry would answer. "I won't give it up if there's any hope of making it good. I can't tell yet, but I think this one's coming out better than the others."

"It's simply wonderful; nobody could do it better."

"Oh, yes, they could. I could do it much better myself if I'd only had a chance to study. I see the effects I'm after, but I don't know how to get 'em."

Nanny admired Harry above everybody, excepting Florence. She knew how fond he was of Florence, too, and, after the usual habit of girls, she had long since settled the future for all three of them. It was a foregone conclusion that Harry would marry Florence; he would be a great artist, and she would continue to live with them, a friend and companion always. She was nettled at times by Florence's behavior, but she never wavered in her conviction that it would all come out right in the end.

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When Josh's first letter came to Florence, and Nanny read it, she was troubled immediately.

"What will Harry say, Florry?" she asked, with a thoughtful air. "Are you going to tell him?"

"I don't know," said Florence. "I had n't thought of it."

"I would n't, if I were you. It might make him feel bad."

"Why?"

"Florry, you know how much Harry likes you. He might think, because Josh is a great athlete—then Josh is one of his best friends; I'm sure he would n't like it."

"I don't see what business it is of Harry's, anyhow. There's no reason why I should tell him."

"Are you going to answer his letter?"

"You're too silly, Nanny! I never saw anything like it! Perhaps you think he ought to have written to you. I'll write and tell him he made a mistake."

"Florence, it would serve you just right if Harry fell in love with somebody else. I hope he does."

"All right; suppose he does? Do you think I'd try to stop him? I'm sure he's free to do as he likes."

"How can you talk that way? You know you'd never forgive him—never. You never liked anybody else a hundredth part as well, and you never will. So, now! You need n't put on airs!"

Five minutes later, Florence and Nanny were kissing each other, and both were sorry for what they had said.

But Florence answered Josh's letter, and after that others came at frequent intervals. The contents, however, were not important enough to be mentioned before Harry.

TOWARD the middle of September two rainy days came in succession, and Nanny caught a heavy cold. The third day was clear but chilly, and Florence and Harry went to the beach without her. She spent the afternoon in her room, reading, dozing, and dreaming. Florence had promised to stop in on her way back, but the hours went by and it was growing late.

Nanny began to worry. The portrait was almost finished, and she thought it lovely. How awful it would be if something had gone wrong! She was making doleful suppositions and growing more and more nervous, when the door opened suddenly, and in burst Florence, out of breath and looking strangely pale.



"What's the matter?" asked Nanny. "Has anything happened?"

Florence put her arms about her and dropped her head.

"Nanny! Nanny!" was all she said.

"What is it, Florry? Tell me! Is the picture spoiled?"

"No, no. Oh, Nanny, it's dreadful!"

She released herself, and sat on the edge of the bed, looking frightened and forlorn.

"What is it? Can't you tell me?"

"Harry Debaude proposed to me, and I—oh, Nanny, I don't know what I've done!"

"You—"

"I—I refused him!"

"Florence Munroe!"

"It's dreadful, Nanny, I know it. He cried like a baby—right there on the beach. He's going to give up college—he's going abroad. I had no idea he loved me so. He's a dear fellow, Nanny, the dearest fellow in the world; but I can't marry him. I told him so, and that's what broke his heart. He said he could n't live without me—he'd wait a year, two years—if I changed my mind to write to him—he'd always be ready to come. I'm so unhappy, Nanny!"

"How could you do it, Florry? I don't understand you."

"You could n't understand, Nanny. I did n't know it myself. It all came like a flash. That's the dreadful part of it. I never can marry him."

"Why not?"

Florence looked at her appealingly, and tears welled in her eyes.

"Nanny—Nanny—I love—Josh Lord!"

And she threw herself, sobbing, into Nanny's arms.

#### IV. THE FOOT-BALL GAME.

"Now, boys, three times three for Yale!"

"Prince-ton! Prince-ton! Prince-ton!"

The hoarse shouts rent the air; they clashed, they spread, they rose to a maddening din. Horns tooted and screeched, flags waved, and the great mass of humanity throbbed, fluttered, strained, and abandoned itself to a fury of excitement. The game had begun.

What need to attempt a description of the scene? Unless you have been there and felt it, you cannot conceive what it means. Fifty thousand people with hearts in their throats, participating, all of them, in the fiercest struggle for supremacy that exists in modern times: a leather ball in the field, with eleven athletes behind it, in sullen battle array—

these, our champions and our heroes; and before them, the enemy, face to face in combat, ready to do or die. The nervous tension is painful. Their fate and ours is with them; they feel their responsibility, and are ready to meet it.

The time had come. A whistle shrieked out, there was a moment of piercing suspense, the ball leaped into the air, and fifty thousand demons were let loose in human breasts.

In one of the boxes toward the upper end of the grand stand sat Florence Munroe. She was dressed in black, with a jacket and muff of astrakhan, and looked strikingly beautiful. Neither Nanny Smith nor Harry Debaude was with her, as on previous years. Both were far away—Harry in Paris, and Nanny on her way to southern Italy with her parents.

But Josh was there. Josh was there on the field, captain of Yale's forces, superb and courageous. It was the day of all days for him, the climax of his career.

It was the day of all days for her, never to be experienced again. Half rising from her seat, her eyes wide open, she watched him breathlessly, her face blanched with an excitement that resembled terror.

Josh knew her eyes were on him, he knew just where she sat, but dared not look. The moment was too crucial, and the battle must be won.

His was the bunch of violets that she wore on her breast, his the little flag of blue that she held aloft in her hand. There was no coquetry about it this time. Not for all the cousins in the world would she put aside those violets or lower the flag of blue. She was for Yale now, for Yale—heart and soul, life and death, for Yale!

Meanwhile the battle was raging. Princeton had the ball, and was forcing it, little by little,—three yards, five yards, six yards,—steadily onward toward Yale's goal.

"She can't hold our rush-line!" called out a Princeton man, exultingly. "Our center's too much for them. There they go again!"

"Prince-ton! Prince-ton! Prince-ton!"

A mighty roar went up, and Princeton flags were waving everywhere. The orange-and-black rushers had massed together, and by sheer strength and weight had pushed Yale back ten yards.

"I'm afraid it's all up with us," said a Yale man in the adjoining box. "They go right through our line."

The ball was now within twenty yards of Yale's goal, and Princeton seemed likely to score at any moment.

"What if Yale should lose!" thought Florence. The idea had not even occurred to her before. Her mind had refused to conceive of Josh in defeat. He was invincible, as she saw him, with a sort of aureole about his head, and his very name seemed synonymous with victory. Now, however, of a sudden, this feeling crumbled away within her, and her heart seemed to stop beating.

"What if Yale should lose!" The idea still seemed preposterous—preposterous, but terrible. What a downfall for her and her hopes! What a ghastly transformation of the triumph that had been beating in her heart for days!

"Would I think any the less of him?" she asked herself. "No, no; of course I would n't. But he must win! He must!"

"Wait till they give him a chance," her heart protested. "If they'd only give him a chance!"

It was true. Josh had had no chance. He stood there in his position behind the line, in enforced idleness, while Princeton pushed on toward victory.

Her rushers were preparing to repeat their previous tactics, when they met with mishap. The ball was fumbled, it rolled to the ground, and a Yale man fell on it.

The blue flags waved this time, and the shout was for Yale. Then all eyes were fastened on Josh, as the word passed round that he was about to kick.

"Oh, Josh! Josh!" pleaded Florence with herself, inaudibly, and her hand was trembling so that she could scarcely hold the flag.

He stood bent forward in readiness, rubbing his hands, and waiting for the ball. Back it came to him, and he caught it skillfully; but a Princeton man had broken through, and was upon him before he had time to kick. It was an ominous moment for Yale, but Josh was equal to the emergency. The enemy grabbed at him, and went sprawling to the ground, as he lurched aside and darted forward, with the ball under his arm. Princeton men were on all sides of him, but on he went, dodging, ducking, and throwing them off—ten yards, twenty yards, thirty yards, till he was seized at last and thrown heavily to the ground.

Five minutes later, almost before anybody knew what had happened, Josh and the ball were through the line again, dodging and squirming as before. The half-backs tried for him and missed him, and he sped on like a racer, with a clear field before him, and the Princeton eleven behind.

It was impossible to stop him now, and

amid a frenzied tumult he passed under the goal-posts and scored a touch-down for Yale.

The try for goal was successful, and from that time on the victory was never in doubt. Everybody remembers the game, and there is no necessity of recalling its various details. Rarely, if ever, has a single player so covered himself with glory as Yale's captain did that day. Without him, it is safe to say, Yale would have been defeated. The brunt of the battle fell on him alone; by his individual prowess he changed defeat into victory, and the victory was overwhelming. His name was raised above all others, by friends and enemies alike, and the ovations that greeted him were like a general hymn of praise. He took his rank in the annals of athletics, and his name, with one or two others, will long go down in the traditions of college life.

As for Florence, words cannot tell what she experienced as she followed the fortunes of her hero. Emotion followed emotion unceasingly. There were hopes, and fears, and breathless suspense, and frenzied outbursts of joy. At one moment she was on her feet, waving her flag hysterically; at another she dared not look, and dropped, quaking, to her chair.

Then came a feeling of ecstasy, as Josh's triumph was assured. Her temples throbbed, her whole frame quivered, and tremulous tears were in her eyes. She lost all sense of proportion: it seemed to her that the world was born anew. It seemed that Josh was everything, and she wanted him to know. She wanted to tell him something, she knew not what. Only to be with him, to throw herself at his feet! The rest did n't matter; he would understand. To be at his feet somewhere, to be trampled on if he chose—such was the height of folly to which his victory carried her as the game proceeded and came to an end.

Then, when the players hurried off the field and disappeared into their quarters, her nerves relaxed a little, and she looked about her. The great crowd surged everywhere, pushing and jostling toward the exits. Her companions spoke to her, and she answered them, but her ears were now on the alert to catch the words that came from the passing throng. Josh's name was on every tongue. It came and went and came again, in men's voices, in women's voices, in all different keys and tones. It amused her continually and thrilled her to hear him spoken of in that way by the unknown public. They used his name freely, those people who could never

hope to know him; they talked of him familiarly, as if he belonged to them all.

What would they think, she wondered, what would they say of her, could they have divined the meaning of those violets, the history of that flag in her hand? Perhaps even now—but who could tell? Who could tell where his thoughts were flying, as the crowd dispersed through the gates?

The stand was almost empty, and dusk was settling on the field. Her friends seemed inclined to go. But still she lingered. Her eyes shot furtive glances here and there in the distance, and once or twice she started as a form approached.

"Let's wait a few minutes longer," she said; "I hate to be pushed by a crowd."

Her reason told her that he could not come. How could he leave his team and the privileged ones about him? It was altogether impossible, but she would not abandon the hope. The grounds grew darker and darker, but still she waited and looked.

A rough voice called out behind her, and made her jump.

"All out, if you're going! The gates are being closed."

The order was peremptory. She moved on with her friends, and reluctantly passed out.

At that moment a coach drawn by six horses came whirling past her. On it was Josh, surrounded by his victorious team. Triumphant shouts greeted him as he sped along down the avenue. He was on his way to the hotel, where renewed ovations awaited his coming.

#### V. NEWS TO TELL.

To Miss Anna Smith,  
Hôtel L'Athénée, Paris, France.

NEW YORK, January 5.

DEAR NANNY: I've got such news to tell you! You must promise not to breathe a word, Nanny, because nobody is to know.

There goes the clock striking twelve! The house is as still as death, and I can hear my pen scratching on the paper. I did n't sleep a wink last night, and mother made me come up to my room early; she thinks I'm asleep. I've got on my old yellow wrapper, and I've been manicuring my nails. I know I would n't close my eyes, so what's the use of going to bed?

I have n't told you yet, and I have half a mind not to tell you. I agreed not to tell anybody, and you don't deserve to know.

Josh came to New York for his Christmas holidays, instead of going home. I wrote you about the foot-ball game—there never was anything like it. People are talking about it yet, and every paper in the country has had pictures and articles

about him. I bought a scrap-book before the game, and thought it would be fun to cut out everything. Then I subscribed to one of those companies that send you all the clippings. I've got over three books full already, and more keep coming every week. It's cost me over forty dollars. I wish you could see them!

How his parents must want to see him, and all his friends and people out there! But he did n't go; he came to New York to see me. That's what he did it for, Nanny. Think of it—all on account of your old Florry!

I saw him every day but one, and I took him everywhere. People looked at him as if he were a demigod, and yet he came and went for me. You don't know how it made me feel. It did n't seem possible. I could n't believe it was I.

He went back to New Haven yesterday morning, but the night before—the night before—oh, Nanny, I may as well tell you. We were sitting in the reception-room, and mother had gone upstairs. He said something—I don't know what—I'm not sure he said anything. It all came like a flash, and we were engaged!

Now you know it, Nanny. There it is in black and white. It does n't seem possible, does it? I keep saying to myself that I can't believe it. But it's true. I can hear his voice now, and feel his kisses—of course he kissed me. There's no harm in admitting it, inasmuch as we're engaged.

Do you remember the day we first met him? Who would have thought it then? But I guess it was all arranged ever so long ago. I never could have married anybody else. I realize it now.

Poor Harry! I feel sorry for him. I can't tell you how sorry I feel. He's a dear, sweet fellow, and I never will forget how good he was to me. But I never could have married him, never. It's too bad he ever thought of such a thing. It would have been so much nicer if we could just have stayed good friends. He'll get over it some day, no doubt. Men always do, you know. Artists ought never to marry; everybody says that. So perhaps I've done him good, after all. I'm glad he's doing such splendid work and that his masters appreciate him. I always knew he had talent. Tell me more about him when you write. I shall always be interested in him, you know. Josh and I always will.

Don't for the world breathe a word to him about our engagement. Sooner or later I suppose he will have to know, but it must n't be now.

He'll think I'm faithless and heartless. I ought to have told him plainly when he spoke to me. I'm sorry now I did n't. You know I let him think that perhaps I'd change my mind and marry him. Of course I did n't mean it, and he ought to have known better, but you know how men are.

Josh is three months younger than he is, and his parents have n't much money. That's why we've decided to keep our engagement a secret for the present. He's to be an engineer, you know, a mining engineer, and it will take him a little while to get started. He's so fine and noble about it. He says he wants me to have all the

luxuries and comforts I've been accustomed to. What do I care? With a husband like that I guess I'd be envied enough, no matter how big our house was. It shows, though, how splendid and lovable he is.

There goes the clock striking two, and this is the last of my paper! What a terrible scrawl this is!

Write me a long, long letter when you receive this, and fill it with kisses for your old chum,

FLOTTY.

P. S. I'm terribly in love.

Nanny Smith, as may be seen by the address of this letter, had gone from Italy to Paris. Her parents had left her there with some friends, and it was decided that she should remain a year or more, to improve her French and pursue her studies in music.

Harry came to see her frequently. He showed her his pictures and talked to her about his work. He got discouraged now and then, as all ambitious young fellows do, and at such times Nanny's sympathy was of great comfort to him.

Florence's name was seldom mentioned between them. Harry seemed to avoid it, and Nanny understood the situation too well to permit herself thoughtless allusions. Florence's letter announcing her engagement simply tore Nanny's heart. It seemed to her so cruel and heartless, so overwhelming to all the ideas of her girlish life.

She did not speak of it to Harry, but looked at him pitifully when he came, and was so tender and forlorn that he wondered at her.

Whenever she met him after that, a guilty feeling crept over her in spite of herself. She could never forgive Florence for her falseness, and she associated herself with it vaguely. It seemed wicked to deceive Harry. He should n't be allowed to go on thinking—he had a right to know, surely.

At last she told him. She blurted it out, one day, without rhyme or reason. She was surprised how well he took it. He seemed to get a trifle pale, but otherwise he did not betray his feelings in the least. He pretended to treat it as any ordinary piece of news.

He praised Josh; said what a strong, honest character he had, and hoped they would be happy. Then he spoke about something else.

Nanny did n't know what to make of this seeming indifference. Perhaps he did n't care so much for Florence after all. How strange it all was! She almost felt angry with Harry.

MEANWHILE the weeks and months passed. Florence got used to her secret little by

little, and was soon able to sleep again as sweetly and refreshingly as ever. She wrote to Josh nearly every day, and read his letters over and over again.

She had expected to make her debut in society that winter, but her grandmother died just as the invitations were ready to go out, and the event had to be postponed for a year. She was not a bit sorry. It seemed to her nicer that she should n't enjoy herself away from Josh, and she looked upon her grandmother's death as an intervention of Providence to keep her sweeter and purer for her future husband. She put away her pretty gowns and spent her time quietly, reading, dreaming, and going about now and then with her girl friends.

Spring came, and the winter was over. She was surprised how quickly it had come and gone. The Easter holidays brought troops of collegians to the city, but Josh was training rigorously with the crew and could not get away. She saw him two or three times, but only for a few hours, as he had to leave New Haven on Saturday night and return on Sunday. Such visits were only tantalizing, and it seemed cruel to her that they should be so kept apart.

As race-week approached, Josh's name again came forward in the newspapers, and rowing took the place of foot-ball. Yale's crew was the general favorite, and Florence's heart thrilled with anticipation as she awaited a repetition of her hero's former triumphs.

The best-laid plans, however, sometimes miscarry, and even the expectations of sweethearts are not exempt from the rule. A few days before the race, two members of the Yale crew had the misfortune to meet with poison-ivy in their rambles along the river, and their muscles were powerless to defend them. Josh was one of the two. In spite of the doctor's efforts, his place had to be taken by a substitute, and Yale rowed to victory without him.

Florence was heartbroken, but Josh bore his disappointment stoically.

"What 's the odds," he said, "so long as they got there without me?"

He spent a week with her at Southampton, and those days were among the happiest of her life. It is true, her mind reverted obstinately to the mishap that robbed him of his crowning glory. That put a tiny blot on her enchantment. But, after all, what did it matter? It was not the fault of her hero, and she had him all to herself.

They talked without end of the future,



and then he left her for the West. She wished to keep him longer, but yielded to his reason. There was work to do, and money to earn, before they had a right to be happy. Every day put off was a day lost in the end.

"I've got to hustle," he said, "or I'll be gray-headed before I can call you my wife."

She went to the station with him, and could hardly restrain the tears as she bade him good-by. She stood looking after the train as it took him away—far away to work and the West.

#### VI. AN ABSENT LOVER.

SOUTHAMPTON seemed very dull that summer. A number of college boys came and went during the season, but they were nearly all under-classmen, and she found them young and uninteresting.

Nanny's absence was a great loss to her, and at times she missed Harry, too. She had grown so accustomed to them both, in the course of years, that they formed an almost necessary part of her sea-shore pleasures. She felt lonely and forsaken.

Josh's letters were her only consolation. They were full of manhood and tenderness, and she delighted in answering them. He was working night and day, he said, and pretty tough work at that. In a year or so, if all went well, he hoped to be able to support her.

She was not sorry when autumn came and she returned with her family to the city. Toward the middle of December she made her official debut in society.

She had determined to go through with it perfunctorily, in an attitude of suffering indifference, but the preparations occupied and distracted her in spite of herself. Then followed a stream of invitations, with their attendant duties and responsibilities. The social whirl took her in, and, as she followed its eddies through teas, receptions, and dances, she succumbed to the fascination. Before she realized it, her mental horizon was completely transformed. The color came back to her cheeks, her eyes shone, and she found herself bright, happy, and enjoying everything.

It was a novel experience for her to meet men older than herself—men of the world who were skilled in the gallantries of fashion. As a school-girl, she had recognized their existence vaguely, but had always regarded them with a certain amount of apprehension and awe. Now she found herself all at once

among them, and, to her surprise and delight, they treated her on terms of equality. They were affable, entertaining, and subservient; they dined with her, praised her gowns, paid her attentions, and bandied words with her in an easy, offhand way which she thought charming.

At first it bewildered her a little, and she feared to betray her inexperience. But she took her cue from those about her, and answered in the tone they gave. She bandied words as they did, and her affectation succeeded admirably. She was considered clever, and her vogue increased. A Sunday newspaper printed her picture as one of the reigning rosebuds. A congenial atmosphere spread about her; her qualities seemed to rise from their hiding and sparkle for the eyes of all.

Two or three of her new admirers were assiduous in their attentions. One of them, Livingstone Peters, a young lawyer, called on her several times and sent her flowers. He was a good-looking fellow of thirty, with curly light hair and a blond mustache, and his name figured prominently in the most exclusive social functions. Florence was greatly flattered at the distinction he conferred upon her, and saw no harm in her conquest. Mr. Peters was extremely polished and polite, and he trilled off society gossip in a cynical, superior way that captivated her. He was a Harvard graduate, but he rarely referred to college affairs, and always with a touch of disdain. Florence twitted him on his reticence as she got to know him better. On one occasion she took the opportunity of mentioning Josh's name, and asked Mr. Peters, maliciously, his opinion of such an adversary.

"The foot-ball player?" he said. "Oh, yes, I remember. I met him last year. Like most of those athletes, he seemed to me rather a dull, uninteresting fellow—a Westerner, you know."

Florence was stunned and amazed. The words wounded her feelings acutely. She was up in arms on the instant for Josh's defense. She would have liked to tell Mr. Peters that Josh was her hero and her fiancé. That would teach him a lesson. But she could not tell him; she must keep her secret. She contented herself by saying that she had met Mr. Lord herself; she knew him intimately, and liked him immensely.

Mr. Peters was slightly embarrassed, but he made a complacent apology, and changed the subject with a witticism.

As he was leaving her that evening, he



startled her by kissing her hand. It was done very quickly, and over before she realized it.

"Mr. Peters!" she said, drawing herself back with dignity.

But he smiled and was gone.

She felt outraged by his conduct. It was an outrage to Josh. What could she do?

When Mr. Peters called again, she sent word that she was out. She met him a few days later at a cotillion, and treated him coldly, but was obliged to dance with him or make a scene. She danced with him, and he begged her pardon, assuring her that he had meant no offense. He promised never to repeat the experiment, and the incident passed.

Still, she felt guilty and reproached herself. She almost decided to write to Josh and tell him exactly what had happened. She started to do so, but found it impossible to make the matter appear as trivial as it should. So she gave up the idea. But she promised herself to be more careful in the future, and she declined several invitations to houses where she might meet Mr. Peters.

Nearly eight months had passed since Josh went away, and now, as she stopped and looked back, she was ashamed to think how lightly she had borne the separation. She had n't meant to be happy away from Josh; she had meant to long for him continually, with dignified and patient fidelity. But circumstances had conspired against her, and she had allowed herself to be lured by them away from her good intentions.

Now, however, at the first twinges of self-reproach, her love seemed to flow back upon her with redoubled intensity. She lost all patience with her surroundings, and her heart went out to Josh appealingly. She pictured him alone and solitary, with no thought but of her; conducting himself always like the hero that he was. A terrible craving possessed her to go to him and ask his forgiveness.

Just then, an opportunity presented itself, and she seized it eagerly. One of her aunts, Mrs. Tuft, was obliged to go to Wisconsin on business, and would pass within half a day's journey of the town in Michigan where Josh was employed. Florence confided in Mrs. Tuft, and carried her point. She could be with Josh a day, two days, perhaps a week. The time did n't matter. She could see him and be with him. That was all she asked.

So it happened that one morning in April

Florence and her aunt boarded a train and started for the West.

#### VII. THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

"WELL, Florence, what do you think of the West?"

Aunt Margaret asked the question, and Florence answered it evasively.

"I don't know," she said.

She had never been West before. All her interests had been attached to one small community, which she had unconsciously grown to regard as the center of the universe. No sooner had she been carried beyond its influence than a sensation of strangeness began to take possession of her. She felt lonely, uncomfortable, and insignificant. These new people and things, as they were thrust upon her attention, seemed brutally indifferent to her. They aroused her distaste and resentment. Chicago she viewed with cold curiosity. A Chicago gentleman, a friend of her aunt's, escorted them to see the sights. He was not a "society" man, and his collar happened to be too large for him, while he talked with an accent. Florence might have met many such men in New York, but she did not think of that. His personality grated on her, and the aggressive enthusiasm with which he praised his city only succeeded in increasing her scorn. The other people she met there she looked at from the same point of view, and she was glad when the time came to get away from them and proceed to Wisconsin.

They spent three days in the town of their destination, as the guests of a Mrs. Peckham, who insisted on doing them excessive honors. She invited all her friends to meet them, and took them to a local theater, among other things, without exciting Florence's interest in the slightest degree. To make matters worse, Mrs. Peckham's son, a gawky boy of twenty, took a violent fancy to her, and remained persistently at her side. For her aunt's sake, she made an effort to be polite; but his ideas seemed to her so dense and limited that he drove her to despair. He knew nothing about the finer points of athletics, and was misinformed as to the standing of the Eastern colleges; and when Florence mentioned Josh's name, he said he had never heard of "the gentleman." It was the same with his mother, and with the other people who came to the house. They appeared to live in a little world of their own, and failed to realize their ignorance concerning all things which Florence deemed worth the knowing.

"Poor Josh!" she thought, "I wonder how he stands it? How much he must love me to be willing to come out here, away from everything, and bury himself for my sake!"

Such were the half-formed thoughts that had been stirring and fermenting in Florence when Aunt Margaret asked her what she thought of the West, and she answered evasively, "I don't know."

They had left Wisconsin at last, and were now being whirled rapidly into Michigan. In six hours more she would be with Josh. She could hardly sit still in her seat. Only six hours more! She tried to forget her impatience by going all over the past again for the hundredth time.

She rehearsed the scenes at Southampton, and, for some unaccountable reason, her mind seemed to dwell on the portrait that she posed for on the sand. She could see Harry's face distinctly, as he squinted at her from behind the easel. The surf was pounding in the distance; the salt air and sunlight were about her, and the wavy outline of the dunes. She remembered the details of the picture and the pride she felt at seeing her likeness so beautiful. What would become of it? Would it ever be finished? Or would Harry destroy it when he heard of her engagement? It seemed dreadful to her to think that Harry might destroy it because she had gone out of his life. "Gone out of his life." How strange it seemed that she should go out of Harry's life and he out of hers! Yet so it was destined to be. What would have happened if Josh had not appeared? Would she have married Harry and gone with him to Paris? Would she—

But the train of thought was unpleasant, and she pushed it aside.

Josh had appeared, and there was no one else. She saw him on the foot-ball field again and heard the frenzied shouts of thousands that ended with his name. The world was at his feet, yet he had picked her out and was willing to sacrifice all his glory for her sake. In a few hours, now, she would see him, and in a few months they would be married. Then he would be hers forever, and they would never be separated again. For a time, no doubt, they would have to live in the West. That seemed inevitable; Josh's business demanded it. But they would live entirely by themselves in a pretty little house of their own until the time came for them to go back to New York. Her mind was made up as to that.

Of course they would go back to New

York eventually. Josh would make money, and they would return once more to their natural surroundings. How glorious their return would be! Every one would be waiting to welcome them, and they would pass their time going from one reception to another, given especially in their honor. She could imagine herself entering a room on Josh's arm, while all eyes centered on them in unbridled admiration. That was the moment she was waiting for, and she thrilled with anticipation as she allowed herself to float on in a vague dream of triumph.

"I CAN'T say, miss; I don't know anybody here by that name. There are so many of 'em, you know. The superintendent's office is down there to the right—the second door."

The speaker was one of the employees of the mining company whom Florence and her aunt encountered as they stepped from their carriage before a mass of smoky buildings. She had not written a word to Josh of their coming; it was so much more delightful to appear before him as if by a miracle, and watch his surprise.

It seemed to her almost insulting that the first man she met should not know Josh's name. She had expected that every one would bow down before it, with the expression of honor that it deserved. But she was now partly prepared to meet with such hopeless stupidity, and it only added a drop to her feelings of general contempt.

The man had pointed to an adjoining building as he spoke, and she and her aunt were about to follow his directions, when another workman appeared.

"I say, Bill," called out the first speaker, "do you know anybody workin' here by the name of Lord? These ladies is askin' after him."

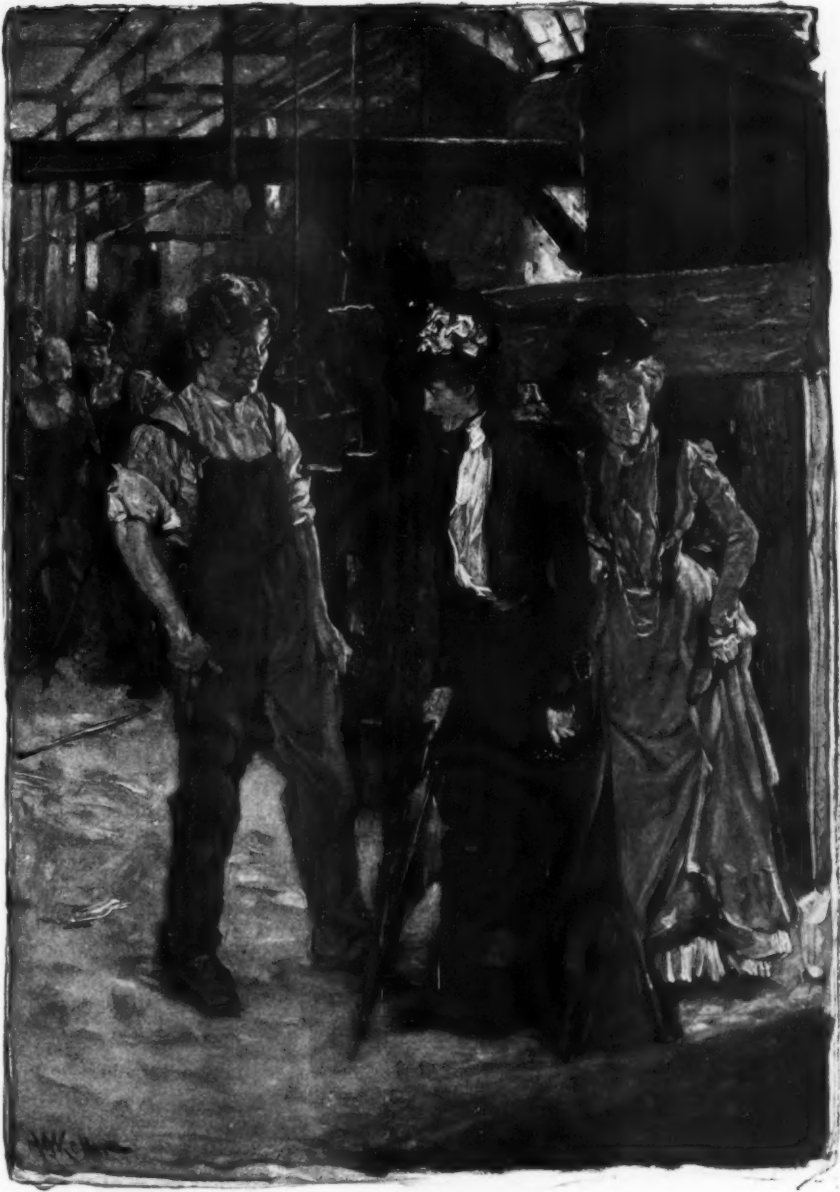
The newcomer stopped and eyed them curiously.

"Lord? Lord?" he said. "'T ain't that young feller workin' in No. 4, is it? Seems to me his name is Lord. Maybe it's Wood, though. Is it a good-sized lad, ma'am, with a scar on his forehead?"

"Yes," said Florence. "Where is he?"

"You 'll find him down there in the machine-shop," said the man—"the last building to the left."

"Thank you," said Florence, and she walked on with her aunt along the line of buildings. The ground was muddy and uneven, and piles of rubbish lay here and there in the path. Sooty, black smoke was pouring from a number of chimneys, and nauseous



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

"HE SEEMED BEWILDERED AND EMBARRASSED."

odors hung about the doors and windows as they passed by.

Florence's heart sank within her. All her enthusiasm had suddenly disappeared. It seemed, in some unaccountable way, that a calamity had happened, and that a worse calamity was impending. A flash of intuition changed the meaning and aspect of everything. She felt like fleeing to her carriage, and longed to be back in New York.

They had reached the door of the last building, and she stood before it, pale and hesitating. She knocked at the door and waited, but no one came. There was a rumble and clinking within, and her knock was not a loud one. She looked at her aunt appealingly.

"Open the door," said her aunt.

She turned the knob, and pushed open the door. The room was a large one, filled with tools and machinery and an odor of burning oil. There was nobody near the door, but a number of men were working in the farther end.

Aunt Margaret stepped in, and Florence followed her. A man appeared and looked at them rather impertinently. They asked for Mr. Lord.

"He's busy, ma'am, with his work. Is it anything special you'd like to see him about?"

Florence raised her head haughtily.

"Please tell him, sir, that Miss Munroe would like to see him."

"It's against the rules, ma'am, to receive visitors in the shops; but if it's important, I'll let him know."

"Please do."

The man turned on his heel, walked down the shop, and disappeared behind the machines. A few moments later he appeared again, accompanied by a taller man in overalls. The two men came toward them.

"Is that Mr. Lord?" asked Aunt Margaret.

"Yes," answered Florence.

The second man was Josh Lord, but it was not strange that Aunt Margaret should have failed to recognize him in the distance. His hair was long and unkempt, his soiled shirt-sleeves were rolled up about his arms, his face was flushed and heated, and his whole form seemed reeking, as it were, with manual labor. As he drew near, the great scar on his forehead looked startlingly red and unpleasant. When Josh caught sight of them, he left his companion, and came forward alone. He seemed bewildered and embarrassed, and his mouth opened in a boyish grin.

"I could n't believe it," he said, and his voice sounded uncouth and strange. "I thought they were jollyin' me." He wiped his hand on his overalls, and held it out to Florence. "My hand's sort o' dirty, but I guess you won't mind."

She took his hand, and shivered as she felt it flop again, like a great lump of dough.

A number of workmen had congregated at the end of the shop, and looked on, laughingly, at the scene.

"It's against the rules, you know," said Josh, "to receive visitors in the shop. If you don't mind, I guess we'd better step outside."

He moved to the door and held it open.

Florence had not spoken a word. She stood staring at him, as if unable to comprehend. As she looked, something seemed to sink within her. In the tumult of her impressions, she thought of Mr. Peters and imagined him smiling at her with polite derision. She blinked her eyes and looked again.

The aureole had tumbled from Josh's head, and in the place of her hero stood a plain-looking "Westerner."

#### VIII. BRIDE AND GROOM.

THE notes of the wedding-march pealed out from the organ joyously. Flowers were everywhere in the great Church of St. Thomas, and their perfume mingled with the freshness of springtime which wafted through the open doors. Every inch of space was occupied by the brilliant assemblage of fashion that came to do homage to the bride. She turned at the altar, as the music swelled overhead, and putting her arm in her husband's, started slowly down the aisle.

A murmur of admiration escaped all lips as she passed along, and the picture she presented was not soon to be forgotten.

Two years had come and gone, but never had she looked so beautiful. The bridal veil, the orange-blossoms, and the bunch of lilies in her hand, seemed a necessary part of her harmony—a natural adornment of her bloom. They added a luster to her raven hair, and gave to her face a purity of marble, flushed with the pulse of life. Her eyes were turned to the ground with becoming modesty, but it was easy to divine the radiance that their lashes half concealed. Her bearing was calm and stately, almost majestic with grace, as she moved at the head of the procession in the aisle.

A carriage was waiting for them at the

entrance; her husband helped her in, and took his place beside her. The door closed, the horses started, and the two were alone.

They waited a moment in silence, then he took her hands in his. His eyes were brimming with tenderness, and hers answered them with love.

"Florence," he said—"my wife!"

"My husband!"

"You don't know what I suffered! I thought this day would never come."

"You should n't have thought that. I've loved you always."

"Florence—"

"You know, I was only a school-girl, Harry."

JOSH was not at the wedding. The world seemed to him suddenly to have grown dark. He could not realize yet that the cruellest disappointment may prove, at times, a blessing in disguise.



## LOVE'S SILENCE.

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE.

THERE are no words in which to tell  
How fair the moonlight is to me,  
Nor to convey the sea's resistless swell  
Nor haunting mystery.

No golden syllables can sing  
The thrush's song for thee or me;  
The fragrance that the summer breezes bring  
All unexpressed must be.

I cannot tell thee how I mourn  
When suffering or loss are thine;  
The delicate wings of joy are bruised and torn  
By these rough words of mine.

I strive to tell the love that makes  
The music of my heart and soul—  
O Love! A holy silence breathes and wakes,  
And that must speak the whole.



## AT THE FOOT OF THE TRAIL.

BY MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

I.



HE slope in front of old Mosey's cabin was a mass of purple lupine. Behind the house the wild oats were dotted with brodiaea, waving on long, glistening stems. The California lilac was in bloom on the trail, and its clumps of pale blossoms were like breaks in the chaparral, showing the blue sky beyond.

In the corral between the house and the mountain-side stood a dozen or more burros, wearing that air of patient resignation common to very good women and very obstinate beasts. Old Mosey himself was pottering about the corral, feeding his stock. He stooped now and then with the unwillingness of years, and erected himself by slow, rheumatic stages. The donkeys crowded about the fence as he approached with a forkful of alfalfa hay, and he pushed them about with the flat of the prongs, calling them by queer, inappropriate names.

A young man in blue overalls came around the corner of the house, swinging a newly trimmed manzanita stick.

"Hello, Mosey!" he called. "Here I am again, as hungry as a coyote. What's the lay-out? Cottontail on toast and patty de foy grass?"

The old man grinned, showing his worn, yellow teeth.

"I'll be there in a minute," he said. "Just set down on the step."

The young fellow came toward the corral.

"I've got a job on the trail," he said. "I'm going down-town for my traps. Who named 'em for you?" he questioned, as the old man swore softly at the Democratic candidate for President.

"Oh, the women, mostly. They take a lot of interest in 'em when they start out; they're afraid I ain't good to them. They don't say so much about it when they get back."

"They're too tired, I suppose."

"Yes, I s'pose so."

"You let out five this morning, did n't you? I met them on my way down. The girl

in bloomers seemed to be scared; she gave a little screech every few minutes. The others did n't appear to mind."

"Oh, she was n't afraid. Women don't make a noise when they're scared; it's only when they want to scare somebody else."

The young fellow leaned against the fence and laughed, with a final whoop. A gray donkey investigated his hip pocket, and he reached back and prodded the intruder with his stick.

"You seem to be up on the woman question, Mosey. It's queer you ain't married."

The old man was lifting a boulder to hold down a broken bale of hay, and made no reply. His visitor started toward the cabin. The old man adjusted another boulder and trotted after his guest, brushing the hay from his flannel shirt. A column of blue-white smoke arose from the rusty stovepipe in the cabin roof, and the smell of overdone coffee drifted out upon the spiced air.

"I was just about settin' down," said the host, placing another plate and cup and saucer on the blackened redwood table. "I'll fry you some more bacon and eggs."

The visitor watched him as he hurried about, with the short, uncertain steps of hospitable old age.

"By gum, Mosey, I'd marry a grass-widow with a second-hand family before I'd do my own cooking."

The young fellow gave a self-conscious laugh that made the old man glance at him from under his weather-beaten straw hat.

"Your mind seems to run on marryin'," he said; "guess you're hungry. Set up and have some breakfast."

The visitor drew up a wooden chair, and the old man poured two cups of black coffee from the smoke-begrimed coffee-pot, and returned it to the stove. Then he took off his hat and seated himself opposite his guest. The latter stirred three heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar into his cup, muddled the resulting syrup with condensed milk, and drank it with the relish of abnormal health.

"I tell you what, Mosey," he said, reaching for a slice of bacon, and dripping the grease across the table, "there ain't any

flies on the women when it comes to house-keeping. Now, a woman would turn on the soap-suds and float you clean out of this house; then she'd mop up, and put scalloped noospapers on all the shelves, and little white aprons on the windows, and pillow-shams on your bunk, and she'd work a doily for you to lay your six-shooter on, with 'God bless our home' in the corner of it; and she'd make you so comfortable you would n't know what to do with yourself."

"I'm comfortable enough by myself," said the old man, uneasily. "When you work for yourself you know who's boss."

"Naw, you don't, Mosey, not by a long shot; you don't know whether you're boss or the cookin'. I tried bachin' once"—the speaker made a grimace of reminiscent disgust; "the taste has n't gone out of my mouth yet. You're a pretty fair cook, Mosey, but you'd ought to see my girl's biscuits; she makes 'em so light she has to put a napkin over 'em to keep 'em from floating around like feathers. Fact!" He reached over and speared a slice of bread with his fork. "If I keep this job on the trail maybe you'll have a chance to sample them biscuits. I'm goin' to send East for that girl."

"Where you goin' to live?"

"Well, I did n't know but we could rent this ranch and board you, Mosey. Seems to me you ought to retire. It ain't human to live this way. If you was to die here all by yourself, you'd regret it. Well, I must toddle."

The visitor stood a moment on the step, sweeping the valley with his fresh young glance; then he set his hat on the back of his head, and went whistling down the road, waving his stick at old Mosey as he disappeared among the sycamores in the wash. The old man gathered the dishes into a rusty pan, and scalded them with boiling water from the kettle.

"I believe I'll do it," he said, as he fished the hot saucers out by their edges and turned them down on the table; "it can't do no harm to write to her, no way."

## II.

MRS. MOXOM put on her slat sunbonnet, took a tin pan from the pantry shelf, and hurried across the kitchen toward the door. Her daughter-in-law looked up from the corner where she was kneading bread. She was a short, plump woman, and all of her convexities seemed emphasized by flour. She put up the back of her hand to adjust a

loosened lock of hair, and added another high light to her forehead.

"Where you going, mother?" she called anxiously.

The old woman did not turn her head.

"Oh, just out to see how the lettuce is coming on. I had a notion I'd like some for dinner, wilted with ham gravy."

"Can't one of the children get it?"

There was no response. Mrs. Weaver turned back to her bread.

"Your grandmother seems kind of fidgety this morning," she fretted to her eldest daughter, who was decorating the cupboard shelves with tissue-paper of an enervating magenta hue, and indulging at intervals in vocal reminiscences of a ship that never returned.

"Oh, well, mother," said that young person, comfortably, "let her alone. I think we all tag her too much. I hate to be tagged myself."

"Well, I'm sure I don't want to tag her, Ethel; I just don't want her to overdo."

Mrs. Weaver spoke in a tone of mingled injury and self-justification.

"Oh, well, mother, she is n't likely to put her shoulder out of joint pulling a few heads of lettuce."

The girl broke out again into cheerful interrogations concerning the disaster at sea:

Did she nevrer returren?

No, she nevrer returrened.

Mrs. Weaver gave a little sigh, as if she feared her daughter's words might prove prophetic, and buried her plump fists in the puffy dough.

Old Mrs. Moxom turned when she reached the garden gate, and glanced back at the house. Then she clasped the pan to her breast and skurried along the fence toward the orchard. Once under the trees, she did not look behind her, but went rapidly toward the field where she knew her son was plowing. The reflection of the sun on the tin pan made him look up, and when he saw her he stopped his team. She came across the soft brown furrows to his side.

"I'd have come to the fence when I saw you if I had n't had the colt," he said kindly. "What's wanted?"

The old woman's face twitched. She pushed her sunbonnet back with one trembling hand.

"Jason," she said, with a little jerk in her voice, "your paw's alive."

The man arranged the lines carefully along the colt's back; then he took off his

hat and wiped the top of his head on his sleeve, looking away from his mother with heavy, dull embarrassment.

"I expect you 'd 'most forgot all about him," pursued the old woman, with a vague reproach in her tone.

"I had n't much to forget," answered the man, resentment rising in his voice. "He has n't troubled himself about me."

"Well, he did n't know anything about you, Jason, he went away so soon after we was married. It's a dreadful position to be placed in. It 'd be awfully embarrassing to—to the Moxom girls."

The man gave her a quick, curious glance. He had never heard her speak of his half-sisters in that way before.

"They're so kind of high-toned," she went on, "just as like as not they 'd blame me. I'm sure I don't know what to do."

Jason kicked the soft earth with his sunburnt boot.

"Where is he?" he asked sullenly.

"In Californay."

"How 'd you hear?"

"I got a letter. He wrote to Burtonville, and directed it to Mrs. Angeline Weaver, and the postmaster give it to some of your uncle Samuel's folks, and they put it in another envelop and backed it to me here. I thought at first I would n't say anything about it, but it seemed as if I 'd ought to tell you; it does n't hurt you any, but it 's awful hard on the—the Moxom girls."

The man shifted his weight, and kicked awhile with his other foot.

"Well, I 'd just give him the go-by," he announced resolutely. "You're a decent man's widow and that 's enough. He 's never—"

"Oh, I ain't saying anything against your step-paw, Jason," the old woman broke in anxiously. "He was an awful good man. It seems queer to think it was the way it was. Dear me, it 's all so kind of confusing!"

The poor woman looked down with much the same embarrassment over her matrimonial redundancy that a man might feel when suddenly confronted by twins.

"I'm sure I don't see how I could help thinking he was dead," she went on after a little silence, "when he wrote he was going off on that trip and might never come back, and the man that was with him wrote that they got lost from each other, and water was so scarce, and all that. And then, you know, I did n't get married again till you was 'most ten years old, Jason. I'm sure I don't know what to do. I don't want to mortify any-

body, but I 'd like to know just what 's my dooty."

"Well, I can tell you easy enough." The man's voice was getting beyond control, but he drew it in with a quick, angry breath. "Just drop the whole thing. If he 's got on for forty years, mother, I guess he can manage for the rest of the time."

"But it ain't so easy managin' when you begin to get old, Jason. I know how that is."

Her son jerked the lines impatiently, and the colt gave a nervous start.

"I suppose you know this farm really came to you from your paw, don't you, Jason?" she asked humbly.

"Don't know as I did," answered the man, without enthusiasm.

"Well, you see, after we was married your grandfather Weaver offered your paw this quarter-section if he 'd stay here in Ioway; but he had his heart set on going to Californay, and did n't want it; so after it turned out the way it did, and you was born, your grandfather gave me this farm, and I done very well with it. That 's the reason your step-paw insisted on you having it when we was dividing things up before he died."

"Seems to me father worked pretty hard on this place himself."

The man said the word "father" half defiantly.

"Mr. Moxom? Oh, yes, he was a first-rate manager, and the kindest man that ever drew breath. I remember when your sister Angie was born—oh, dear me!"—the old woman felt her voice giving way, and stopped an instant,— "it seems so kind of strange. Well, I guess we 'd better just drop it, Jason. I must go back to the house. Emma did n't like my coming for lettuce. She 'll think I've planted some, and am waitin' for it to come up."

She gave her son a quivering smile as she turned away. He stood still and watched her until she had crossed the plowed ground. It seemed to him she walked more feebly than when she came out.

"That 's awful queer," he said, shaking his head, "calling her own daughters 'the Moxom girls.'"

### III.

ETHEL WEAVER had been to Ashland for the mail, and was driving home in the summer dusk. A dash of rain had fallen while she was in the village, and the air was full of the odor of moist earth and the sweetness of growing corn. The colt she was driv-

ing held his head high, glancing from side to side with youthful eagerness for a sensation, and shying at nothing now and then in sheer excess of emotion over the demand of his monotonous life.

The girl held a letter in her lap, turning the pages with one unencumbered hand, and lifting her flushed face with a contemptuous "Oh, Barney, you goose!" as the colt drew himself into attitudes of quivering fright, which dissolved suddenly at the sound of her voice and the knowledge that another young creature viewed his coquettish terrors with the disrespect born of comprehension. As they turned into the lane west of the house, Ethel folded her letter and thrust it hastily into her pocket, and the colt darted through the open gate and drew up at the side door with a transparent assumption of serious purpose suggested by the proximity of oats.

"Ed!" called the girl, "the next time you hitch up Barney for me I wish you'd put a kicking-strap on him. I had a picnic with him coming down the hill by Arbuckle's."

Ed maintained the gruff silence of the half-grown rural male as he climbed into the buggy beside his sister and cramped the wheel for her to dismount.

"They have n't any quart jars over at the store, mother," said Ethel, entering the house and walking across to the mirror to remove her hat. "They're expecting some every day. Well, I do look like the witch of Endor!" she exclaimed, twisting her loosened rope of hair, and skewering it in place with a white celluloid pin. "That colt acted as if he was possessed."

"Oh, I'm sorry about the jars," said Mrs. Weaver, regretfully. "I wanted to finish putting up the curr'n's to-morrow."

"Did you get any mail?" quavered Grandmother Moxom.

"I got a letter from Rob."

There was a little hush in the room. The girl stood still before the mirror, with a sense of support in the dim reflection of her own face.

"Is he well?" ventured the old woman, feebly, glancing toward her daughter-in-law.

"Yes, he's well; he's got steady work on some road up the mountain. He writes as if people keep going up, but he never tells what they go up for. He said something about a lot of burros, and at first I thought he was in a furniture-store, but I found out he meant mules. An old man keeps them, and hires them out to people. Rob calls him 'old Mosey.' They're keeping back together.

Rob tried to make biscuits, and he says they tasted like castor-oil."

As her granddaughter talked, Mrs. Moxom seemed to shrink deeper and deeper into the patchwork cushion of her chair.

"Rob wants me to come out there and be married," pursued the girl, bending nearer to the mirror and returning her own gaze with sympathy.

"Why, Ethel!" Mrs. Weaver's voice was full of astonished disapproval. "I should think you'd be ashamed to say such a thing."

"I did n't say it; Rob said it," returned the girl, making a little grimace at herself in the glass.

"Well, I have my opinion of a young man that will say such a thing to a girl. If a girl's worth having, she's worth coming after."

Mrs. Weaver made this latter announcement with an air of triumph in its triteness. Her daughter gave a little sniff of contempt.

"Well, if a fellow's worth having, is n't he worth going to?" she asked with would-be flippancy.

"Why, Ethel Imogen Weaver!" Mrs. Weaver repeated her daughter's name slowly, as if she hoped its length might arouse in the owner some sense of her worth. "I never did hear the like."

The girl left the mirror, and seated herself in a chair in front of her mother.

"It'll cost Rob a hundred dollars to come here and go back to California, and a hundred dollars goes a long way toward fixing up. Besides, he'll lose his job. I'd just as soon go out there as have him come here. If people don't like it they—they need n't."

The girl's fresh young voice began to thicken, and she glanced about in restless search of diversion from impending tears.

"Well, girls do act awful strange these days."

Mrs. Weaver took warning from her daughter's tone and divided her disapproval by multiplying its denominator.

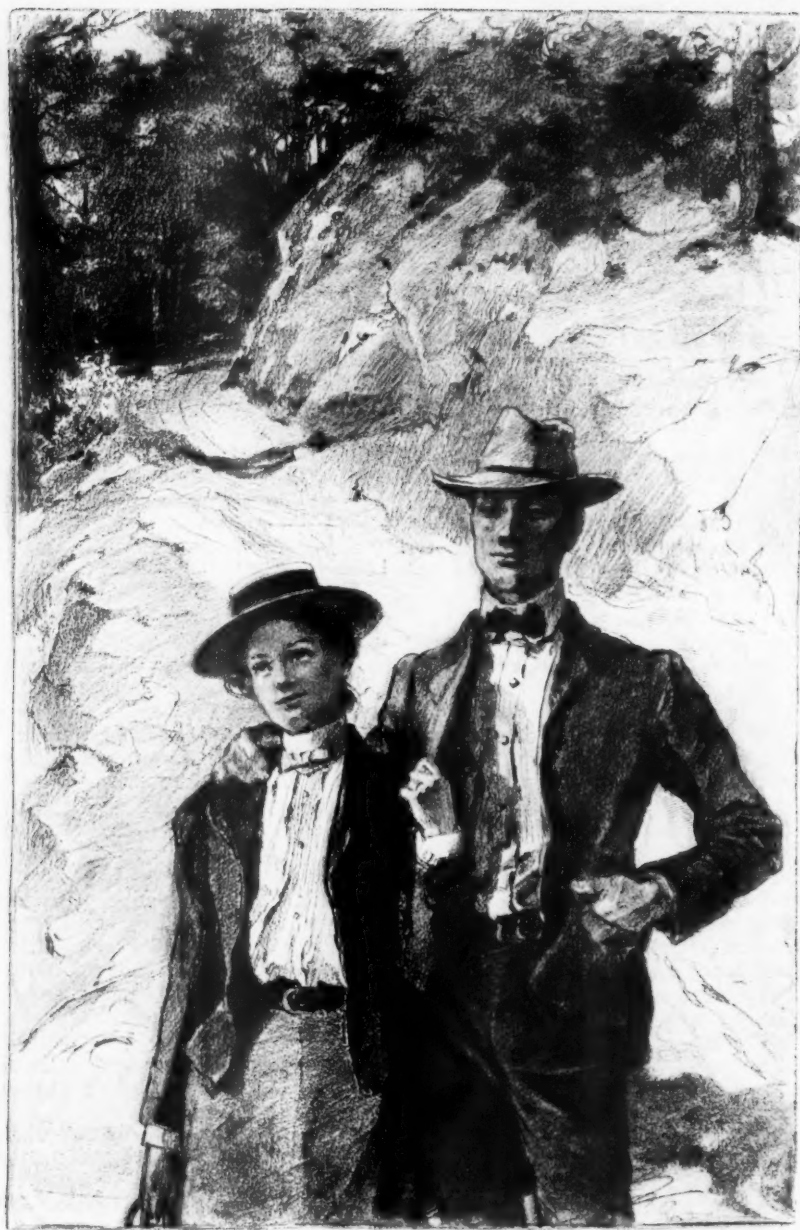
"Yes, they do. They act sometimes as if they had a little sense," retorted Ethel, huskily.

"Well, I don't know as I call it sense to pick up and run after a man, even if you're engaged to him; do you, mother?"

Old Mrs. Moxom started nervously at her daughter-in-law's appeal.

"Well, it does seem a long way to go on—on an uncertainty, Ethel," she faltered.

The girl turned a flushed, indignant face upon her grandmother.



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

ETHEL AND ROB.



"Well, I hope you don't mean to call Rob an uncertainty?" she demanded angrily.

"Oh, no; I don't mean that," pleaded the old woman. "I have n't got anything agen' Rob. I don't suppose he 's any more uncertain than—than the rest of them. I—"

"Why, Grandmother Moxom," interrupted the girl, "how you talk! I 'm sure father is n't an uncertainty, and there was n't anything uncertain about Grandfather Moxom. To tell the honest truth, I think they 're just about as certain as we are."

The old woman got up and began to move the chairs about with purposeless industry.

"It 's awful hard to know what to do sometimes," she said, indulging in a generality that might be mollifying, but was scarcely glittering.

"Well, it is n't hard for me to know *this* time," said Mrs. Weaver, her features drawn into a look of pudgy determination. "No girl of mine shall ever go trapesing off to California alone on any such wild-goose chase."

Ethel got up and moved toward the stairway, her tawny head thrown back, and an eloquent accentuation of heel in her tread.

"I just believe old folks like for young folks to be foolish and wasteful," she said over her shoulder, "so they can have something to nag them about. I 'm sure I—" she slammed the door upon her voice, which seemed to be carried upward in a little whirlwind of indignation.

Mrs. Weaver glanced toward her mother-in-law for sympathy, but the old woman refused to meet her gaze.

"I 'm just real mad at Rob Kendall for suggesting such a thing and getting Ethel all worked up," clucked the younger woman, anxiously.

Mrs. Moxom came back to her chair as aimlessly as she had left it.

"Men-folks are kind of helpless when it comes to planning," she said apologetically. "To think of them poor things trying to keep house—and the biscuits being soggy! It does kind of work on her feelings, Emma."

Mrs. Weaver gave her mother-in-law a glance of rotund severity.

"I don't mind their getting married," she said, "but I want it done decent. I don't intend to pack my daughter off to any man as if she was n't worth coming after, biscuits or no biscuits!"

She lifted her chin and looked at her companion over the barricade of conventionality that lay between them with the air of one whose position is unassailable. The old

woman sighed with much the same air, but with none of her daughter-in-law's satisfaction in it.

"I 'm sure I don't know," she said drearily; "sometimes it ain't easy to know your dooty at a glance."

Mrs. Weaver made no response, but her expression was not favorable to such lax uncertainty.

"The way Mother Moxom talked," she said to her husband that night, "you 'd have thought she sided with Ethel."

Jason Weaver was far too much of a man to hazard an opinion on the proprieties in the face of his wife's disapproval, so he grunted an amiable acquiescence in that spirit of justifiable hypocrisy known among his kind as "humoring the women-folks." Privately he was disposed to exult in his daughter's spirit and good sense, and so long as these admirable qualities did not take her away from him, and paternal pride and affection were both gratified, he saw no reason to complain. This satisfaction, however, did not prevent his "stirring her up" now and then, as he said, that he might sun himself in the glow of her youthful temper and chuckle inwardly over her smartness.

"Well, Dot, how 's Rob?" he asked jovially one evening at supper about a month later. "Does he still think he 's worth running after?"

"I don't know whether he thinks so or not, but I know he is," asserted the young woman, tilting her chin and looking away from her father with a cool filial contempt for his pleasantries bred by familiarity. "He 's well enough, but the old man that lives with him had a fall and broke his leg, and Rob has to take care of him."

Old Mrs. Moxom laid down her knife and fork, and dropped her hands in her lap hopelessly.

"Well, now, what made him go and do that?" she asked, with a fretful quaver in her voice, as if this were the last straw.

"I don't know, grandmother," answered Ethel, cheerfully. "As soon as he 's well enough to be moved they 're going to take him to the county hospital. I guess that 's the poorhouse. But Rob says he 's so old they 're afraid the bone won't knit; he suffers like everything. Poor old man, I 'm awful sorry for him. Rob has to do all the cooking."

The old woman pushed back her chair and brushed the crumbs from her apron.

"I guess I 'll go up-stairs and lay down awhile, Emma. I been kind of light-headed

all afternoon. I guess I set too long over them carpet-rags."

She got up and crossed the room hurriedly. Her son looked after her with anxious eyes. Presently they heard her toiling up the stairs with the slow, inelastic tread of infancy and old age.

"I don't know what 's come over your mother, Jason," said his wife. "She has n't been herself all summer. Sometimes I think I 'd ought to write to the girls."

"Oh, I guess she 'll be all right," said Jason, with masculine hopefulness. "Dot, you 'd better go up by and by and see if grandmother wants anything."

Safe in her own room, Mrs. Moxom sank into a chair with a long breath of relief and dismay.

"The poorhouse!" she gasped. "That seems about as mortifying as to own up to your girls that you was n't never rightly married to their father."

She got up and wandered across the room to the bureau. "I expect he 's changed a good deal," she murmured. She took a daguerreotype from the upper drawer, and gazed at it curiously. "Yes, I expect he 's changed quite a good deal," she repeated with a sigh.

#### IV.

"WHY, Mother Moxom!"

Mrs. Weaver sank into her sewing-chair in an attitude of pulpy despair.

"Well, I don't see but what it 's the best thing for me to do," asserted the old woman. "The cold weather 'll be coming on soon, and I always have more or less rheumatism, and they say Californay 's good for rheumatism. Besides, I think I need to stir round a little; I 've stayed right here 'most too close; and as long as Ethel has her heart set on going, I don't see but what it 's the best plan. If I go along with her, I can make sure that everything 's all right. If you and Jason say she can't go, why, then, I don't see but what I 'll just have to start off and make the trip alone."

"Why, Mother Moxom, I just don't know what to say!"

Mrs. Weaver's tone conveyed a deep-seated sense of injury that she should thus be deprived of speech for such insufficient cause.

"'T is n't such a very hard trip," pursued the old woman, doggedly. "They say you get on one of them through trains and take your provision and your knitting, and just live along the road. It is n't as if you had to

change cars at every junction, and get so turned round you don't know which way your head 's set on your shoulders."

Mrs. Weaver's expression began to dissolve into reluctant interest in these details.

"Well, of course, if you think it 'll help your rheumatism, and you 've got your mind made up to go, *somebody* 'll have to go with you. Have you asked Jason?"

"No, I have n't." Mrs. Moxom's voice took on an edge. "I can't see just why I 've got to ask people; sometimes I think I 'm about old enough to do as I please."

"Why, of course, mother," soothed the daughter-in-law. "Would you go and see the girls before you 'd start?"

"No, I don't believe I would," answered the old woman, her voice relaxing under this acquiescence. "They 'd only make a fuss. They 've both got good homes and good men, and they 're married to them right and lawful, and there 's nothing to worry about. Besides, I 'd just get interested in the children, and that 'd make it harder. I 've done the best I knew how by the girls, and I don't know as they 've got any reason to complain—"

"Why, no, mother," interrupted the daughter-in-law, with rising feathers. "I never heard anybody say but what you 'd done well by all your children. I only thought they 'd want to see you. I think they 'd come over if they knew it—well, of course, Angie could n't, having a young baby so, but Laura she 'd come in a minute."

"Well, I don't believe I want to see them," persisted Mrs. Moxom. "It 'll only make it harder. I guess you need n't let them know I 'm goin'. Ethel and I 'll start as soon as she can get ready. Seems like Rob 's having a pretty hard time. He could n't come after Ethel now if he wanted to. It would n't be right for him to leave that—that—old gentleman."

"Well, I would n't want the girls to have any hard feelings toward me."

"The Moxom girls ain't a-going to have any hard feelings toward *you*, Emma," asserted the old woman, with emphasis.

"She has the queerest way of talking about your sisters, Jason," Mrs. Weaver confided to her husband later. "It makes me think, sometimes, she 's failing pretty fast."

#### V.

As the road to the foot of the trail grew steeper, Rob Kendall found an increasing difficulty in guiding his team with one hand.

His bride drew herself from his encircling arm reluctantly.

"You'd better look after the horses," she said, with a vivid blush. "What'll grandmother think of us?"

The young fellow removed the offending arm and reached back to pat the old lady's knee.

"I ain't afraid of grandmother," he said joyously. "Grandmother's a brick. If she stays out here long she'll soon be the youngest woman on the mesa. I should n't wonder if she'd pick up some nice old gentleman herself—how's that, grandmother?" He bent down and kissed his wife's ear. "Catch me going back on grandmothers after this!"

"You have n't changed a bit, Rob," said Ethel, fondly; "has he, grandmother?" She turned her radiant smile upon the withered face behind her.

The old woman did not answer. The newly wedded couple resumed their rapturous contemplation of each other.

"How's that funny old man, Rob?" asked Ethel, smoothing out her dimples.

"Old Mosey? He's pretty rocky. I'm afraid he won't pull through." Rob strove to adjust his voice to the subject. "I'd 'a' got a house down in town, but I did n't like to leave him. We'll have to go pretty soon, though. I'm afraid you'll be lonesome up here."

The old woman on the back seat leaned forward a little. The young couple smiled exultantly into each other's eyes, with superb scorn of the world.

"Lonesome!" sneered the girl.

Her husband drew her close to him with an ecstatic hug.

"Yes, lonesome," he laughed, his voice smothered in her bright hair.

The old woman settled back in her seat. The team made their way slowly through the sandy wash between the boulders. When they emerged from the sycamores, Rob pointed toward the cabin. "That's the place!" he said triumphantly.

The sunset was sifting through the live-oaks upon the shake roof. Two tents gleamed white beside it, frescoed with the shadow of moving leaves. Ethel lifted her head from her husband's shoulder, and looked at her home with the faith in her eyes that has kept the world young.

"I've put up some tents for us," said the young fellow, gleefully; "but you must n't go in till I get the team put away. I won't have you laughing at my housekeeping behind my back. Old Mosey's asleep in the

shanty; the doctor gives him something to keep him easy. You can go in there and sit down, grandmother; you won't disturb him."

He helped them out of the wagon, lingering a little with his wife in his arms. The old woman left them and went into the house. She crossed the floor hesitatingly, and bent over the feeble old face on the pillow.

"It's just as I expected; he's changed a good deal," she said to herself.

The old man opened his eyes.

"I was sayin' you'd changed a good deal, Moses," she repeated aloud.

There was no intelligence in his gaze.

"For that matter, I expect I've changed a good deal myself," she went on. "I heard you'd had a fall, and I thought I'd better come out. You was always kind of hard to take care of when you was sick. I remember that time you hurt your foot on the scythe, just after we was married; you would n't let anybody come near you but me—"

"Why, it's Angeline!" said the old man, dreamily, with a vacant smile.

"Yes, it's me."

He closed his eyes and drifted away again. The old wife sat still on the edge of the bed. Outside she could hear the sigh of the oaks and the trill of young voices. Two or three tears fell over the wrinkled face, written close with the past, like a yellow page from an old diary. She wiped them away, and looked about the room with its meager belongings, which Rob had scoured into expectant neatness.

"He does n't seem to have done very well," she thought; "but how could he, all by himself?" She got up and walked to the door, and looked out at the strange landscape with its masses of purple mountains.

"I've got to do one of two things," she said to herself. "I've just got to own up the whole thing, and let the girls be mortified, or else I've got to keep still and marry him over again, and pass for an old fool the rest of my life. I don't believe I can do it. They've got more time to live down disgrace than I have. I believe I'll just come out and tell everything. Ethel!" she called. "Come here, you and Rob; I've got something to tell you."

The young couple stood with locked arms, looking out over the valley. At the sound of her voice they clasped each other close in an embrace of passionate protest against the intrusion of this other soul. Then they turned toward the sunset, and went slowly and reluctantly into the house.



## HIGH NOON.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

HERE where the faint breeze droops upon the grass,  
Where summer incense fills the air with pine,  
Upon the highest hillside, where the sun  
Lifts Nature to himself, I raise my shrine

To thee, High Noon,  
In whose clear eyes, undimmed by doubt or tear,  
No secret shadow of the soul is good.  
Others may dread thy burning judgment white—  
For them be twilight altars in the wood;

To thee, High Noon,  
Bare-breasted as a pagan I would come!  
Test thou my heart, that, proven, I may dare  
Exult to shrive me in thy riteless peace,  
And sacramental faith eternal swear  
To thee, High Noon!



## DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER,

Author of "A History of the People of the United States."

THIRD PAPER.

### WEBSTER ON THE AMERICAN SYSTEM AND THE SOUTH CAROLINA DOCTRINE.

THE speech in behalf of the Greeks delivered and his resolution "laid in the tomb," Webster took but little active interest in public affairs, and turned his attention to private matters and to the duties that fell to his committees. Creditors under the Spanish treaty of 1819 had long been clamoring for their money, and a number of them had retained Webster to push their claims. The passage of a bill to discharge these

debts was with him, as he says, "the great business of the session."

Such concerns as formed the daily business of the House did not interest him in the least, and he quickly fell into the habit of being present in body, but absent in mind. In a speech on the compensation bill of 1816 he had denounced this practice in strong terms. "There is," he said, "something radically defective in our system of government.

No legislature in the world, however various its concerns or extensive its sphere, sits as long as this, notwithstanding that its sphere is so greatly contracted by the intervention of eighteen distinct legislatures. The system does not compel, on the part of its members, that attention which the nature of the public business requires. I refer to letters and papers on the desks of the members every day. They ought to have none of them. When a man comes into this House, he ought to leave on the threshold every feeling and thought not connected with the public service. Private letters and private conversation ought not to be permitted to encroach on the unity of his object. If in any way the attention of the House could be fixed on the speaker, there would be an end to long speeches, for I defy any man to address any assembly of this sort, and address them long, if their attention is fixed on him."

But Webster was older now; evil communications had corrupted his good manners, and he had become as great an offender as the worst, and shutting his ears to the pleas and arguments of many a debater, would spend the hours writing letters. To the splendid opportunity which lay before one endowed with the qualities which make men leaders of their kind, he seems to have been blind. Never since the days of the War for Independence was a statesman of the constructive type more needed. The old parties founded and led by Washington and Jefferson were gone, and new ones to take their places were yet to be created. Of the issues then before the people all were sectional; none was national. That they would some day be united and become the basis of parties yet to be organized, and that the men who brought about this union of local interests would, for years to come, direct the policy and "sway the destiny of the country," was inevitable.

For work of this kind Webster was in no sense fitted. The abilities with which nature had so richly endowed him, his tastes, his studies, and his training pointed to no such career; and in the long run he was thrust aside and outrun by men of far less capacity, by demagogues who served the times, and, dying, left behind them no lasting work as the fruit of a long life spent in the public service. In the struggle for leadership which made memorable the next four years he was a mere looker-on, commenting now and then on the would-be Presidents and their chances of success. At New York, when on his way to attend Congress, he was amazed at the

"sudden and extraordinary popularity of Mr. Clinton." New Jersey, he was inclined to think, would support Mr. Calhoun. At Washington every one was asking, "Will a caucus be held?" For twenty years past the Republican members of the House and Senate used to meet some February evening in each Presidential year and "recommend" to their fellow-citizens, as they said, two men to be President and Vice-President of the United States. The "recommendation" was often followed by the statement that the men named were recommended and in no sense nominated; that the recommendation was made in the interest of party unity and harmony and to prevent the wasteful scattering of electoral votes among a host of local favorites, not one of whom had the smallest chance of election. So long as the party was really united and the candidates chosen were men whose services in Revolutionary days entitled them to the grateful consideration of their countrymen, all went well. But now the party was not united; it was broken into many pieces, and as each fragment had rallied about a man of its own selection, a demand arose that the old method of nomination by the caucus should give way to the new one of nomination by the people.

Of this Webster heartily approved. "It appears to me to be our true policy," he wrote to Mason, "to oppose all caucuses, so far as our course seems to be clear. Beyond this I do not think we are bound to proceed at present. To defeat caucus nominations, or prevent them, and to give the election, wherever it can be done, to the people, are the best means of restoring the body politic to its natural and wholesome state." "One thing I hold to be material," he tells his brother: "get on without a caucus. It will only require a little more pains. It is time to put an end to caucuses. They make great men little and little men great; the true source of power is the people. The Democrats are not democratic enough; they are real aristocrats; their leaders wish to govern by a combination among themselves, and they think they have a fee simple in the people's suffrages. Go to the people and convince them that their pretended friends are a knot of self-interested jobbers, who make a trade of patriotism and live on popular credulity."

When at last the caucus is held and Crawford and Calhoun are nominated, he believes it "has hurt nobody but its friends. Mr. Adams's chance seems to increase, and he and General Jackson are likely to be the real competitors at last. General Jackson's



manners are more Presidential than those of any of the candidates. He is grave, mild, and reserved. My wife is for him decidedly." A month later he is still convinced that Jackson is "making head yet, Arbuthnot and Ambrister notwithstanding. The truth is, he is the people's candidate in a great part of the Southern and Western country. I hope all New England will support Mr. Calhoun for the Vice-Presidency. If so, he will probably be chosen, and that will be a great thing. He is a true man, and will do good to the country in that situation."

By the time the caucus was held, the House had settled down to the business of the session, and none that came before it was more important than the tariff. The act of 1816 had not produced the many benefits so hopefully expected. "This measure," said the high-tariff advocates, "was believed at the time to be all that was needed; but the immense accumulation in European markets of goods made by labor-saving machines operated by men and women content to live on potatoes, rice, and water, the exclusion of these goods from British markets and of British wares from European markets, forced the manufacturers of the Old World to seek our ports, where they have been only too well received. Their products, cheaply made and evading our tariff by fraudulent means, have been sold at the auction-block at prices which distance competition, and have been paid for with depreciated bank paper, which the foreign owners have exchanged for specie and carried from our country. This means the ruin of our banks, our manufactures, our farmers, and a decline in the value of land; for now that hundreds of thousands who consume food, liquor, fuel, and clothing, but produce them not, are out of employment, where will our farmers find a sale for the produce that they once sold readily at home?"

The hard times of 1819, the presence in the cities of great numbers of idle workmen, the activity of the Friends of National Industry, gave uncommon force to such arguments, and it soon became impossible for a dozen men to gather for any purpose without issuing an appeal for a new tariff. Grand juries presented the sale of British goods as a grievance. Political conventions called on voters to defeat such candidates for Congress as would not promise to work for a tariff. Public meetings discussed the need of protection, and as the day drew near when Congress must meet, petitions went about in every manufacturing town and village, and

delegates from nine States assembled at New York. Calling themselves a convention of Friends of National Industry, they urged the formation of State societies to agitate for a tariff and to send representatives to a national convention to be held at New York city in 1820.

Nor were the enemies of a high tariff for protection less active. They, too, held meetings, and it was at one of these, gathered in Faneuil Hall, in 1820, that Webster spoke in behalf of a free-trade policy. Both sides were now in serious earnest, and during four years the issue was constantly before Congress. The bill of 1820 was defeated by the casting vote of the Vice-President; that of 1821 was not put upon its passage; the House refused to consider that of 1822; but when a fourth attempt was made in 1823, the Committee on Manufactures laid before the House a bill which the supporters of Webster expected him to resist. Personally he cared little for it; for the questions which filled his thoughts, occupied his hours of study, and which, to the last, he delighted to expound, were such as sprang from the interpretation of our Constitution, our principles of government, and not such as were concerned with political economy.

"On this same tariff we are now occupied," he writes; "it is a tedious, disagreeable subject. The House, or a majority of it, are apparently insane; at least I think so. Whether anything can be done to moderate the disease, I know not. I have very little hope. I am aware that something is expected of me; much more than I shall perform. It would be easy to make a speech, but I am anxious to do something better, if I can; but I see not what I can do." "The tariff is yet undecided. It will not pass, I think, in its present shape, and I doubt if it will pass at all. As yet I have not interfered much in the debate, partly because there were others more desirous to discuss the details than I am, and partly because I have been so much in the court. I have done, however, with the court, and the whole tariff subject is yet open. I shall be looking after it, though I should prefer it should die a natural death, by postponement or other easy violence."

No such death awaited the bill, and when, one day in April, 1824, Clay took the floor and delivered that famous speech in which he outlined and defended his "American policy," Webster knew that the time had come to reply. Never had Clay spoken more earnestly, more eloquently, or at greater

length. He began at eleven in the morning and was still on his feet when the House adjourned at half-past three in the afternoon.

If tradition may be trusted, Webster went home that night fully determined to answer Clay, rose before daylight the next morning, and spent the time till the House met in jotting down on paper what he intended to say. But Clay, resuming the argument where he left it off the day before, spoke for several hours, and was then followed by a member from Mississippi, so that the afternoon was well spent when Webster began his reply, and was in turn forced to continue it on the following day. Tradition further tells us that, while he was then in the full swing of eloquence, a note was thrust into his hand, informing him that the great case of Gibbons against Ogden would be called for argument the next morning in the Supreme Court; that he ended his speech as speedily as possible, and went home, and to bed, and to sleep; that he rose at ten that night, and, with no other refreshment than a bowl of tea, toiled steadily till nine the next morning, when his brief was done; that he then partook of a slight breakfast of tea and crackers, read the morning newspapers, went to court, and there made that argument which destroyed the exclusive right to navigate the waters of New York by steam, so long enjoyed by Fulton and Livingston, and "released every creek and river, every lake and harbor, in our country from the interference of monopolies."

Many reasons combine to make the tariff debate of 1824 of no common interest. Neither speaker, it is true, settled the controversy. More than three quarters of a century has passed since that day, yet the respective merits of free trade and protection are as far as ever from settlement, and still furnish plentiful material for campaigns of education. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the principle and policy of protective tariffs have never been better stated than in the brilliant speech by Clay, nor more forcibly combated than they were in the vigorous reasoning of Webster. Clay made the better speech; Webster the better argument. In the effort of Clay are plainly visible all the characteristics of the man, both great and small: his fervid patriotism, his glowing diction, his lively imagination, his skill in grouping facts, his superficial knowledge, and his inability to reason calmly to a logical conclusion. In the answer of Webster are set forth the keen analysis,

the deliberate reasoning, the full knowledge, the mastery of principles, which made him great. Nowhere else in our annals can be found two speeches of deeper interest to the student of economics.

Of the speech thus hastily prepared and hastily delivered, Webster had but a poor opinion. "We have heard a great deal of nonsense upon the subject," he wrote Mr. Mason, "and some of it from high quarters. I think you will be surprised at Mr. Clay's speech. My speech will be printed, and you will get it. Whatever I have done in other cases, I must say that in this I have published it against my own judgment. I was not expecting to speak at that time, nor ready to do so. And from Mr. Clay's ending I had but one night to prepare. The ideas are right enough, I hope, but as a speech it is clumsy, wanting in method, and tedious." His friends thought otherwise, and the mails soon began to bring him letters full of adulation and of praise for the Greek and tariff speeches. "I received a letter from a friend in London," says one correspondent, "dated the 6th of March, who justly observes: 'Mr. Webster's speech has been received with general approbation and applause. It has been translated into Greek and printed in London, in order to be distributed all over Greece. I am happy that the Demosthenes of America has taken the lead in encouraging and animating the countrymen of his great prototype.' I tender my thanks for your lucid and magnificent speech on the Tariff. The ground you have assumed is the only one which history, policy, and experience can enable us to maintain with interest to the nation. I march with you side by side, in all the route you take. If you are not correct, there is no truth in *induction*; there is no *wisdom* among the learned; there is no *intelligence* to be found in Parliament; there is no reliance to be placed on the statements of the learned political writers on the economy of nations; in fact, we have not any *new lights* to guide us since the dark ages, and must grope on."

The tariff disposed of, the only question of interest that remained was the coming election of a President. The long list of great names put before the voters in the course of three years by State legislatures, by conventions, by public meetings, by caucuses, by the members of Congress, had been cut down by time to four—Adams, Jackson, Crawford, and Clay. Could Webster have had his wish, Calhoun would have been the successor of Monroe.

The great gulf that parted them in later years had not as yet begun to yawn. Again and again in his letters he calls the illustrious Carolinian "a true man." But the "will of the people" assigned to Calhoun the post of Vice-President, and of the four who remained as candidates for the Presidency the names of only three could come before the House of Representatives. That Adams, Jackson, and Crawford would be the three, Webster seems never to have doubted. Not once does he mention the name of Clay. Now he is sure that "the novelty of Gen'l Jackson is wearing off, and the contest seems to be coming back to the old question between Mr. Adams and Mr. Crawford." "The events of the winter, with the common operation of time, have very much mixed up Federalists with some other of the parties, and though it is true that some men make great efforts to keep up old distinctions, they find it difficult. Mr. Adams, I think, sees also that exclusion will be a very doubtful policy, and in truth I think a little better of the kindness of his feelings toward us than I have done. I have not seen how Federalists could possibly join with those who support Mr. C. The company he keeps at the North is my strongest objection to him."

There were those, however, who were not so sure of "the kindness of his feelings" toward Federalists. That Mr. Adams would forget who it was that condemned his conduct in the Senate, chose a successor before his term had expired, and forced him to resign, seemed scarcely human. That he would proscribe all Federalists was generally believed, and when, a little later, the failure of the colleges to elect threw the choice of a President into the House, a member of the Maryland delegation wrote to Webster for advice. The issue thus presented to him was critical. In the election by the House each of the four-and-twenty States was to cast one ballot, and that ballot was to be determined by the majority vote of the members of the delegation. Maryland sent eight representatives, and so evenly were they divided by party lines that the writer of the letter declared he believed that on his vote hung that of Maryland. The reply assured him that Adams would not proscribe old Federalists as a class, and to secure this assurance Webster called on the Secretary of State one evening and read the answer he proposed to send. In it were the words:

"For myself, I am satisfied, and shall give him my vote cheerfully and steadily. And

I am ready to say that I should not do so if I did not believe that he would administer the government on liberal principles, not excluding Federalists, as such, from his regard and confidence. . . .

"I wish to see nothing like a portioning, parceling out, or distributing offices of trust among men called by different denominations. . . . What I think just and reasonable to be expected is that, by some one clear and distinct case, it may be shown that the distinction above alluded to does not operate as cause of exclusion." To this Adams objected. "The letter seemed to require him, or expect him, to place one Federalist in the administration. Here I interrupted him, and told him he had misinterpreted the writer's meaning. That the letter did not speak of those appointments called Cabinet appointments particularly, but of appointments generally. With that understanding he said the letter contained his opinions."

Thus assured, the hesitating member from Maryland cast his vote for Adams, and so made Maryland one of the thirteen States that elected him. Had Maryland supported Jackson, he would have tied Adams, and the way would have been prepared for a prolonged contest. Something of this sort was feared by Webster.

"As the 9th of February approaches," he wrote, "we begin to hear a little more about the election. I think some important indications will be made soon. A main inquiry is, in what direction Mr. Clay and his friends will move. There would seem at present to be some reason to think they will take a part finally for Mr. Adams. This will not necessarily be decisive, but it will be very important. After all, I cannot predict results. I believe Mr. Adams might be chosen if he or his friends would act somewhat differently. But if he has good counselors, I know not who they are. I would like to know your opinion of what is proper to be done in two or three contingencies: 1. If on the first or any subsequent ballot Mr. Adams falls behind Mr. Crawford and remains so a day or two, shall we hold out to the end of the chapter, or shall we vote for one of the highest? 2. If for one of the highest, say Jackson or Crawford, for which? 3. Is it advisable under any circumstances to hold out and leave the choice to Mr. Calhoun? 4. Would or would not New England prefer conferring the power on Calhoun to a choice of General Jackson?"

The support of Clay was indeed important,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE COLLECTION OF  
ROBERT COSTER.

THOMAS H. BENTON.

FROM A LITHOGRAPH AFTER A DAGUERRETYPE.

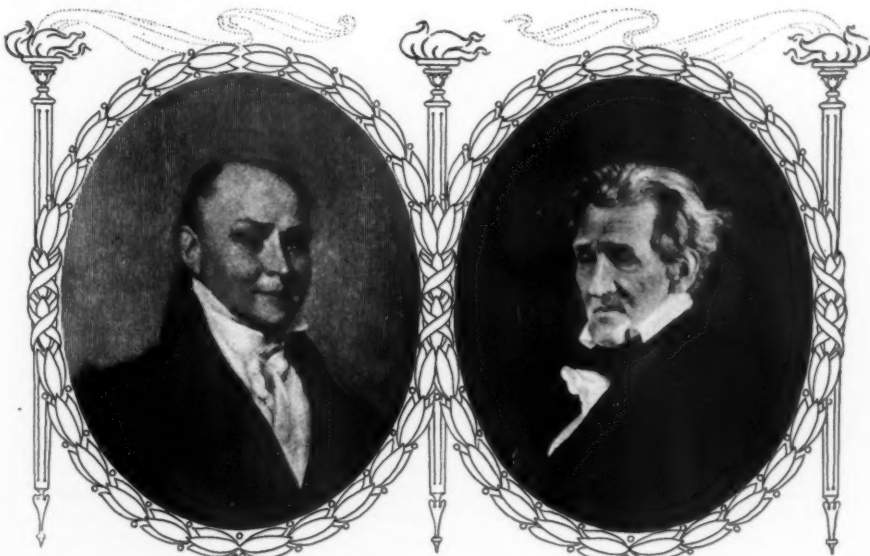
JOHN C. CALHOUN.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY MARCHANT IN THE DIPLOMATIC  
RECEPTION ROOMS, STATE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON.

HENRY CLAY.

and the followers of Jackson, Adams, and Crawford were seeking it earnestly. Clay seemed, he himself says, "to be the favorite of every one"; "strong professions of high consideration and of unbounded admiration" met him at every turn; he was "transformed from a candidate before the people to an elector for the people." Deeply aware of the solemn duty thrust upon him, time was taken to weigh the facts on which a decision must be founded. While he deliberated, rumors of every sort were put afloat to awe and influence him; and when these failed, anonymous letters full of menace and

abuse poured in on him daily. At last, when it could no longer be disguised that he would support Adams and not Jackson, a member of the House from Pennsylvania, in an unsigned note to a Philadelphia newspaper, declared that an "unholy coalition" had been formed; that Clay was to use his influence for Adams; and that Adams, if elected, was to make Clay Secretary of State. Lest Clay should not see the charge, a marked copy of the newspaper was sent him. He was stung to the quick, and, in a fit of rage, denounced the unknown writer in a Washington newspaper as "a base and infamous



FROM THE PORTRAIT BY STUART AND SULLY,  
IN MEMORIAL HALL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THESE TWO PORTRAITS ARE  
HALF-TONE PLATES ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

ANDREW JACKSON.



calumniator, a dastard, and a liar," and bade him disclose his name that he might be held responsible "to all the laws which govern men of honor." In plain words, he must meet the Speaker on the dueling-grounds at Bladensburg. Thus challenged, the writer disclosed his name, and in a letter to the same Washington newspaper informed "H. Clay" that he would prove to the satisfaction of unprejudiced minds that a bargain had been made, and signed the note "George Kremer"—a representative from Pennsylvania.

What followed on the day that this card appeared has been described for us in lively terms by one who was present in the House.

The storm of war has at length burst forth. The card of Mr. Clay and the other card of Mr. Kremer have thrown all here into strong commotion. The morning on which the letter appeared everybody was talking about pistols and powder. Will he fight? Has he ever fought? Will he not excuse himself as coming from Pennsylvania? Where will they fight? These were the questions which everywhere struck the ear. When Mr. Clay entered the House every eye followed him. As to Kremer, he was in his seat two hours before the time of meeting. They gave no special sign of recognition, and soon after the morning business had proceeded, Mr. Clay rose and made the statement which you have since seen in the papers. Every tongue was hushed, and the house was still as an empty church. He spoke low and under evident stress of feeling. Mr. Kremer's assent to the proposed investigation was given in his usual high and sharp key (he is sometimes jocularly called Geo. Screamer), and then came the tug of war. The report gives a fair representation of what was said, but the manner, the tones, the gestures, the soul of the debate, no pen can convey. Kremer is a strong, broad-shouldered, coarse-looking Pennsylvania farmer, with a florid face and short, stiff, sandy hair. His dress is often slovenly; but his mind is sturdy and vigorous, and when much excited he utters a deal of plain sound sense, directly to the point.

The substance of Clay's speech was a request for a committee to investigate the charges, and when the committee was ordered, Mr. Kremer rose in his place and assured the House that he would appear and make good all he had said. But when the committee met and bade him present his proof, he refused to come, and denied the right of the House to take action. Webster wrote to his brother further in comment on this affair, and on the ludicrousness of the great Mr. Clay, of the "Harry of the West," Speaker of the House during six Congresses, hurrying off in the dusk of a cold winter morning to exchange shots with the ec-

centric member from Pennsylvania: "We have a little excitement here, as you will see; but there is less than there seems. Mr. Clay's ill-judged card has produced an avowal, or sort of avowal, which makes the whole thing look ridiculous. Mr. Kremer is a man with whom one would think of having a shot about as soon as with your neighbor, Mr. Simeon Atkinson, whom he somewhat resembles. Mr. Adams, I believe, and have no doubt, will be chosen, probably the first day."

In this he was quite right: Adams was chosen on the first ballot, and Webster was chairman of the committee sent to inform the Secretary of State of his election by the House. Writing to Mr. Mason a few days after the House had elected Mr. Adams, and when the air was full of rumors of cabinet appointments, Webster again asserts his belief that Adams will be liberal.

"I took care to state my own views and feelings to Mr. Adams before the election in such a manner as will enable me to satisfy my friends, I trust, that I did my duty. I was very distinct, and was as distinctly answered, and have the means of showing precisely what was said. My own hopes at present are strong that Mr. Adams will pursue an honorable, liberal, magnanimous policy. If he does not, I shall be disappointed as well as others, and he will be ruined. Opposition is likely to arise in an unexpected quarter, and unless the administration has friends, the opposition will overwhelm it." One of the men, the one New England man, to whom rumor assigned a cabinet place, was Webster; but the report was without foundation. "It is not necessary," he wrote to Mr. Mason, "in writing to you, to deny the rumor, or rumors, which the press has circulated of a place provided for me. There is not a particle of probability of any such offer." His friends, however, would gladly have seen him in some position of more dignity than a seat in the House, and when the new Congress met and the old supporters of Crawford declared themselves ready to aid in putting a Federalist in the Speaker's chair, Webster was urged to become a candidate. "It was not a bad thing," he wrote, "that the friends of Mr. Crawford generally supported a Federalist for the Chair. Some of my friends thought I might have obtained a few votes for the place, but I wholly declined the attempt. If practicable to place me there, it would not have been prudent."

The compliment was a great one. From





FROM A CRAYON PORTRAIT OWNED BY MRS. ABBOTT LAWRENCE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.  
CAROLINE LEROY, MR. WEBSTER'S SECOND WIFE.

the discordant factions which by this time had quite destroyed the old Republican party of Jefferson two new parties were now about to be formed, the one to oppose, the other to support, the administration. Most careful leadership was needed, and the tender to Webster of the nomination to the speakership was the recognition of him by the friends of Adams, Clay, and Crawford as a broad-minded and independent member, whose leadership men of widely different views were willing to follow. But again his love of law triumphed over his love of politics. To sit, day after day, in the Speaker's chair, meant the loss of much business in the Supreme Court, the profit of which he could ill afford to spare, and the performance of a class of duties in the highest manner distasteful to him. The refusal

to accept the speakership left him free to do as he pleased, and he became at once an interested spectator of the course of events. He had said that opposition was likely to arise in an unexpected quarter, and the prophecy was now fulfilled.

During the summer of 1825, Mr. Clay had been waited on by the ministers of Mexico, Colombia, and Guatemala, who, in the name of their countries, invited the United States to send commissioners to a congress of republics at Panama. After some inquiry as to the subjects to be discussed, Adams accepted, and in the annual message announced that "ministers will be commissioned to attend," and soon laid before the Senate the names of the three gentlemen he wished to serve. When the members of that body heard the words "will be commis-

sioned," the anger of all those who hated Adams flamed high. He had violated the constitutional right of the Senate. Without consulting it as to the fitness of such a mission, without placing before it one of the reasons which prompted him to such an act, he had decided the question and given the Senate merely the duty of confirming his appointments. This was a high-handed affront not to be endured, and when the Committee on Foreign Relations reported a resolution that it was "not expedient" "to send any minister to the congress of American nations assembled at Panama," the attack on the President opened in earnest. As a question in constitutional government it interested Webster deeply, and he made up his mind, if the question reached the House, to "make a short speech, for certain reasons, provided I can get out of court, and provided better reflection should not change my purpose," and gave his reasons to Mr. Mason.

It happened, luckily enough, that the House of Representatives were occupied on no very interesting subjects during my engagements elsewhere. You see Panama in so many shapes that you probably expect to receive no news in regard to it. The importance of the matter arises mainly from the dead-set made against it in the Senate. I am afraid my friend Calhoun organized and arranged the opposition. *He expected to defeat the measure.* That would have placed the President in his power more or less, and if the thing could be repeated on one or two other occasions, *completely so.* Mr. Adams then would have been obliged to make terms, or he could not get on with the Government, and those terms would have been the *dismissal of Mr. Clay.* As far as to this point all parties and parts of the opposition adhere and cohere. Beyond this, probably, they could not move together harmoniously. Vast pains were taken, especially with new members, to bring them to a right way of thinking. Your neighbor was soon gained.

At the present moment, some who acted a violent part in the Senate wish to have it understood that they are not, therefore, to be counted as members of a regular opposition. I have been informed that Mr. Woodbury and Mr. Holmes disclaim opposition. Others, again, say they had not full information, and complain of that. Others make quotations of sentences, words, or syllables from the documents and carp at them. But you see all. In H. R. [House of Representatives] it is likely the necessary money will be voted by 30 or 40 majority—we may have a week's debate.

The real truth is, Mr. Adams will be opposed by all the Atlantic States south of Maryland. *So would any other Northern man.* They will never acquiesce in the administration of any President on our side the Potomac. This may be relied on,

and we ought to be aware of it. The perpetual claim which is kept up on the subject of negro slavery has its objects. It is to keep the South all united and all jealous of the North. The Northwestern States and Kentucky are at present very well disposed; so is Louisiana. Tennessee and Alabama will agree to anything, or oppose anything, as Gen'l Jackson's interest may require. The Crawford men in Georgia will doubtless go in the same direction. In North Carolina there are some who prefer Mr. Adams to Gen'l Jackson, and in Virginia it may be doubted whether the Gen'l can be effectually supported. Virginia says little about the men whom she would trust, but opposes those actually in power. In our House, however, the Virginia phalanx of opposition is not formidable; more than a third, in number, may be reckoned favorable. There is some reason to think the Jackson fever begins to abate in Pennsylvania, and doubtless it is over in New Jersey. Under these circumstances, if New York and New England go steady, it is not likely that the South will immediately regain the ascendancy.

A month later the long-promised speech was delivered, the action of the President defended, and the place of the executive in our system of government carefully explained. For the moment it seemed as if Webster was henceforth to be considered a supporter of the administration, and the mouthpiece of the President in the House. But such he was not to be. The duties of a representative had never been attractive. Quite as much of his time when in Washington had been given to cases in the Supreme Court as to the work in the House. He was famous as an orator and great as a lawyer, but men whose names were long since forgotten surpassed him as congressmen. When, therefore, Mr. Rufus King resigned the British mission early in 1826, Webster eagerly sought the post, and in his usual way turned to Mr. Mason for advice.

"It seems to me," was the answer, "that you cannot, under existing circumstances, assert your claim at the present time. Should the government offer you the appointment, I think you ought not to refuse it. But, if I mistake not, it will be thought you cannot at this time be spared from the House of Representatives. And as far as I understand the state of that body, I am inclined to think your presence there at the ensuing session very important."

But the advice need never have been asked; the ink and the postage were wasted, for Adams never for one moment thought seriously of appointing Webster to any office. Yet, in spite of Adams, promotion was near. On March 4, 1827, the term of Senator Mills

of Massachusetts would end, and the health of that gentleman being far from good, it was certain that he would not be returned to the Senate. Against this Webster protested; but when the General Court met, the State Senate chose Levi Lincoln and sent his name to the House. Before that body could act,

little zeal or spirit in regard to passing affairs. My most strong propensity is to sit down and sit still; and if I could have my wish, I think the writing of a letter would be the greatest effort I should put forth for the residue of the winter." To another friend he declares: "I do not expect to find



DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, FROM A PRINT IN POSSESSION OF WILLIAM H. HAYNE.  
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE.

Mr. Lincoln positively refused to serve; so the election went over to the June session of 1827, when Webster was chosen by a large majority, and took his seat the following December. But he came to the capital a broken and disheartened man; for Mrs. Webster, who had accompanied him as far as New York, was unable to go farther, and died there in January, 1828. A long period of despondency followed. For months he could do nothing. To one friend he writes in his misery: "I find myself again in the court where I have been so many winters, and surrounded by such men and things as I have usually found here. But I feel very

myself involved in a great pressure of affairs, and certainly shall do nothing that I am not absolutely obliged to do."

Out of this depressed and morbid state Webster was now lifted by the appearance in the Senate of the bill which laid the duties ever since known as the "tariff of abominations." The law of 1824, designed to protect the growers of wool and the makers of cloth, had failed signally, and had scarcely been two years upon the statute-book when the men in whose interests the tariff was laid were clamoring for its repeal. The wool-growers of Berkshire, the manufacturers of New England, the State of Massa-

chusetts, whose delegation did not cast one vote for the tariff act of 1824, now sent long memorials to Congress. A committee representing the factory-owners appeared in Washington to lobby for the bill, and in January, 1827, such a bill as they wanted passed the House and was laid on the table of the Senate by the casting vote of Calhoun. Both senators from Massachusetts, now become a tariff State, voted for the bill.

The closeness of the struggle was ominous, and each side, aroused and thoroughly in earnest, made ready for a renewal of the contest when Congress should meet again. Excited by the speeches of Robert Y. Hayne, James Hamilton, and Dr. Thomas Cooper, the people of South Carolina began "to calculate the value of our union," to ask, "Is it worth our while to continue this union of States, where the North demands to be our master?" and filled their memorials with language of no uncertain kind, which North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama more than reëchoed.

In the North a convention of Friends of Domestic Manufactures was held at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and a new tariff, based on its labors, was laid before the House of Representatives in 1828—a tariff so hateful in its rates that its opponents were confident it would not pass. Indeed, it was carefully prepared to invite defeat, for a Presidential election was close at hand, and the friends of Jackson did not dare to go before the country as its executioners. In the first place, all duties were made high in order to please the protectionists of the Middle States and to keep them in the Jackson party. In the second place, whatever raw material New England used was heavily taxed. In the third place, it was agreed that Jackson men from both North and South should unite, prevent amendment, and force a vote on the bill with all its obnoxious duties. But when the yeas and nays were called on the passage of the bill, the Jackson men from the Southern States were to turn about and vote nay, and as it was believed that the men from New England would be forced to do likewise, the bill would be lost. As the Jackson men from the Northern States were to answer yea, the odium of defeat would rest on the supporters of Adams, and the followers of the Hero of New Orleans would appear as the advocates of the American system.

Unhappily, the plan failed; the House passed the bill, and threw the responsibility of rejection on the Senate.

In the debate which now followed, Webster did not intend to take part. He had just taken his seat as a new member; only a few weeks before he had come from the grave of his wife, and, crushed and heart-broken, felt "very little zeal or spirit in regard to passing affairs." But, as the discussion went on, and he heard senator after senator assail New England, and charge her with measures she had steadily resisted till resistance was vain; as he heard a senator from North Carolina speak of that State as "chained to the car of Eastern manufacturers," and describe "this new system" as "peculiar to aristocrats and monarchists"; as he heard Benton of Missouri assert that, as New England had originated all the tariff bills, she ought not now to complain of the burden they had laid on her commerce; as he heard Hayne of South Carolina declare that "in this business the interests of the South have been sacrificed, shamefully sacrificed, her feelings disregarded, her wishes slighted, her honest pride insulted"; as he heard him proclaim that "this system has created discordant feelings, strife, jealousy, and heart-burnings, which never ought to exist between the different sections of the same country"—Webster saw that the hour had come to depart from his intention to be silent. Rising in his place, he said: "I have not had the slightest wish to discuss this measure, not believing that, in the present state of things, any good could be done by me in that way; but the frequent declarations that this was altogether a New England measure, a bill for securing a monopoly to the capitalists of the North, and other expressions of a similar nature, have induced me to say a few words."

Such being his reasons, he denied that New England had ever been a leader in protection. He declared that from the adoption of the Constitution till 1824 she had held back and had held others back, because she believed that it was best that manufactures should make haste slowly; because she felt reluctant to build great interests on the foundation of government patronage; and because she could not tell how long that patronage would last, or with what sturdiness, skill, or perseverance it would continue to be granted. But the tariff of 1824 had settled the policy of the government, and nothing was left to New England but to conform herself to the will of others; nothing but to consider that the government had fixed and determined its policy, and that its policy was protection. A vast increase

of investments in manufactures had followed, and New England had fitted her pursuits and her industry to the new condition. Neither the principle on which the bill was founded, nor the provisions which it contained, received his approval; but the welfare of New England as a whole was to be considered, and in the end he voted for its passage. Just as the question was about to be put, Hayne made a solemn protest against the bill as a partial, unjust, and unconstitutional measure, and Webster answered him; but what he said was not reported.

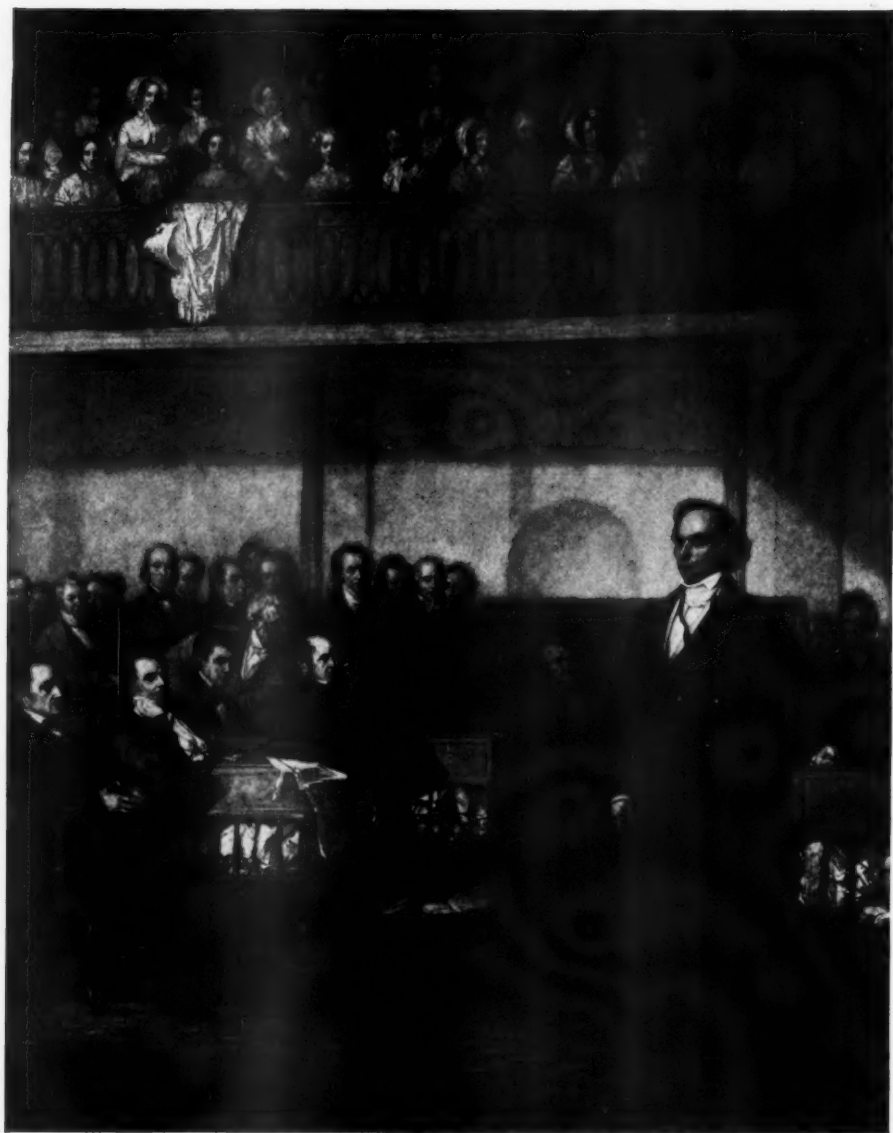
As the news of the passage of the bill and the approval of the President spread over the country it was received with mingled feelings of approbation and disgust. In Massachusetts the vote of Webster for the tariff was bitterly denounced and as warmly defended. He seemed to have lost ground, so his friends determined to give him a great public dinner and afford him a chance to explain his change of position. Faneuil Hall was accordingly secured, and on the 5th of June, 1828, he received his first public ovation. "On no former occasion of festivity," says the Boston "Chronicle," "has the old Cradle of Liberty been so beautifully and splendidly decorated as it is to-day, in honor of the *Guest* whom the people of this city delight to honor. The pillars are tastefully embellished with evergreens, and the display of national flags is rich and variegated. From the center of the roof are suspended a number of flags of various colors, which come down in festoons, the ends to be hidden under the green foliage which winds the posts. The end fronting the door is ornamented (in addition to the two pictures of Washington and Faneuil) with a bust of John Adams, encircled with a wreath of flowers, under an arch, on the pillars of which are the names of our principal military and naval heroes. The arch is surrounded with the inscription, 'Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.' Over the doors are placed a ship, a plow, and a shearing-machine, indicating commerce, agriculture, and manufactures. On all sides of the Hall are banners belonging to the various societies and military companies of the city."

The toasts, in the good old fashion of the time, were thirteen in number, and when the second was reached, and the toast-master read, "Our distinguished guest—worthy the noblest homage which freemen can give, or a freeman receive, the homage of their hearts," the five hundred gentlemen gathered

round the tables rose and gave forth shouts of welcome that were heard in the streets. The response of Webster was an explanation of his vote for the tariff and for the bill in aid of the soldiers of the Revolution. It was a defense of his position on internal improvements at federal expense, a condemnation of the political methods of the Jackson party, and a scornful reply to all who hated New England. The burden of the speech was, "Be not narrow-minded." "I was not at liberty," said he, "to look exclusively to the interests of the district in which I live, and which I have heretofore had the high honor of representing. I was to extend my views from Barnstable to Berkshire, to comprehend in it a proper regard for all interests, and a proper respect for all opinions." "It is my opinion, Mr. President, that the present government cannot be maintained but by administering it on principles as wide and broad as the country over which it extends. I mean, of course, no extension of the powers which it confers; but I speak of the spirit with which those powers should be exercised. If there be any doubt whether so many republics, covering so great a portion of the globe, can be long held together under this Constitution, there is no doubt, in my judgment, of the impossibility of so holding them together by any narrow, contracted, local, or selfish system of legislation. To render the Constitution perpetual (which God grant it may be), it is necessary that its benefits should be practically felt by all parts of the country and all interests in the country. The East and the West, the North and the South, must all see their own welfare protected and advanced by it."

While Webster in the summer of 1828 was warning his friends that the Union could not be preserved by a "narrow, contracted, local, or selfish system of legislation," the people of South Carolina, declaring the tariff to be just such a system, were hurrying on toward nullification and the disruption that Webster feared. When news of the passage of the bill reached that State, the flags on the shipping in Charleston harbor were put at half-mast; a great anti-tariff meeting was held, and addresses were made to the people of the State. The governor was urged to assemble the legislature at once; the press, with one voice, called on the people not to wear or use a "tariffed article," and not to buy a horse, a mule, a hog, or a flitch of bacon, a drop of whisky, or a piece of bagging from Kentucky; the Fourth-of-July toasts and speeches abounded





DETAIL OF THE PAINTING BY HEALY IN FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, MASS. HALE-TONE PLATE FINISHED BY H. DAVIDSON.

WEBSTER REPLYING TO HAYNE IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE,  
JANUARY 26, 27, 1830.

(SEE PAGE 244.)

in sentiments of sedition; and when the legislature met in the winter it adopted the "South Carolina Exposition of 1828," in which the doctrine of nullification was well and clearly stated by John C. Calhoun, and sent to Congress a memorial against the tariff. Beyond this the State legislature was not then ready to go; but the Exposition, in pamphlet form, was scattered over the South in the spring of 1829, and found its way in considerable numbers to the North. At last the State-Rights party had a platform drawn by the hand of a master and setting forth its principles boldly, precisely, and in unmistakable terms; and had its champions in the House and the Senate, and its supporters in every State below the Potomac and the Ohio rivers.

But where were the champions and the leaders of the national party? Who was to frame a platform, state principles, and expound the Constitution for those whose motto was, "Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country"? That Webster had seriously meditated the assumption of this task must not be doubted. As a member of the Senate before whom the "Exposition of 1828" was laid, he must have read that famous paper with mingled feelings of indignation and alarm. For thirty years the theme of all his speeches had been love of country, devotion to the Union, the grandeur and meaning of the Constitution. He had preached it to the people of Hanover while a college lad, to the people of Fryeburg while a teacher in their school, to the "Federal Gentlemen of Concord" while a struggling lawyer yet unknown to fame, and had embodied it in the Portsmouth oration in 1812. He had expounded the Constitution in his Brentwood address, in his first set speech in Congress, in the Dartmouth College case, in the case of Gibbons against Ogden, and in the oration on Bunker Hill; and in the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, in glowing terms he had besought his countrymen to guard, preserve, and cherish evermore the "glorious liberty," the "benign institutions," of "our own dear native land." That he should now behold unmoved the growing sentiment of disunion in the South, that he should read with indifference the "Exposition of 1828," is most unlikely. That he resolved to combat the doctrine of nullification when the next occasion offered, and that he prepared himself carefully, is far more in accordance with his habits and his record. Certain it is that when the time came for an answer to

the Exposition he was not unprepared to make it.

The first Congress during the administration of Jackson assembled on December 7, 1829, and for three weeks the Senate did little more than receive petitions and dispose of motions of inquiry. Not one of these motions provoked debate till, on December 29, Senator Foot of Connecticut offered his resolution, which reads: "Resolved, That the Committee on Public Lands be instructed to inquire into the expediency of limiting, for a period, the sales of public lands to such lands only as have heretofore been offered for sale and are subject to entry at the minimum price. And also, whether the office of Surveyor-General may not be abolished without detriment to the public interest." Scarcely had the clerk finished reading when Benton of Missouri was on his feet to demand the object which the mover had in view, and brought on a debate which ended in postponing consideration for a few days. When the resolution was at length taken up, a general discussion followed, and on the 18th of January, 1830, Benton delivered a great speech. During the debate a few days before he had taken occasion to denounce the resolution as an attempt to check immigration to the West; to declare it another outbreak of that hatred of the East for the West manifested over and over again in the course of the last four-and-forty years; and had declared that it was time "to face about and fight a decisive battle in behalf of the West." His speech was intended to open the battle, and the charges of Eastern hostility were now fully stated. To shut the emigrant out of the West and attempt to keep the magnificent valley of the Mississippi a haunt for wild beasts and savage men, instead of making it the home of liberty and civilization, was an injury to the people of the Northeast and to the oppressed of all States and nations. To force poor people in the Northeast to work as journeymen in the manufactories, instead of letting them go to new countries, acquire land, and become independent freeholders, was a horrid and cruel policy. The manufacturers wanted poor people to do their work for small wages. These poor people wished to go West, get land, have their own flocks and herds, orchards and gardens, meadows and dairies, cribs and barns. How to hinder it, how to prevent their straying off in this manner, was the present question. The late Secretary of the Treasury could find no better way than by protection to

domestic manufactures—a most complex scheme of injustice, which taxed the South in order to injure the West and pauperize the poor of the North. That was bad enough, but it was lame, weak, and impotent compared with the scheme now on the table of the Senate—a scheme which proposed to stop the further survey of land, limit the sales to the refuse of innumerable pickings, and break the magnet which was drawing the people of the Northeast to the blooming regions of the West. Mr. Benton then went on to specify six “great and signal attempts to prevent the settlement of the West,” and ended by saying that the hope of the West lay not in itself, but “in that solid phalanx of the South and those scattering reinforcements in the Northeast” which, in times past, “had saved the infant West from being strangled in its birth.”

The debate had now become exciting, and in the course of the next day Mr. Hayne of South Carolina took part. He reviewed the land policy of England, France, and Spain in colonial times, praised its liberality, denounced the meanness of the United States, and drew a dismal picture of the way our government stripped the settler on the public lands of all his money, and then spent it, not in the betterment of the West, but in the East, and so entailed on the hardy frontiersmen, for years to come, universal poverty, lack of money, paper banks, relief laws, and all the evils, social, political, and moral, such a system was sure to produce.

But, sir [he exclaimed], there is another purpose to which it has been supposed the public lands can be applied, still more objectionable. I mean that suggested in a report from the Treasury Department under the late administration, of so regulating the disposition of the public lands as to create and preserve in certain quarters of the Union a population suitable for conducting great manufacturing establishments. . . . Sir, it is bad enough that government should presume to regulate the industry of man; it is sufficiently monstrous that they should attempt, by arbitrary legislation, artificially to adjust and balance the various pursuits of society, and to organize the whole labor and capital of the country. But what shall we say of the resort to such means for these purposes? What! create a manufactory of paupers, in order to enable the rich proprietors of woolen- and cotton-factories to amass wealth? From the bottom of my soul do I abhor and detest the idea that the powers of the federal government should ever be prostituted for such purposes.

While Benton was making his attack on the East Webster was not present in the

Senate, and as no newspaper published speeches the day after they were made, Webster neither heard nor knew what Benton said. But he did hear Hayne, and took notes of the speech, and on the following day made what is known as his first reply to Hayne. Nothing, said he, was further from “my intention than to take any part in the discussion of this resolution, . . . yet opinions were expressed yesterday on the general subject of the public lands, and on some other subjects, by the gentleman from South Carolina, so widely different from my own that I am not willing to let the occasion pass without some reply.” Webster then went on to review and refute at great length the charge that the government had been hard and rigorous in its treatment of the West; that it had sold land in the new States, “and put the money in the treasury, while other governments, acting in a more liberal spirit, gave away their lands”; and came finally “to that part of the gentleman’s speech which has been the main occasion of my addressing the Senate. The East! the obnoxious, the rebuked, the always reproached East! We have come in, sir, on this debate, for even more than a common share of accusation and attack. If the honorable member from South Carolina was not our original accuser, he has yet recited the indictment against us with the air and tone of a public prosecutor. He has summoned us to plead on our arraignment, and he tells us we are charged with the crime of a narrow and selfish policy, of endeavoring to restrain emigration to the West, and, having that object in view, of maintaining a steady opposition to Western measures and Western interests. And the cause of this selfish policy the gentleman finds in the tariff. . . . Sir, I rise to defend the East. I rise to repel both the charge itself, and the cause assigned for it. I deny that the East has at any time shown an illiberal policy toward the West. I pronounce the whole accusation to be without the least foundation. . . . I deny it in general, and I deny each and all its particulars. I deny the sum total, and I deny the detail. I deny that the East has ever manifested hostility to the West, and I deny that she has adopted any policy that would naturally lead her in such a course. But the tariff! the tariff! Sir, I beg to say, in regard to the East, that the original policy of the tariff is not hers, whether it be wise or unwise. New England is not its author.” Having delivered this point-blank and vigorous denial, Web-

full high advanced, its arms <sup>steaming</sup> ~~strophie~~ <sup>steaming</sup>, in  
~~and~~ their agitated limbs, ~~beings~~ <sup>beings</sup>, no further  
~~in matter, no such miserable matter, as what~~  
~~is all this matter~~ not a stripe or a cloud, or  
 polluted, nor a light star descending, - being,  
~~no~~ for its matter, no such miserable  
 interogatory; or what is all that matter,  
 nor these <sup>other</sup> words of delusion Holy, Liberty  
Justice, & Union often said, - but every where,  
 spread all over, in character of living light,  
 blazing on all its ample folds, as they  
<sup>over the great American land, &</sup>  
 float in every wind under the shade  
 of heaven, that other sentiments, dear  
 to every true American heart, Liberty  
 and Union, now forever, one & inseparable.

THE LAST PAGE OF WEBSTER'S MANUSCRIPT OF THE REPLY TO HAYNE. FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, BOSTON.

ster went on to cite the many benefits the East had conferred on the West, - the excellent land system, the Ordinance of 1787, the Cumberland road, - and closed by moving an indefinite postponement of Mr. Foot's resolution.

But scarcely was he seated when Benton rose and began a reply. He was still speaking when the Senate adjourned for the day.

As the news of Webster's speech spread through the city, great excitement was manifest. That Webster, whose coolness and political sagacity were proverbial, should deliberately pass over Benton, and, singling out Hayne, should answer him, astounded

the members from the West and the South. Among the Southern and Western members of both houses, says the New York "Evening Post," the sensation produced was so great that on the next day, when Hayne was expected to reply, there was scarce a quorum in the House of Representatives. The Senate gallery was packed, the lobbies were choked, and ladies, invading the floor of the Senate, took the seats of the senators, till the clerk's desk and the Vice-President's chair, it was jokingly said, were the only spots they did not occupy.

In the presence of the eager and expectant multitude a member rose and asked



that the resolution be postponed till Monday next, as Webster, who wished to be present at the discussion, had engagements out of the Senate and could not conveniently remain. Hayne objected. "I see the gentleman from Massachusetts in his seat, and presume he could make an arrangement which would enable him to be present. I will not deny that some things have fallen from the gentleman which rankled here [touching his breast], from which I would desire at once to relieve myself. The gentleman has discharged his fire in the face of the Senate. I hope he will now afford me the opportunity of returning the shot." While Hayne paused for a reply, Webster rose from his seat and, folding his arms, said, with all the dignity he could command: "I am ready to receive it. Let the discussion proceed." Benton then continued his speech of the day before, while Webster left the Senate to obtain the postponement of his business in court. An hour later he returned, whereupon Benton, who was still speaking, stopped, and yielded the floor to Hayne, who at once began his famous reply. The day was then far spent, and as candle-light was drawing near, Hayne, after an hour's speech, gave way for a motion to adjourn till Monday the 25th of January. We are told by those who were in Washington at the time that as the report that Hayne was answering Webster passed from mouth to mouth, strangers, citizens, and members of Congress could scarcely wait in patience for the three days which must pass before the Senate would again assemble; and that, when the Monday so eagerly wished for came, the mass of humanity struggling for admission to the Senate Chamber surpassed anything ever seen before. "Nothing," says one witness, writing on the evening of the memorable day, "could exceed the crowd which assembled to-day in the Senate to hear the expected speech of Mr. Webster in reply to Mr. Hayne; but Mr. Hayne, keeping all the vantage in his power, occupied the ground until the hour of adjournment, and all that could be heard or seen of Mr. Webster was at the last moment, when he rose and claimed and obtained the floor for to-morrow. Mr. Hayne spoke fluently, warmly, energetically. He, of course, convinced all who are politically opposed to Mr. Webster (or who, out of envy of the luster of his fame, would willingly see his brightness dimmed) that he had obtained a triumph; and such as heard him through, and as may leave the city to-

morrow morning before Mr. Webster can obtain the floor to reply, will doubtless go away with the full conviction that such is the fact. To-day there was no possibility of squeezing into the Senate Chamber after the commencement of the discussion, and to-morrow, I presume, it will be quite as difficult, for I have never witnessed a more intense curiosity than that which now prevails to watch every movement in this political rencounter."

When Hayne finished, the clock in the chamber was marking the hour of four, and Webster having obtained the floor for the following day, the Senate adjourned. His speech, the ever-famous "Reply to Hayne," occupied three hours and a half on Tuesday the 26th, and three more on Wednesday the 27th, before he reached his peroration, and moved the House and gallery to shouts of applause as he uttered "that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The scenes about the Capitol as the debate went on can best be described by those who beheld them. Says one: "I never saw the Senate Chamber so completely taken possession of as it has been since Monday. Long before the hour of meeting, in defiance of a keener northwester than we have experienced since last winter, fairy forms were seen to glide through the cold avenues of the Capitol, as eager to obtain a seat favorable for hearing the expected effusions of master minds as if much more than a moment's gratification were at stake; and by the time the Chair had called to order, the Chamber was filled to overflow." Says another: "Mr. Webster's last speech on Mr. Foot's resolution was one of the most splendid oratorical efforts we have ever heard. Though General Hayne is asserted by the friends of the present administration to possess no ordinary talents, he appeared to a painful disadvantage in comparison with Mr. Webster, whose intellectual power was perhaps never so happily exhibited on any former occasion. At the close of his last speech there was an involuntary burst of admiration in the galleries. His eulogy on South Carolina, his panegyric of Dexter, and his peroration, were unrivaled. His sarcasm was biting; his illustrations happy and luminous; his reasoning conclusive and unanswerable. Never was an adversary so completely and entirely demolished. Every position which General Hayne had taken was prostrated, and his very weapons were thrown



back upon him with a deadly force. The Senate seemed to hang upon the lips of the orator with intense pleasure, and the audience, numerous beyond all former example, paid a just tribute to his genius and power by the admiration which they expressed." A third assures us: "Business in the House lags, the various speakers addressing themselves to almost empty benches since Mr. Webster obtained the floor. He concluded his speech to-day, and it is universally admitted to have been one of the greatest efforts of which the human mind is capable. That it will add to the reputation of Mr. Webster, high as it now stands, no one can doubt. This effort has placed him at an unapproachable distance from all competitors. Faction and prejudice may try to prop the fame of the Bentons, the Haynes, and others, at the expense of Mr. Webster; but there is not an intelligent individual who has listened to this sharp encounter who has not gone from the chamber of legislation fully convinced that Mr. Webster is by far the greatest man in Congress. You cannot walk the streets this afternoon, you cannot enter the door of a mess-room, you cannot approach the fire in the bar-room of a hotel, but you hear this language from every mouth, accompanied with expressions of regret that Mr. Hayne and Mr. Benton should have entered into such an unholy alliance, and have made this premature movement for the purpose of pulling down the East, and planting the South in its room, in the affections of the Western States. This speech of Mr. Webster has occupied about six hours in the delivery, and were it possible to transfer to paper the manner in which it was delivered, to infuse with every report the tone of sarcasm, the curl of the lip, the flush of the cheek, the flash of the eye, by which the language of the orator was frequently enlivened, elucidated, and enforced, then, but not till then, could those who have had no opportunity of hearing this speech be made sensible of the banquet which they have lost."

While praise of this sort was passing from newspaper to newspaper over the country, nobody save those who crowded the Senate Chamber knew what either Hayne or Webster said. A few journals of prominence, and with wide circulation for those days, maintained at the capital correspondents whose daily or weekly letters appeared as soon as the mail could carry them; and it was from such writers that the country first heard of the Webster-Hayne debate. But for the full reports of the speeches, the

press the country over was dependent upon the Washington newspapers, and in this instance the reports were deliberately held back for revision. "We do not know," says the editor of the Philadelphia "Gazette" of February 15, "what has become of Mr. Hayne's and Mr. Webster's speeches." Not till the 17th of February was he able to print a small part of Hayne's reply of January 21, with the remark, "We have at length received from Washington the first part of Mr. Hayne's speech"; and not till February 25, just thirty days after it was delivered, did the people of Philadelphia read the fine opening passage of Webster's second reply to Hayne. March came before it was printed in the New York "Evening Post," and the month was well advanced before a pamphlet edition was issued at Boston.

But Webster's friends and admirers did not wait for the report of the second speech to flood him with praise. As the report of his first speech went abroad, each mail brought letters full of enthusiasm. "I must beg the favor of you," says a Baltimore admirer, "to forward me a copy or two of your speech by the first mail after it is committed to press. I congratulate you most cordially and sincerely upon your triumph in the most signal manner, not only in the estimation of your friends, but of your opponents, who are forced to acknowledge it. From the date of that speech I shall date the rise and successful progress of liberal and enlightened principles in our country. The reign of ignorance must be short and the march of intellect most certain."

"The glorious effect of your patriotic, able, and eloquent defense of New England," writes another, "and the triumphant support you have given to the fundamental principles of the Constitution, are not confined to the capital of the Union. The aroma comes to gladden our hearts, like the spicy gales of Arabia to the distant mariner."

"Never have I heard such universal and ardent expressions of joy and approbation. You have assumed an attitude which the adverse times demanded, and nobly braved the storm that threatened the destruction of our liberties. The dignity and independence of your manner, and the time, all were calculated to produce a result auspicious to our destinies."

"I am," says a third, writing from Columbia, South Carolina, "a son of New England, and proud to claim you as her champion. The friends of Mr. Hayne will be very active in circulating his second speech on

Foot's resolution, and I am anxious to have the antidote to circulate with the bane. You would therefore oblige me by sending me your rejoinder. Receive my warm acknowledgments for your able and manly defense of *my country*, the country of Yankees."

The editor of the "National Intelligencer," a Washington journal, stated that twenty thousand copies, in pamphlet form, were printed in his office, and that he believed

as many more were printed in other cities. Great bundles of these little books were sent to South Carolina to be scattered over the State.

That the second reply to Hayne is Webster's masterpiece is now beyond question. Never again did he equal it in eloquence, in argument, and in earnestness of purpose, nor indeed has any one else. It is to-day the first of American orations.

## GIPSY LULLABY.

BY LULU W. MITCHELL.

REST, my little fledgling, close-cradled on my arm;  
 Nothing near the greenwood-tree breathes to do thee harm.  
 Weary of the mossy bank, weary of the sun,  
 Droop thy tangled head and sleep, laughing, lucky one.  
     For the wind a dream will bring,  
     While the brook sings ever low,  
     And the fairy bells shall ring,  
     And the rainbow fountains flow.  
         Bylo, my baby brown, bylo.

Sleep, my brier rose-bud: all the west goes gray;  
 In the fold the sheep are penned; now the shepherds play  
 On their pipes a merry tune for the lassies' feet;  
 From the starlit pasture-land fluting echoes fleet  
     Prompt the wind a dream to bring,  
     While the brook sings ever low;  
     Now the fairy bells shall ring,  
     Now the rainbow fountains flow.  
         Bylo, my baby brown, bylo.

Slumber in my scarlet cloak, for the night comes chill.  
 Hush! Four-footed forest friends browsing pass. Lie still;  
 Love for thee the stars forecast, love and gold and ease.  
 Shut thine eyes (unquiet one, thou art hard to please!)  
     Till the wind a dream shall bring,  
     While the brook sings ever low,  
     Till the fairy bells shall ring,  
     Till the rainbow fountains flow.  
         Bylo, my baby brown, bylo.

Sleep, to be abroad at dawn, with the bird and bee,  
 Kindred by thy birthday bond—Freedom's ecstasy.  
 Nursling of the open glade, hedge-born, gay, and wild,  
 Round the world I 'll follow thee; so then sleep, my child,  
     That the wind a dream may bring,  
     While the brook sings ever low,  
     And the fairy bells shall ring,  
     And the rainbow fountains flow.  
         Bylo, my baby brown, by—lo.

## WHEN THE GRASS GREW LONG.

BY JOHN M. OSKISON.<sup>1</sup>



TEN years ago every cow-boy in the northern part of the Indian Territory knew "Sermon Billy" Wilson, for he was such a slouchy, tireless, moody, and altogether strange figure that one did not forget his face after once seeing it. Everybody knew that one of Billy's hips was dislocated, and that he walked with a difficult side-swing of his right leg, but none knew or cared how the disfigurement had occurred.

It was when the puncher was seventeen years old that he came to the Territory, leaving a rather miserable Indiana home and the ridicule of an Indiana community behind him. His first job, after he reached the country of wide prairies and wider license, was as horse-rustler for "Jimmy" Thompson, whose ranch skirted the edge of the Paw Paw Creek timber. Jimmy paid ten dollars a month to his puncher, furnished a horse and saddle, and stood ready to act as schoolmaster to the young rustler.

"Look here, Billy," advised the ranchman one day, "this ranch is a long ways from any excitement, an' I know how it is with young bucks like you. Girls an' drink are the general things. I don't like to change punchers ever' month; an' I'd not care if you went down into the timber once in a while. There 's some half-breed girls, an' full-bloods too, that ain't so bad comp'ny as you'd think. Better consider it some."

Billy considered the words of his boss, placing more confidence in them each time he recalled them. He rode past the cabins of the Cherokees, stuck on narrow, fertile strips of open land under the shelter of rocky hills, and watched the girls plodding about their outdoor tasks. At first he could not understand how romance might be fostered here. The girls were rather heavy-bodied, with large, regular, and unresponsive faces. They would not talk to him when he called for a gourd of water or asked to be allowed to rest in the shade of a big live-oak. They brought the water and went

back to their work, or pointed silently to the tree.

But at "Cherokee Jake's" cabin, one day, he gained the daughter's favor by helping to pen a calf that had wormed its way through the milk-lot bars. When Billy, at the third attempt, swung the noose of his lasso over the calf's head, the Indian girl showed her teeth in a smile, and spoke her thanks:

"Much welcome. Awful nice rope. Bad little *oyah* [sheep]!" And Billy felt that he had made distinct progress.

The little puncher had occasion to ride that way often afterward, and, noting the growing cheerfulness of his rustler, Jimmy Thompson reflected: "If there was any white girls in sight that was n't a darn sight worse than the Indians, I'd rather he'd take up with them; but the way it is, the Cherokees are the best. I reckon he'll marry her some of these days, settle down on his corn-patch, an' raise shotes an' two calves ever' year."

It could scarcely be called a courting, this unconscious fluttering of the young puncher about the cabin; for old Jake, Jake's wife, and "Jinnie Jake," as the girl was called, apparently accepted him as only another piece of furniture to be given room, when necessary, in a crowded cabin. But Billy knew they were friendly, and his desire for female companionship was almost satisfied.

Before the great herds of cattle from Texas were turned loose on the prairies, the grass grew incredibly tall and thick every year, and in the late fall great fires raced across the country, leaving it black and bare. Ranchmen who were thus early settled in the country provided fire-guards—strips of grass cut while green, left to dry, and burned—to protect their ranges from destruction. The Indians generally provided the same protection for themselves; but sometimes they would forget, and be forced to build again after the annual conflagration.

A year after Billy had hired himself to Jimmy Thompson, at the end of a remarkably dry and hot summer, the prairie fires began to break out earlier than usual. A

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black cloud of smoke rolling up from the west side of Paw Paw attracted Jimmy's attention one day. Calling to Billy to follow, he rode over to drive his cattle to a place of safety on his own range.

Reaching the open prairie, on the edge of which was Cherokee Jake's cabin, the ranchman took in the situation at once, and instructed Billy: "I can get the steers back all right by myself. You'd better go over to Jake's cabin an' see if they're all safe. If they ain't burnt a fire-guard, get 'em away to my side the creek—an' hurry!" The fire was sweeping across the open furiously.

In this strip of country, west of the creek, and lying east of a range of low, black-jack-covered hills, where few cattle ever grazed, the grass grew to the height of a rider's cinch-buckle. The day was hot, and the air was dry; the long stems of the dried grass were like trains of cotton. From the south the wind carried the flames straight up the valley, forcing the wild prairie-chickens and rabbits to scurry for safety to the timber on each side. Billy spurred his pony in front of the line of fire, beating it to Jake's cabin with a margin of only a few minutes.

As he rode near the cabin he saw Jake, Jake's wife, and the girl standing outside the cabin, apparently unconcerned and delighted with the spectacle. Billy decided that they must have burned a fire-guard about their home since he had been there two days before; but when he came up to the three he saw the mistake. Jake stood near the cabin with an old wet grain-sack in his hand, waiting to beat out the flames when they should come up to him. Jake had never before neglected a fire-guard, and he did not understand the resistlessness of a prairie fire. Jinnie Jake held another wet cloth, ready to help with the fighting, and the mother had carried two pails of water from the spring to keep the sacks wetted. There was an element of humor in the situation that appealed to Billy, and he muttered to himself: "Darnedest funniest bucket outfit I ever seen!" He had seen and applauded the drills of the Plainfield, Indiana, bucket brigade. He turned to Jake, and shouted: "Git out o' here, quick! This way," and he pointed toward the creek. Old Jake only grunted, gripped his sack firmly, and looked toward the roaring line of smoke, which rolled up in thick, black clouds, rose for an instant as the flames leaped out over the tops of the yet unburned grass, then closed down, and pressed forward with new speed.

"Git out, git out, quick!" the puncher screamed above the roar.

But now the answer was a half-crazy, exultant light in the old Indian's eyes and a vigorous shake of the head.

"Here, you two, git on my horse an' ride for the timber!" Billy turned to the two women standing stolidly at one side.

"No," said the girl, shortly; "we stay, put out the fire. You help."

But the old woman weakened. Bits of charred grass-tops, carried up in the billows of flame, fell about them; the crackling of dry stems, snapped by flashes of outreaching fire, could be plainly heard. Billy noticed the woman's willingness, and carried her bodily to his horse. Then he turned to the girl, and tried to place her behind the mother. Jinnie only pushed him away with powerful arms, and stood defiant at her father's side. The mother galloped away safely to the creek when she saw that Jinnie would not come. The young puncher was desperate.

"Don't be such awful fools! Are you crazy?" He shouted the words in Jake's ear, and seized the Indian's arm to drag him away. The fascination of the oncoming wall of destruction was upon the full-blood; he was mad with the impulse to save his home. He grabbed the little puncher as one might grab a furious, irritating terrier, and threw him against the corner of the log-cabin with crushing force. A jutting log, left rough and sharp-edged at the corner, stopped Billy's fall, smashing his hip, and stunning him for a moment. When the girl saw her father fling Billy against the corner of the cabin, and heard the thud of the impact and the groan of pain that escaped him, she ran to the fallen form with a single comprehending cry: "Oh!" In the one exclamation she loosed all of that which we call love and tenderness, which had been so long and so carefully hidden. Billy regained his senses, tried to rise, and fell back limp with pain.

"Git to water—the well—the spring—quick!" he gasped, and the whirling smoke-clouds made breathing difficult.

The Indian girl picked him up in her arms and ran to the spring. She shouted over her shoulder for old Jake to follow. As well have shouted to the fluttering, frightened bird as it flew into the singeing heat to its late-built nest! Jake put down his head with a fierce shake of his long black hair, seized the wet rag with both hands, and plunged into the consuming flames. The

girl saw him disappear as she put Billy on the ground at the edge of the shallow, walled-in well. She dipped some water from the spring with her hands, and dashed it in the face of the young puncher, for she saw

of the pool. She leaned over to see if he was completely covered and conscious, and when she rose, she whispered to herself: "Maybe so, save him, little fellow!" There was no chance for the girl to escape now.



DRAWN BY CHARLES SCHREYVOGEL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVID.

THE RESCUE.

the faintness that was coming upon him. The flames leaped up the side of the cabin, and the smoke swallowed it up. Then the fire raced on toward the two at the spring.

"Maybe so, this way!" the girl half sobbed to herself as the heat singed her hair; then she plunged the body of the puncher into the spring. The water was not deep enough to cover the upright man, and she forced him to his knees on the bottom

She knew that in the narrow spring there was not room for two, and, turning away, she disappeared in the crackling bed of flames. She went into the choking, blinding, cinder-laden smoke to find old Jake.

When Jimmy Thompson rode back with the frightened old Indian woman, he found some twisted bucket-hoops and two charred skeletons. The cabin was blazing furiously, and Jimmy wondered where he would find



Billy's bones. While hunting for them, he discovered the little puncher, half drowned, struggling to get out of the spring. Jimmy pulled him free, and allowed him to faint; but before he lost consciousness Billy broke out angrily:

"Fools!" Then questioningly: "What come o' the girl? Think she done somethin' for me, did n't she?"

"Maybe she did," agreed Jimmy, though Billy had fainted and did not hear the answer.

## ANGUS PETE.

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

*(The big log house of Marc de Chambault, Seigneur of Ste. Cécile. Lezotte at a window that looks out on the wood. She speaks:)*

"DOES the shadow of that dark spruce stir  
There by the wood of moonlit fir?  
Some spruce whose top the white clouds meet,  
Taller even than Angus Pete:  
O grave, tall tree, confessor-wise  
Now thrive a girl of love and sighs!

"My father by a seigneur's right  
Holds forest of spruce and clearings bright;  
You, Angus Pete, have got no farm,  
But where 's the match for your strong arm!

"Voyageur Pierre once raced with you,  
And when your paddle broke in two,  
You used instead your broad right hand;  
'T was your canoe shot first to land!

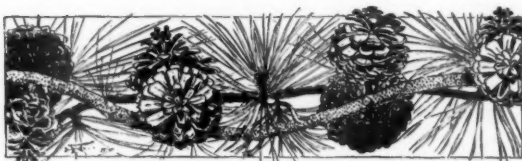
"Big Jean the chopper swung at a spruce  
And scarce could pull the ax-blade loose;  
You swung the ax—two men must strain  
To get the keen blade out again!

"Before the wolves a moose-bull fled;  
Your clenched hand has struck him dead,  
And when the fierce wolves claimed their prey,  
They looked at you and slunk away!

"If a girl could have you, who would not!  
Hear me, O spruce—"

*(The voice of Angus Pete:)*

"'T is I, Lezotte!  
Waste no more words on a senseless tree;  
The true priest waits for you and me!"



## MY DOG.

(A HAMLET IN OLD HAMPSHIRE.)

BY ANNA LEA MERRITT.



HIS chapter is devoted to my dog. It is a sad chapter, for this dog proved faithful and human beyond words, and its mistress but a faithless cur. It is the only friendship which I have ever deserted, and even now the bond may be renewed if the dear creature will forgive.

It began with a tramp—a big, bold, burly tramp who knocked at the kitchen door and demanded broken china to rivet. Now, the maid who then served me was that sort of maid who runs very fast when carrying a tray, looking backward meanwhile, thus causing many things of brittle nature to fly off and break. If she carried a chair from one room to the next she would hold it horizontally, so that either legs or back could not get through the door, and as her impetus did not allow her to stop, legs or back usually fell off. Therefore was she glad to find a tramp ready to repair, and she handed him a vegetable-dish with a division-piece in the middle that her strong hand had disconnected. Later on, the bold, bad tramp reappeared at the front door and demanded two shillings and sixpence for putting in a rivet. This he had done by drilling a hole through the bottom of the dish, which would consequently leak, and the condition thereof be worse than before. I explained that sixpence was the usual price of a rivet. He returned the message that that rivet was of an extraordinary kind; which indeed it was, for with thumb and finger I straightway picked it out and returned it. Whereupon he became furious. I sent word that he could have one shilling—no more. His fury became a hurricane, and he deposited the rivet on a window-sill, demanding half a crown, and threatening his permanent company. I drew my bolts, and despatched the nimble maid over the fields back of the cottage in search of the policeman, while I retired to the upper floor, keeping watch over the excited man and feeling like the solitary defender of a fortress. From behind my thin curtains I could look calmly down upon the enemy, who grew with every breath redder

and louder. From above I announced that the shilling was ready for him, but a witness would be required to the payment. It was the hour when men should return from the fields and pass my door, but never had they seemed so slow; and meanwhile the foe announced that he adhered to the demand for two shillings and sixpence, and that he was prepared to use bad language if refused. No doubt he had a grand vocabulary in this kind of language, for his words came faster and fiercer; but what did it profit him? It is a fine thing to have command of language. It is a fine thing to fling winged words upon the stillness of a summer afternoon, but if they are words that no one understands, of what use? Study language, by all means; but if you speak German to a Chinese or Arabic to an American, or bad language to a lady, it is really a waste of feeling to resent what she cannot understand. Some of his words, such as "bloody" and "d—," I had known about. They are sometimes seen in print in "Punch," and a big, big D— even played an important part in a celebrated operetta. These I knew, but the next of his remarks was of no meaning. His face grew so red in this effort that I feared an attack of apoplexy, and calmly and gently looked out of my window and softly begged him not to tire himself, which only made him the more furious.

A full half-hour had passed and still no policeman; no swift maid to herald his coming. The village women had hurried away from the terrible roar of the tramp and left me to my solitary defiance. I hoped they would tell the nearest farmer, but hoped in vain. When the laborers were passing from the fields the tramp bellowed out for his half-crown. When there was no one to witness, he would signify his willingness to accept a shilling, but I knew he would afterward demand more. It is curious what a sense of superiority is found in a mind *sibi conscia recti*.

I felt quite unruffled and only anxious for his health and escape from fits, while he continued to bellow the louder, to the great injury of his health.



PAINTING BY ANNA LEA MEYER. FROM THE PRINT, BY FURNISHING OF HERBERT, RAPHAIL TUCK & SONS CO. HALFTONE PLATE FINISHED BY H. DAVIDSON.

### MERRY MAIDS.

At last, what was that? A little skirmish of petticoats bringing news of relief. Some village women, not venturing too near, called out that the policeman was coming, and the steady, unhurrying steps of the well-shod man of the law rang out down the flinty road. "Chuck it out! Chuck it out!" roared the tramp; so, having witnesses to my payment, out of the window I "chucked" the shilling, wrapped in white paper to mark its flight. The man snatched it up quickly, and scuttled up the hill at a good pace, saving his breath for the steep climb.

A holy silence fell on the hot July evening, and a languor of fatigue possessed my wearied ears. The wretch well out of sight, a number of defenders and sympathizers appeared who had been unaccountably invisible through the brunt of the fray, and I could only feel thankful that bad language had not been included in my early studies, as, for once, want of knowledge proved a safe thing. There must be a dog, said the farmers; certainly a lone woman must have a dog. But while waiting for them to hear of a desirable canine protector, I proceeded to a shop, bought the largest pair of hobnailed shoes on the premises, put in old laces, and dragged them in mud. Made properly crusty and worn-looking, they stood for many a day just outside the kitchen door waiting to be cleaned—and striking terror into all travelers.

A few days after, a dog was announced. A beautiful creature, my friendly farmer said. It would lie quiet and never disturb me at my painting—and I could have it for half a guinea. Its master was parting with it because it was of no use with cows. It had only one fault: it was a female. "Dear me!" I thought, "here too, even in the animal world, are women-folks at a discount. Poor dear! Let her come to me. I quite sympathize with her views of cows feminine." So she came, Lady by name, fine lady by character. Of course she would not herd cows—a creature of greyhound and deerhound breed! Believe me, the mixed race enhanced her charms of character and intelligence. Her beautiful large eyes had the deepest gaze, and how pretty were her little velvet ears! Her mouth could open almost as wide as a crocodile's, displaying a set of terrible teeth—alarming indeed to those who knew her not. So tall was she that she was able to stand with a paw on my shoulder and lick my cheek. Dear Lady, how often she took this engaging familiarity, gazing at me eye to eye, transferring her thoughts to mine, and entreating compliance! All day we

worked together in the studio, I standing, Lady stretched at length on a soft rug, with eyes fixed upon me, waiting. I stand at my easel; but sometimes, and that rarely, sit down for a minute, not so much for rest as for reflection. On these occasions Lady quickly would have her elbows on my lap and her face close to mine, with a lick too affectionate to be altogether forbidden, and saying in her gaze-language, "How much longer is this stupid painting going to continue?" At four o'clock we had our tea together on the lawn. Lady had a large cup just like mine and bread and butter, her favorite meal. This consumed, painting was intolerable to her. The beautiful hour was approaching, the breeze from the hill bore the fragrance of the down, and perhaps some sniff of rabbits and hares in their pleasant upland pastures. Lady would not let me go back to studio painting. At full height on end, with paws on my shoulders, she would bar the way to the studio, and her dark eyes meant: "Come away up the hill, away to the common or the woods! Come away! come away!" and I promised. Then she watched at the door while I prepared my light sketching-materials, and off we went.

Never was there such an ill-assorted couple—a little elderly lady decidedly thick for her height, fat, and scant of breath, laden with paint-box and brushes, and perhaps a pole-easel and umbrella, somewhat tired, too, with having stood already seven hours at the easel, accompanied by a hound built for the extreme of swiftness, every muscle perfect to its use, bounding and joyous after long idleness, with a pure joy to leap the gate backward and forward, circling around me as a gull on the wing around a panting steamship. On like an arrow, then back again to encourage me, she ran, with a flying caper to lick off my eye-glass, perhaps—a terrible mishap, but forgiven. Many the mile we walked thus together. But the dear dog never realized how many and many a time her poor mistress came home tired out and exhausted with a modest five-mile run, the merest stroll. A great inducement to the walk was to watch her graceful movement, the exquisite curve of her bounding form, the flexibility, the ease, the grace. What a wonderful thing to be so made for speed and beauty! The dear creature commiserated my slowness, and often returned, to pace demurely at my side with affectionate, inquiring eyes uplifted, and obedient to the softest word. At the approach of people or vehicles she instantly drew beside me and

assumed the air of guardian. No one then seeing her could have guessed that she was thinking chiefly of rabbits. Her real plan in these excursions was to find a nice place for me to establish the easel, open the umbrella, and take out the paints. While these preparations were being completed she lay on the velvety turf, basking in contentment and absorbed in my arrangements; but when the sketch was begun she gradually changed her position, so as to be behind me and give the flattering impression that she was watching the progress of the picture. Sometimes she strayed a little farther, just to take a view from the higher path, but flew back on my lightest call. When at last I became really intent, with both eyes on my work, her little digressions were unnoticed, and then silently on tiptoe, not so much as stirring a dead leaf, and carefully keeping to the noiseless turf, away went Lady. What has possessed that wheat-field? Is it a wind rustling the ripening grain? What a curious ripple it has far down the valley! How swiftly in circles and eddies flows the curious wave, and now, good heavens! there is the bounding Lady in the midst of the whirlpool of rustling wheat, springing entirely above it, just to take an observation, and then diving below. Oh, if only I could whistle! But I can't. To call "Lady! Lady!" at the top of my voice will only carry the news of her delinquency to every farm-house in the valley. In this still air, when the fields are growing and labor is at rest, a whisper can be heard for miles.

"Oh, Lady, Lady, how unkind of you! You little cheat, you dreadful dog, come back, and don't disgrace me! Dear Lady, oh, dear dog, come back!"

A poor flying hare darts out of the hedge, over the road, past me, through another hedge, and Lady after it, deaf now to all entreaty. Could I expect a human being in the hour of success to heed my call? The poor hare doubles again through the briers, and Lady too, and quickly the chase is ended. I hide my eyes while the triumphant dog endeavors dutifully to bring me her present of game. "Foolish person," she thinks, "who cares not for the fine supper provided!" Luckily the postman is just coming up the hill, and a laborer from the opposite direction. They receive the half-dead hare, and quickly end its pain, and will give it to its rightful owner. "But that's a good dog," they say; "a fine dog." And Lady, aware only of a success which few hounds single-handed can achieve, comes to me, radiant for ap-

proval. Dear Lady, how can I scold her! She had spent half her young life acquiring this very accomplishment, and she brought her booty faithfully home. Dear dog, don't do it again! So the next time we go afield I must carry a chain, and the only post to fasten it to happens to be my own ankle. It is quite inconvenient to both of us. Lady alternates patience with entreaties. When I am balanced on a very small folding-seat, with a palette in one hand and a brush in the other, and a little upsetting easel in front, it is not a well-chosen moment for a dog of her size to climb upon my lap. As there is no place to put down my brushes and colors, we all upset together, and come out of it considerably variegated from the palette. A general cleaning wastes much more of the beautiful afternoon, and then we begin again, Lady fast to my foot. The farmer who had introduced her rides by, and stops to approve. "If you want a good dog, you must never be separated from it," he tells me.

What, never! My heart does sink a little at the thought that in taking this dear companion for protection against tramps I am really chaining myself to the dog. Tramping is not at all suited to my physique, and now even my sketches must be made far from any tempting cover. It is a duty, no doubt, when one belongs to an animal, to serve it faithfully. The weak are ever the masters of the strong, is an old saying, and here Lady must be the weaker, for clearly she is the master. She has also a silent contempt for my painting that is really discouraging. For many months together I see no one but Lady, have no other friend at hand, and naturally it is depressing to have my constant occupation considered foolish. She certainly does think it foolish, and lies there gazing at me, thinking: "Foolish, foolish mistress! Is it trying to copy God's works you are? Give it up. There's no sunlight in your colors—nothing but petroleum and dirty paint. Throw away this thin image; come into the real fields up the hillside, close to the hedge fragrant with honeysuckle and sweetbrier. I'll show you where partridges are hiding; I'll startle them out of their cover in the growing wheat. Come up to the common, where the last sunlight lingers; the rabbits are venturing out into the dusk to bite the dewy grass. We will rush in among them like a tempest, and scatter them to the winds. Grand fun it is; and one or two I'll catch for our supper."

The entreating eyes said all this, and made



me obey in all points save the catching of a rabbit. A little chase I'd sometimes allow when the game was there in hundreds, for on such occasions they always got off. The multitude seemed bewildering, or perhaps the dog only enjoyed scattering them.

In these long walks I realized the troubles and cares of guardian angels, and often thought of them with sympathy and commiseration. It must be weary work for an angel to have a pet human, and be bound to follow him everywhere on foot or in thought—to be always there, saying, "Don't! Don't!" Think what a lot this must be for one of the heavenly choir! A human child, or even man, like the hound, would fain dart away after every wild hare that crosses its path, and perhaps is less obedient than the hound to the voice of the master. Lady would pace by my side, stepping on tiptoes in the softest place to make no sound, quivering from nostril to tip of tail with eagerness to be off, with bunnies on all sides feeding on the grassy lanes, skipping in and out of the copse and bracken; but always she obeyed my voice gently saying, "No, dear dog; not now. No; keep close." She would walk through a warren and touch nothing, if I kept repeating my caution. The position of guardian angel is fatiguing, however, and there were occasions when other thoughts preoccupied me. Not her fault, poor dog, but mine, that she fell into temptation. Do the angels bear the blame of our lapses?

More and more hypnotic influence was acquired by Lady. She dined at my table on gooseberry tart, omelets, and curry. Did you ever taste dog-biscuits? The insipidity of such food is an insult to a canine epicure. In the evening she lay on a small Chippendale settee, and I sat beside her, holding her hand. She had a comfortable bedroom and a proper bed spread with a sheet. My friends, the few that I saw at long intervals, got an impression that my table-talk was all doggerel, and did not hesitate to speak slightly of my better self. They saw, perhaps, that, like one in a trance, I could not choose but do her will.

There came at last an unavoidable separation. I was obliged to leave England for six months, and a kind friend, who kept a carriage, offered to receive as a guest the personage called my tyrant. We started in the train together. Lady had forebodings, and

she pressed close to my side; at last, at the junction, with one sorrowing embrace, I handed her chain to a porter. The tears were on my cheek—and on hers, dear Lady.

There was not a day of my long absence that was not cheered by thoughts of her gentle affection; and yet a certain sense of repose and freedom, quite new, was perceptibly, palpably felt. How pleasant to hold a book without that black little nose immediately shoving it away! It was a comfort to sew occasionally; and as for pictures, a great many ideas came to me, and I could really concentrate attention upon such work.

As months went by and former habits were resumed and the thread of earlier life was taken up, it sometimes seemed a pity that a person of some little attainment and education should be directed by a dog. Still, I longed to see her again; I remembered daily more of her grace and charm, I forgot my fetters. As soon as I reached home, dear Lady was sent for. Glad she was to see me. She ran at once to the grass, where she rolled, as was her wont, to be brushed; for she always had ordered me to spend half an hour of the best morning light brushing and polishing her coat. The old life began again at once, just where we had broken off.

But—here is my humiliation—it was I who failed. It was I, alas! who now called it slavery, and talked in my mind about ambition, pictures—nay, work and livelihood itself, sacrificed to humor a dog. Something within me had changed; fickleness, alas!

When it was known that I wished to part with my Lady, every laborer in the village offered to keep her. She was indeed a valuable helpmate for any one who relished rabbit or hare. But Lady returned to the kind friend with the carriage. It is the carriage and the horse that she loves; she will not step inside the house or make friends with her mistress. Poor dog! No doubt she fears we are all fickle. But I long to see her, and perhaps we might pull together again.

Another dog has come to live here and frighten tramps—a useful little dog, which is always amused and needs no companionship. He plays with other dogs, of the nicer sort, and lives in the kitchen, and in winter days he trots down to the shop where many dogs assemble to discuss affairs and make notes of passers-by. I have nothing to say to him.



## IN EXTREMIS.

BY E. B. FINDLAY.

NOT only when my shuddering heart shall faint,  
When Death's last arrow shall my flesh assail,  
But when I face the strong demand of Life,  
Let me not fail.

When I shall take my hand from off the plow,  
Or, tired, slip the burden, shun the heat,  
From ease and shade to furrow or to road  
Turn Thou my feet.

When I the higher note no longer hear,  
But Earth's poor piping follow with the throng,  
Quicken again my heavy ear and dull  
To heavenly song.

When, blurred by greed, my eyes are beauty-blind,  
And gilded prizes lofty aims efface,  
Or for low gains I barter my high hopes  
In market-place,  
When my soul swoons, when my ideals fade,  
Strength of my strength, come then unto my aid.



## D'RI AND I

A Border Tale of 1812  
Being the Memoirs of  
Colonel Ramon Bell

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden" "The Master of Silence" etc

### XII.

I FOUND the door, and D'ri flung our "duds" into the darkness that lay beyond it. Then he made down the ladder, and I after him. It was pitch-dark in the cellar—a deep, dank place with a rank odor of rotting potatoes. We groped our way to a corner, and stood listening. We heard the tramp of horses in the dooryard and the clink of spurs on the stone step.

"Ah, my good woman," said a man with a marked English accent, "have you seen any Yankees? Woods are full of them around here. No? Well, by Jove! you're a good-looking woman. Will you give me a kiss?"

He crossed the floor above us, and she was backing away.

"Come, come, don't be so shy, my pretty woman," said he, and then we could hear her struggling up and down the floor. I was climbing the ladder, in the midst of it, my

face burning with anger, and D'ri was at my heels. As the door opened I saw she had fallen. The trooper was bending to kiss her. I had him by the collar and had hauled him down before he discovered us. In a twinkling D'ri had stripped him of sword and pistol. But it was one of the most hopeless situations in all my life. Many muzzles were pointing at us through the door and window. Another hostile move from either would have ended our history then and there. I let go, and stood back. The man got to his feet—a handsome soldier in the full uniform of a British captain.

"Ah, there's a fine pair!" he said coolly, whipping a leg of his trousers with his glove. "I'll teach you better manners, my young fellow. Some o' those shipwrecked Yankees," he added, turning to his men. "If they move without an order, pin 'em up to the wall."

He picked up his hat leisurely, stepping in front of D'ri.

"Now, my obliging friend," said he, holding out his hand, "I'll trouble you for my sword and pistol."

D'ri glanced over at me, an ugly look in his eye. He would have fought to his death then and there if I had given him the word. He was game to the core when once his blood was up, the same old D'ri.

"Don't fight," I said.

He had cocked the pistol, and stood braced, the sword in his right hand. I noticed a little quiver in the great sinews of his wrist. I expected to see that point of steel shoot, with a quick stab, into the scarlet blouse before me.

"Shoot 'n' be damned!" said D'ri. "'Fore I die ye'll hev a hole er tew'n thet air karkiss o' yourn. Sha'n't give up no weep on till ye've gin me yer word ye'll let thet air woman alone."

I expected a volley then. A very serious look came over the face of the captain. He wiped his brow with a handkerchief. I could see that he had been drinking.

"Ah, I see! You have an interest in her. Well, my man, I want no share in your treasures. I accept the condition."

Evil as was the flavor of this poor concession, D'ri made the best of it.

"She's an honest woman for all I know," said he, handing over the weapons. "Ain't a-goin' t' see no ledy mishused—nut ef I can help it."

We gave ourselves up hand and foot to the enemy; there was no way out of it. I have read in the story-books how men of great nerve and skill have slaughtered five

to one, escaping with no great loss of blood. Well, of a brave man I like to believe good things. My own eyes have seen what has made me slow to doubt a story of prowess that has even the merit of possibility. But when there are only two of you, and one without arms, and you are in a corner, and there are ten pistols pointing at you a few feet away, and as many sabers ready to be drawn, I say no power less remarkable than that of God or a novelist can bring you out of your difficulty. You have your choice of two evils—surrender or be cut to pieces. We had neither of us any longing to be slashed with steel and bored with bullets, and to no end but a good epitaph.

They searched the cellar and found our clothes, and wrapped them in a bundle. Then they tied our hands behind us and took us along the road on which I had lately ridden. A crowd came jeering to the highway as we passed the little village. It was my great fear that somebody would recognize either one or both of us.

Four of our men were sitting in a guard-house at the British camp. After noon mess a teamster drove up with a big wagon. Guards came and shackled us in pairs, D'ri being wrist to wrist with me. They put a chain and ball on D'ri's leg also. I wondered why, for no other was treated with like respect. Then they bundled us all into the wagon, now surrounded by impatient cavalry. They put a blindfold over the eyes of each prisoner, and went away at a lively pace. We rode a long time, as it seemed to me, and by and by I knew we had come to a city, for I could hear the passing of many wagons and the murmur of a crowd. Some were shouting, "Shoot the d—d Yankees!" and now and then a missile struck among us. There is nothing so heartless and unthinking as a crowd, the world over. I could tell, presently, by the creak of the eveners and the stroke of the hoofs, that we were climbing a long hill. We stopped shortly; then they began helping us out. They led us forward a few paces, the chain rattling on a stone pavement. When we heard the bang of an iron door behind us, they unlocked the heavy fetter. This done, they led us along a gravel walk and over a sounding stretch of boards,—a bridge, I have always thought,—through another heavy door and down a winding flight of stone steps. They led us on through dark passages, over stone paving, and halted us, after a long walk, letting our eyes free. We were in black darkness. There were two guards before and two be-

hind us bearing candles. They unshackled us, and opened a lattice door of heavy iron, bidding us enter. I knew then that we were going into a dungeon, deep under the walls of a British fort somewhere on the frontier. A thought stung me as D'ri and I entered this black hole and sat upon a heap of straw. Was this to be the end of our fighting and of us?

"You can have a candle a day," said a guard as he blew out the one he carried, laying it, with a tinder-box, on a shelf in the wall of rock beside me. Then they filed out, and the narrow door shut with a loud bang. We peered through at the fading flicker of the candles. They threw wavering, ghostly shadows on every wall of the dark passage, and suddenly went out of sight. We both stood listening a moment.

"Curse the luck!" I whispered presently. "Jest es helpless es if we was hung up by the heels," said D'ri, groping his way to the straw pile. "Ain' no use gittin' wrathy."

"What 'll we do?" I whispered. "Dunno," said he; "an' when ye dunno whut t' dew, don' dew nuthin'. Jest stan' still; thet 's whut I b'lieve in."

He lighted the candle, and went about, pouring its glow upon every wall and into every crack and corner of our cell—a small chamber set firm in masonry, with a ceiling so far above our heads we could see it but dimly, the candle lifted arm's-length.

"Judas Priest!" said D'ri, as he stopped the light with thumb and finger. "I'm goin' t' set here 'n th' straw luk an ol' hen 'n' ile up m' thinker 'n' set 'er goin'. One o' them kind hes t' keep 'is mouth shet er he can't never dew no thinkin'. Bymby, like es not, I 'll hev suthin' t' say et 'll 'mount t' suthin'."

We lay back on the straw in silence. I did a lot of thinking that brought me little hope. Thoughts of Louison and Louise soon led me out of prison. After a little time I went philandering in the groves of the baroness with the two incomparable young ladies. I would willingly have stood for another bullet if I could have had another month of their company. The next thought of my troubles came with the opening of the iron door. I had been sound asleep. A guard came in with water and a pot of stewed beef and potatoes.

"Thet air 's all right," said D'ri, dipping into it with a spoon.

We ate with a fine relish, the guard, a sullen, silent man with a rough voice that came out of a bristling mustache, standing by the door.

"Luk a-here," said D'ri to the guard as

we finished eating, "I want t' ast you a question. Ef you hed a purty comf'table hum on t' other side, 'n' tew thousan' dollars 'n the bank, 'n' hosses 'n' ev'rything fixed fer a good time, 'n' all uv a sudden ye found yerself 'n sech a gol-dum dungeon es this here, what 'u'd you dew?"

The guard was fixing the wick of his candle, and made no answer.

"Want ye t' think it all over," said D'ri. "See ef ye can't think o' suthin' soothin' t' say. God knows we need it."

The guard went away without answering. "Got him thinkin'," said D'ri, as he lighted the candle. "He can help us some, mebbe. Would n't wonder ef he was good et cipherin'."

"If he offered to take the two thousand, I don't see how we'd give it to him," said I. "He would n't take our promise for it."

"Thet ain' a-goin' t' bother us any," said D'ri. "Hed thet all figgered out long ago."

He gave me the candle and lay down, holding his ear close to the stone floor and listening. Three times he shifted his ear from one point to another. Then he beckoned to me.

"Jest hol' yer ear there 'n' listen," he whispered.

I gave him the candle, and with my ear to the floor I could hear the flow of water below us. The sound went away in the distance and then out of hearing. After a while it came again.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"Cipherin' a leetle over thet air," said he, as he made a long scratch on the floor with his flint. Then he rubbed his chin, looking down at it. "Hain' jest eggzac'ly med up my mind yit," he added.

We blew out the light and lay back, whispering. Then presently we heard the coming of footsteps. Two men came to the door with a candle, one being the guard we knew.

"Come, young fellow," said the latter, as he unlocked the door and beckoned to me; "they want you up-stairs."

We both got to our feet.

"Not you," he growled, waving D'ri back. "Not ready fer you yet."

He laid hold of my elbow and snapped a shackle on my wrist. Then they led me out, closing the door with a bang that echoed in the far reaches of the dark alley, and tied a thick cloth over my eyes.

"Good luck!" D'ri cried out as they took me away.

"For both," I answered as cheerfully as I could.

They led me through winding passages and iron doors, with that horrible clank of the prison latch, and up flights of stone till I felt as lost as one might who falls whirling in the air from a great height. We soon came out upon a walk of gravel, where I could feel the sweet air blowing into my face. A few minutes more and we halted, where the guard, who had hold of my elbow, rang a bell. As the door swung open they led me in upon a soft carpet. Through the cloth I could see a light.

"Bring him in, bring him in!" a voice commanded impatiently—a deep, heavy voice the sound of which I have not yet forgotten. The guard was afraid of it. His hand trembled as he led me on.

"Take off the blindfold," said that voice again.

As it fell away, I found myself in a large and beautiful room. My eyes were dazzled by the light of many candles, and for a little I had to close them. I stood before two men. One sat facing me at a black table of carved oak—a man of middle age, in the uniform of a British general. Stout and handsome, with brown eyes, dark hair and mustache now half white, and nose aquiline by the least turn, he impressed me as have few men that ever crossed my path. A young man sat lounging easily in a big chair beside him, his legs crossed, his delicate fingers teasing a thin mustache. I noticed that his hands were slim and hairy. He glanced up at me as soon as I could bear the light. Then he sat looking idly at the carpet.

The silence of the room was broken only by the scratch of a quill in the hand of the general. I glanced about me. On the wall was a large painting that held my eye: there was something familiar in the face. I saw presently it was that of the officer I had fought in the woods, the one who fell before me. I turned my head; the young man was looking up at me. A smile had parted his lips. They were the lips of a rake, it seemed to me. A fine set of teeth showed between them.

"Do you know him?" he asked coolly.

"I have not the honor," was my reply.

"What is your name?" the general demanded in the deep tone I had heard before.

"Pardon me," said the young man, quietly, as if he were now weary of the matter, "I do not think it necessary."

There was a bit of silence. The general looked thoughtfully at the young man.

"If your Lordship will let me—" he went on.

"My dear sir," the other interrupted, in the same weary and lethargic manner, "I can get more reliable knowledge from other sources. Let the fellow go back."

"That will do," said the general to the guard, who then covered my eyes and led me back to prison.

Lying there in the dark, I told D'ri all I knew of my mysterious journey. My account of the young man roused him to the soul.

"Wha' kind uv a nose hed he?" he inquired.

"Roman," I said.

"Bent in at the p'int a leetle?"

"Yes."

"And black hair shingled short?"

"Yes."

"An' tall, an' a kind uv a nasty, snookin', mis'able-lookin' cuss?"

"Just about the look of him," I said.

"Judas Priest! He's one o' them sneks et tuk me when you was fightin' t' other feller over there 'n the woods."

"Looks rather bad for us," I remarked.

"Does hev a ruther squeaky luk tew it," said he. "All we got t' dew is t' keep breathin' jest es nat'ral 'n' easy es can be till we fergit how. May fool 'em fust they know."

I had a high notion, those days, of the duty of a soldier. My father had always told me there was no greater glory for anybody than that of a brave death. Somehow the feeling got to be part of me. While I had little fear of death, I dreaded to be shot like a felon. But I should be dying for my country, and that feeling seemed to light the shadows. When I fell asleep, after much worry, it was to dream of my three countrymen who had fallen to their faces there by the corn. I awoke to find the guard in our cell, and D'ri and he whispering together. He had come with our breakfast.

"All I want," D'ri was saying, "is a piece of iron, with a sharp end, half es long es yer arm."

He made no answer, that big, sullen, bulldog man who brought our food to us. When he had gone, D'ri lay over and began laughing under his breath.

"His thinker's goin' luk a sawmill," he whispered. "Would n't wonder ef it kep' 'im awake nights. He was askin' 'bout thet air tew thousan' dollars. Ef they 'll let us alone fer three days, we 'll be out o' here. Now, you mark my word."

"How?" I inquired.

"Jest a leetle job o' slidin' downhill," he said. "There's a big drain-pipe goes under



this cell—t' the river, prob'ly. He says it's bigger 'n a barrel."

We saved our candle that day, and walked up and down, from wall to wall, for exercise. Our hopes were high when we heard footsteps, but they fell suddenly, for, as we listened, we could hear the tramp of a squad of men. They came to our cell, and took us upstairs, blindfolded as before, to a bath-room, where the uniforms, discarded the day of our capture, were waiting for us, newly pressed. Our bath over, they directed us to put them on. They gave us new hats, for our own had been lost the night of the wreck, covered our eyes, and led us through many doors and alleys into the open air. It was dark, I knew, for as we entered a carriage I could see dimly the glow of a lantern hanging over the wheel. The carriage went away swiftly on a level road. We sat knee to knee, with two men facing us, and not a word was spoken. We could hear hoofs falling, the rattle of bit and rein, the creak of saddle-leather on each side of us. We must have gone a long journey when the carriage halted. They pulled us out roughly and led us up three steps and across a deep veranda. A bell rang, a door swung open, a flood of light fell on us, filtering to our eyes. Entering, we could feel a carpet under us, and took a dozen paces or more before they bade us halt. We heard only the low-spoken order and the soft tread of our feet. There was a dead silence when they removed our fetters and unbound our eyes. We were standing in a big and sumptuous drawing-room. A company of gentlemen sat near us in arm-chairs; there were at least a score of them. Round tables of old mahogany stood near, on which were glasses and packs of cards and wine-bottles. The young man who had sat with the general and answered to "your Lordship" was approaching me, hand extended.

"Glad to see you; sit down," he said in the same quiet, languid, forceful tone I had heard before.

It was all very odd. The guards were gone; we were apparently as free as any of them.

"I shall try to make you comfortable," he remarked. A servant began filling a row of glasses. "We have here wine and wit and all the accessories, including women. I should introduce you, but I have not the honor of your acquaintance. Let it suffice to say these are my friends" (he turned to those who sat about), "and, gentlemen, these are my enemies," he added, turning to us. "Let us hope they may die happy."

"And with a fighting chance," I added, lifting the glass without tasting it.

D'ri sat, his brows lifted, his hands in his pockets, his legs crossed. He looked curiously from one to another.

"Horton," said his Lordship, as he sat down, leaning lazily on the arm of his chair, "will you have them bring down the prisoners?"

The servant left the room. Some of the men were talking together in low tones; they were mostly good-looking and well dressed.

"Gentlemen," said his Lordship, rising suddenly, "I'm going to turn you out of here for a moment—they're a shy lot. Won't you go into the library?"

They all rose and went out of a door save one, a bald man of middle age, half tipsy, who begged of his "Ludship" the privilege of remaining.

"Sir Charles," said the young man, still lounging in his chair as he spoke, in that cold, calm tone of his, "you annoy me. Go at once!" and he went.

They covered our faces with napkins of white linen. Then we heard heavy steps, the clank of scabbards on a stairway, the feet of ladies, and the swish of their gowns. With a quick movement our faces were uncovered. I rose to my feet, for there before me stood Louison and the Baroness de Ferré, between two guards, and, behind them, Louise, her eyes covered, her beautiful head bent low. I could see that she was crying. The truth came to me in a flash of thought. They had been taken after we left; they were prisoners brought here to identify us. A like quickness of perception had apparently come to all. We four stood looking at one another with no sign of recognition. My face may have shown the surprise and horror in me, but shortly I had recovered my stony calm. The ladies were dressed finely with the taste and care I had so much admired. Louison turned away from me with a splendid dignity and stood looking up at the wall, her hands behind her, a toe of one shoe tapping the floor impatiently. It was a picture to remember a lifetime. I could feel my pulse quicken as I looked upon her. The baroness stood, sober-faced, her eyes looking down, her fan moving slowly. His Lordship rose and came to Louise.

"Come, now, my pretty prisoner; it is disagreeable, but you must forgive me," he said.

She turned away from him, drying her eyes. Then presently their beauty shone upon me.

"Grâce au ciel!" she exclaimed, a great joy in her eyes and voice. "It is M'sieur Bell. Sister—baroness—it is M'sieur Bell!"

I advanced to meet her, and took her hand, kissing it reverently. She covered her face, her hand upon my shoulder, and wept in silence. If it meant my death, I should die thanking God I knew, or thought I knew, that she loved me.

"Ah, yes; it is M'sieur Bell—poor fellow!" said Louison, coming quickly to me. "And you, my dear, you are Ma'mselle Louise."

She spoke quickly in French, as if quite out of patience with the poor diplomacy of her sister.

"I knew it was you, for I saw the emerald on your finger," she added, turning to me, "but I could not tell her."

"I am glad, I am delighted, that she spoke to me," I said. I desired to save the fair girl, whose heart was ever as a child's, any sorrow for what she had done. "I was about to speak myself. It is so great a pleasure to see you all I could not longer endure silence."

"They made us prisoners; they bring us here. Oh, m'sieur, it is terrible!" said the baroness.

"And he is such a horrible-looking monkey!" said Louison.

"Do they treat you well?" I asked.

"We have a big room and enough to eat. It is not a bad prison, but it is one terrible place," said the baroness. "There is a big wall; we cannot go beyond it."

"And that hairy thing! He is in love with Louise. He swears he will never let us go," said Louison, in a whisper, as she came close to me, "unless—unless she will marry him."

"Ah! a tea-party," said his Lordship, coming toward us. "Pardon the interruption. I have promised to return these men at nine. It is now ten minutes of the hour. Ladies, I wish you all a very good night."

He bowed politely. They pressed my hand, leaving me with such anxiety in their faces that I felt it more than my own peril. Louison gave me a tender look out of her fine eyes, and the thought of it was a light to my soul in many an hour of darkness. She had seemed so cool, so nonchalant, I was surprised to feel the tremor in her nerves. I knew not words to say when Louise took my hand.

"Forgive me—good-by!" said she.

It was a faint whisper out of trembling lips. I could see her soul in her face then. It was lighted with trouble and a nobler

beauty than I had ever seen. It was full of tenderness and pity and things I could not understand.

"Have courage!" I called as they went away.

I was never in such a fierce temper as when, after they had gone above-stairs, I could hear one of them weeping. D'ri stood quietly beside me, his arms folded.

"Whut ye goin' t' dew with them air women?" he asked, turning to the young man.

"I beg you will give me time to consider," said his Lordship, calmly, as he lighted a cigarette.

There was a quick move in the big tower of bone and muscle beside me. I laid hold of D'ri's elbow and bade him stop, or I fear his Lordship's drawing-room, his Lordship, and ourselves would presently have had some need of repair. Four guards who seemed to be waiting in the hall entered hurriedly, the shackles in hand.

"No haste," said his Lordship, more pleasantly than ever. "Stand by and wait my orders."

"D' ye wan' t' know whut I think o' you?" said D'ri, looking down at him, his eyes opening wide, his brow wrinkling into long furrows.

"I make a condition," said his Lordship: "do not flatter me."

"Yer jest a low-lived, mis'able, wuthless pup," said D'ri.

"Away with them!" said his Lordship, flicking the ashes off a cigarette as he rose and walked hurriedly out of the room.

### XIII.

THE waiting guards laid hold of us in a twinkling, and others came crowding the doors. They shackled our hands behind us, and covered our eyes again. Dark misgivings of what was to come filled me, but I bore all in silence. They shoved us roughly out of doors, and there I could tell they were up to no child's play. A loud jeer burst from the mouths of many as we came staggering out. I could hear the voices of a crowd. They hurried us into a carriage.

"We demand the prisoners!" a man shouted near me.

Then I could hear them scuffling with the guards, who, I doubt not, were doing their best to hold them back. In a moment I knew the mob had possession of us and the soldiers were being hustled away. D'ri sat shoulder to shoulder with me. I could feel

his muscles tighten; I could hear the cracking of his joints and the grinding of the shackle-chain. "Judas Pr-r-i-e-st!" he grunted, straining at the iron. Two men leaped into the carriage. There was a crack of the whip, and the horses went off bounding. We could hear horsemen all about us and wagons following. I had a stout heart in me those days, but in all my life I had never taken a ride so little to my liking. We went over rough roads, up hill and down, for an hour or more.

I could see in prospect no better destination than our graves, and, indeed, I was not far wrong. Well, by and by we came to a town somewhere—God knows where. I have never seen it, or known the name of it, or even that of the prison where we were first immured. I could tell it was a town by the rumble of the wheels and each echoing hoof-beat. The cavalcade was all about us, and now and then we could hear the sound of voices far behind. The procession slowed up, horsemen jammed to the left of us, the carriage halted. I could hear footsteps on a stone pavement.

"You 're late," said a low voice at the carriage door. "It 's near eleven."

"Lot o' fooling with the candidates," said one of the horsemen, quietly. "Everything ready?"

"Everything ready," was the answer.

The carriage door swung open.

"We get out here," said one of the men who sat with us.

I alighted. On each side of me somebody put his hand to my shoulder. I could see the glow of a lantern-light close to my face. I knew there was a crowd of men around, but I could hear nothing save now and then a whisper.

"Wall, Ray," said D'ri, who stood by my side, "hol' stiddy 'n' don't be scairt."

"Do as they tell ye," a stranger whispered in my ear. "No matter what 't is, do as they tell ye."

They led us into a long passage and up a steep flight of wooden stairs. We went on through a narrow hall and up a winding flight that seemed to me interminable. Above it, as we stopped, the man who was leading me rapped thrice upon a rattling wooden door. It broke the silence with a loud echoing noise. I could hear then the sliding of a panel and a faint whispering and the sound of many feet ascending the stairs below. The door swung open presently, and we were led in where I could see no sign of any light. They took me alone across a wide,

bare floor, where they set me down upon some sort of platform and left me, as I thought. Then I could hear the whispered challenge at the door and one after another entering and crossing the bare floor on tiptoe. Hundreds were coming in, it seemed to me. Suddenly a deep silence fell in that dark place of evil. The blindfold went whisking off my head as if a ghostly hand had taken it. But all around me was the darkness of the pit. I could see and I could hear nothing but a faint whisper, high above me, like that of pine boughs moving softly in a light breeze. I could feel the air upon my face. I thought I must have been moved out of doors by some magic. It seemed as if I were sitting under trees alone. Out of the black silence an icy hand fell suddenly upon my brow. I flinched, feeling it move slowly downward over my shoulder. I could hear no breathing, no rustle of garments near me. In that dead silence I got a feeling that the hand touching me had no body behind it. I was beyond the reach of fear—I was in a way prepared for anything but the deep, heart-shaking horror that sank under the cold, damp touch of those fingers. They laid hold of my elbow firmly, lifting, as if to indicate that I was to rise. I did so, moving forward passively as it drew me on. To my astonishment, I was unable to hear my own footfall or that of my conductor. I thought we were walking upon soft earth. Crossing our path in front of me I could see, in the darkness, a gleaming line. We moved slowly, standing still as our toes covered it. Then suddenly a light flashed from before and below us. A cold sweat came out upon me; I staggered back to strong hands that were laid upon my shoulders, forcing me to the line again. By that flash of light I could see that I was standing upon the very brink of some black abyss—indeed, my toes had crossed the edge of it. The light came again, flickering and then settling into a steady glow. The opening seemed to have a grassy bottom some ten feet below. In front of me the soil bristled, on that lower level, with some black and pointed plant: there was at least a score of them. As I looked, I saw they were not plants, but a square of bayonets thrust, points up, in the ground. A curse came out of my hot mouth, and then a dozen voices mocked it, going fainter, like a dying echo. I heard a whisper in my ear. A tall figure in a winding-sheet, its face covered, was leaning over me.

"To hesitate is to die," it whispered. "Courage may save you."

Then a skeleton hand came out of the winding-sheet, pointing down at the square of bristling bayonets. The figure put its mouth to my ear.

"Jump!" it whispered, and the bare bones of the dead fingers stirred impatiently.

Some seconds of a deep silence followed. I could hear them slowly dripping out of eternity in the tick of a watch near me. I felt the stare of many eyes invisible to me. A broad beam of bright light shot through the gloom, resting full upon my face. I started back upon the strong hands behind me. Then I felt my muscles tighten as I began to measure the fall and to wonder if I could clear the bayonets. I had no doubt I was to die shortly, and it mattered not to me how, bound as I was, so that it came soon. For a breath of silence my soul went up to the feet of God for help and hope. Then I bent my knees and leaped. I saw much as my body went rushing through the air—an empty grave with its heap of earth beside it, an island of light, walled with candles, in a sea of gloom, faces showing dimly in the edge of the darkness. "Thank God! I shall clear the bayonets," I thought, and struck heavily upon a soft mat, covered over with green turf, a little beyond that bristling bed. I staggered backward, falling upon it. To my surprise, it bent beneath me. They were no bayonets, but only shells of painted paper. I got to my feet, none the worse for jumping, and as dumfounded as ever a man could be. I stood on a lot of broken turf with which a wide floor had been overlaid. Boards and timbers were cut away, and the grave dug beneath them. I saw one face among others in the gloom beyond the candle rows—that of his Lordship. He was coming up a little flight of stairs to where I stood. He moved the candles, making a small passage, and came up to me.

"You're a brave man," said he, in that low, careless tone of his.

"And you a coward," was my answer, for the sight of him had made me burn with anger.

"Don't commit yourself on a point like that," said he, quickly, "for, you know, we are not well acquainted. I like your pluck, and I offer you what is given to few here—an explanation."

He paused, lighting a cigarette. I stood looking at him. The cold politeness of manner with which he had taken my taunt, his perfect self-mastery, filled me with wonder. He was no callow youth, that man, whoever he might be. He was boring at the floor

with the end of a limber cane as he continued to address me.

"Now, look here," he went on, with a little gesture of his left hand, between the fingers of which a cigarette was burning. "You are now in the temple of a patriotic society acting with no letters patent, but in the good cause of his most excellent Majesty King George III, to whom be health and happiness."

As he spoke the name he raised his hat, and a cheer came from all sides of us.

"It is gathered this night," he continued, "to avenge the death of Lord Ronley, a friend of his Majesty, and of many here present, and an honored member of this order. For his death you, and you alone, are responsible, and, we suspect, under circumstances of no credit to your sword. Many of our people have been cut off from their comrades and slain by cowardly stealth, have been led into ambush and cruelly cut to pieces by an overwhelming number, have been shut in prison and done to death by starvation or by stabs of a knife there in your country. Not content with the weapons of a soldier, you have even resorted to the barbarity of the poison-wasp. Pardon me, but you Yankees do not seem to have any mercy or fairness for a foe. We shall give you better treatment. You shall not be killed like a rat in a trap. You shall have a chance for your life. Had you halted, had you been a coward, you would not have been worthy to fight in this arena. You would not have come where you are standing, and possibly even now your grave would have been filled. If you survive the ordeal that is to come, I hope it will prove an example to you of the honor that is due to bravery, of the fairness due a foe."

Many voices spoke the word "Amen" as he stopped, turning to beckon into the gloom about us. I was now quite over my confusion. I began to look about me and get my bearings. I could hear a stir in the crowd beyond the lights, and a murmur of voices. Reflecting lanterns from many pillars near by shot their rays upon me. I stood on a platform, some thirty feet square, in the middle of a large room. Its floor was on a level with the faces of the many who stood pressing to the row of lights. Here, I took it, I was to fight for my life. I was looking at the yawning grave in a corner of this arena, when four men ascended with swords and pistols. One of them removed the shackles, letting my hands free. I thanked him as he tossed them aside. I was thinking

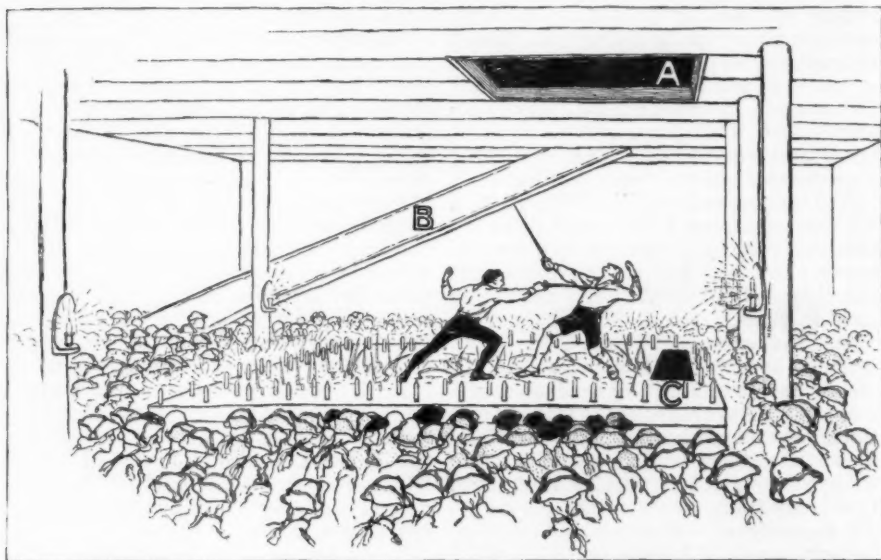


of D'ri, and, shading my eyes, looked off in the gloom to see if I could discover him. I called his name, but heard no answer. His Lordship came over to me, bringing a new sword. He held the glittering blade before me, its hilt in his right hand, its point resting on the fingers of his left.

"It's good," said he, quietly; "try it."

It was a beautiful weapon, its guard and pommel and quillons sparkling with wrought-

There were half a dozen of them now, surrounding my adversary, a man taller than the rest, with a heavy neck and brawny arms and shoulders. He had come out of the crowd unobserved by me. He also was stripped to the shirt, and had rolled up his sleeves, and was trying the steel. He had a red, bristling mustache and overhanging brows and a vulgar face—not that of a man who settles his quarrel with the sword. I



DRAWN FROM A RUDE DIAGRAM IN THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE LATE COLONEL BELL.

#### IN THE TEMPLE OF THE AVENGERS.

A, the opening through which Colonel Bell was made to jump; B, the slide from which D'ri saw the fighting; C, the open grave.

silver, its grip of yellow leather laced with blue silk. The glow and the feel of it filled me with a joy I had not known since my father gave me the sword of my childhood. It drove the despair out of me, and I was a new man. I tried the blade, its point upon my toe. It was good metal, and the grip fitted me.

"Well, how do you find it?" said he, impatiently.

"I am satisfied," was my reply.

He helped me take off my blouse and waistcoat, and then I rolled my sleeves to the elbow. The hum of voices had grown louder. I could hear men offering to bet and others bantering for odds.

"We'll know soon," said a voice near me, "whether he could have killed Ronley in a fair fight."

I turned to look at those few in the arena.

judged a club or a dagger would have been better suited to his genius. But, among fighters, it is easy to be fooled by a face. In a moment the others had gone save his Lordship and that portly bald-headed man I had heard him rebuke as "Sir Charles." My adversary met me at the center of the arena, where we shook hands. I could see, or thought I could, that he was entering upon a business new to him, for there was in his manner an indication of unsteady nerves.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" said his Lordship.

But there are reasons why the story of what came after should be none of my telling. I leave it to other and better eyes that were not looking between flashes of steel, as mine were. And then one has never a fair view of his own fights.



## XIV.

THIS is the story of Corporal Darius Olin, touching his adventure in the Temple of the Avengers, at some unknown place in Upper Canada, on the night of August 12, 1813, and particularly the ordeals of the sword, the slide, and the bayonet to which Captain Ramon Bell was subjected that night, as told to Adjutant Asarius Church, at Sackett's Harbor, New York:

"Soon es I see whut wus up, I gin a powerful lift on thet air shackle-chain. I felt 'er give 'n' bust. A couple o' men clim' int' the seat front uv us, 'n' the hosses started hell bent. I sot up with my hands 'hind uv me 'n' the wagin. I kep' 'em there tight 'n' stiff, es ef the iron wus holdin' uv 'em. Could n't git no chance t' say nuthin' t' Ray. Hustled us up-stairs, 'n' when we come in t' thet air big room they tuk him one way an' me 'nother.

"Did n't hev no idee where I wus. Felt 'em run a chain through my arms, careful, efter they sot me down. I sot still fer mebbe five minutes. Seemed so ev'rybody 'd gone out o' the place. Could n't hear nuthin' nowhere. I le' down the chain jest es ca-areful es I could, 'n' tuk off the blindfold. 'T was all dark; could n't see my hand afore me. Crep' long the floor. See 't was covered with sawdust. Tuk off m' boots, 'n' got up on m' feet, 'n' walked careful. Did n't dast holler t' Ray. Cal'lated when the squabble come I 'd be ready t' dew business. All t' once I felt a slant 'n' the floor. 'T was kind o' slip'ry, 'n' I begun t' slide. Feet went out from under me 'n' sot me down quick. Tried t' ketch holt o' suthin'. Could n't hang on; kep' goin' faster. Fust I knew I 'd slid int' some kind uv a box. Let me down quicker 'n' scat over thet air grease a little ways. I out with my tew hands 'n' bore ag'in' the sides o' th' box powerful 'n' stopped myself. Then I up with these here feet o' mine. See the top o' the box wa'n't much more 'n' a foot above me. Tried t' crawl up ag'in. Could n't mek it. Dum thing slanted luk Tup's Hill. Hung on awhile, cipherin' es hard es I knew how. Hearn suthin' go kerslap. Seem so the hull place trembled. Raised up my head, 'n' peeked over my stumick down the box. A bar o' light stuck in away down. Let myself go careful till I c'u'd see my nose in it. Then I got over on my shoulder 'n' braced on the sides o' the box, back 'gin' one side 'n' knees 'gin' t' other. See 't was a knot-hole where the light come in, 'bout es big es a man's wrist. Peeked through, 'n' see a lot

o' lights 'n' folks, 'n' hearn 'em talkin'. Ray he stud on a platform facin' a big, powerful-lookin' cuss. Hed their coats 'n' vests off, 'n' sleeves rolled up, 'n' swords ready. See there wus goin' t' be a fight. Hed t' snicker—wa'n' no way I c'u'd help it, fer, Judas Priest! I knew dum well they wa'n't a single one of them air Britishers c'u'd stan' 'fore 'im. Thet air mis'able spindlin' devil I tol' ye 'bout—feller et hed the women—he stud back o' Ray. Hed his hand up luk thet. 'Fight!' he says, 'n' they got t' work, 'n' the crowd begun t' jam up 'n' holler. The big feller he come et Ray es ef he wus goin' t' cut him in tew. Ray he tuk it easy 'n' rassled the sword of the big chap round 'n' round es ef it wus tied t' hisn. Fust I knew he med a quick lunge 'n' pricked 'im 'n' the arm. Big chap wus a leetle shy then. Did n't come up t' the scratch es smart 'n' sassy es he 'd orter. Ray he went efter 'im hammer 'n' tongs. Thet air long, slim waist o' hisn swayed 'n' bent luk a stalk o' barley. He did luk joemightyful han'some—wish 't ye c'u'd 'a' seen 'im thet air night. Hair wus jest es shiny es gold 'n' the light o' them candles. He 'd feint, an' t' other 'd dodge. Judas Priest! seemed so he put the p'int o' the sword all over thet air big cuss. C'u'd 'a' killed 'im a dozen times, but I see he did n't want t' dew it. Kep' prickin' 'im ev'ry lunge 'n' druv 'im off the boards—tumbled 'im head over heels int' the crowd. Them air devils threw up their hats 'n' stomped 'n' hollered powerful, es ef 't were mighty fun t' see a man cut t' pieces. Wall, they tuk up another man, quicker 'n' the fust, but he wa'n' nowhere near s' big 'n' cordy. Wa'n't only one crack o' the swords in thet air fight. Could n't hardly say Jack Roberson 'fore the cuss hed fell. Ray hurt him bad, I guess, for they hed t' pick 'im up 'n' carry 'im off luk a baby. Guess the boy see 't he hed a good many to lick, 'n' hed n't better waste no power a-foolin'. All t' once thet air low-lived, spindlin', mis'able devil he come t' the edge o' the platform 'n' helt up his hand. Soon 's they stopped yellin' he says: 'Gentlemen,' he says, 'sorry t' tell ye thet the man fer the next bout hes got away. We left him securely fastened up 'n' the fust chamber. Have hed the building searched, but ain't able t' find him. He must hev gone down the slide. I am sorry to say we hev no more Yankees. If this man fights any more it will hev t' be a Britisher thet goes ag'in' 'im. Is there a volunteer?'

"Ray he runs up 'n' says suthin' right 'n' his ear. Could n't hear whut 't wus. Did n't

set well. T' other feller he flew mad, 'n' Ray he fetched 'im a cuff, luk thet, with the back uv his hand. Ye see, he did n' know he hed been a-fightin' Yankee, 'n' he did n' like the idee. 'Gentlemen,' says he, 'I 'll fight anybody, but ef this chap ain't a coward, he 'll fight me himself.' T' other feller he off with his coat 'n' vest es quick es a flash 'n' picked up a sword. 'Fight, then, ye cub!' says he; an' they flew at each other hell bent fer 'lection. He wa'n' no fool with a sword, nuther, I can tell ye, thet air spindlin' cuss. I see Ray hed his han's full. But he wus jest es cool es a green cowcumber, eggzac'ly. Kep' a-cuffin' t' other sword, 'n' let 'im hit 'n' lunge 'n' feint es much es he pleased. See he wus jest a-gettin' his measure, 'n' I knew suthin' wus goin' t' happen purty quick. Fust I knew he ketched Ray by the shirt-sleeve with the p'int uv 'is sword 'n' ripped it t' the collar. Scairt me so I bit my tongue watchin' uv 'em. They got locked, 'n' both swords came up t' the hilts t'gether with a swish 'n' a bang luk thet. The blades clung, 'n' they backed off. Then Ray he begun t' feint 'n' lunge 'n' hustle 'im. Quicker 'n' scat he gin 'im an awful prick 'n' the shoulder. I c'u'd see the blood come, but they kep' a-goin' back 'n' forth 'n' up 'n' down desperit. The red streak on thet air feller's shirt kep' a-growin'. Purty quick one side uv 'im wus red an' t' other white. See he wus gettin' weaker 'n' weaker. Ray c'u'd 'a' split 'im t' the navel ef he 'd only hed a min' tew. All t' once he med a jab at Ray, 'n' threw up 'is han's, 'n' went back a step er tew, luk a hoss with th' blin' staggers, 'n' tumbled head over heels in thet air open grave. There wus hell t' pay fer a minute. Lot on 'em clim' over the row o' lights, yellin' luk wild-cats, 'n' hauled thet air mis'able cuss out o' the grave, 'n' stud 'im up, 'n' gin 'im a drink o' liquor. In half a minute he up with his han'kerchief 'n' waved it over 'is head t' mek 'em keep still. Soon 's they wus quiet he up 'n' he says: 'Gentlemen,' says he, 'this 'ere chap hes stood the test o' the sword. Are ye satisfied?' 'We are,' says they—ev'ry British son uv a gun they wus there up 'n' hollered. 'Then,' says he, 'giv' 'im th' slide.'

"Ray he put down 'is sword 'n' picked up 'is coat 'n' vest. Then they grabbed th' lights, 'n' thet 's th' last I see on 'em there. Purty quick 't wus all dark. Hearn 'em comin' up-stairs 'n' goin' 'cross th' floor over my head. 'Gun t' think o' myself a leetle bit then. Knowed I wus in thet air slide, an' hed t' le' go purty quick. Hed n't no

idee where it went tew, but I cal'lated I wus middlin' sure t' know 'fore long. Knowed when I le' go I wus goin' t' dew some tall slippin' over thet air greased bottom. See a light come down th' box 'n' a minute. Hearn somebody speakin' there et the upper end.

"This 'ere 's th' las' test o' yer courage,' says a man, says he; 'few comes here alive 'n' sound es you be. Ye wus a doomed man. Ye 'd hev been shot at daylight, but we gin ye a chance fer yer life. So fur ye've proved yerself wuthy. Ef ye hold yer courage, ye mayyit live. Ef ye flinch, ye'll land in heaven. Ef yer life is spared, remember how we honor courage.'

"Then they gin 'im a shove, 'n' I hearn 'im a-comin'. I flopped over 'n' le' go. Shot away luk a streak o' lightnin'. Dum thing grew steeper 'n' steeper. Jes hel' up my han's 'n' let 'er go lickitty split. Jerushy Jane Pepper! jes luk comin' down a greased pole. Come near tekin' my breath away—did sart'n. Went out o' thet air thing luk a bullet eggzac'ly. Shot int' the air feet foremost. Purty fair slidin' up in the air 'most anywhere, ye know. Alwus come down by the nighest way. 'T wus darker 'n' pitch; could n't see a thing, nut a thing. Hearn Ray come out o' the box 'bove me. Then I come down k'slap in th' water 'n' sunk. Thought I 'd never stop goin' down. 'Fore I come up I hearn Ray rip int' th' water nigh me. I come up 'n' shook my head, 'n' waited. Judas Priest! Thought he wus drowned, sart'n. Seemed so I 'd bust out 'n' cry there 'n' th' water waitin' fer thet air boy. Soon es I hearn a flop I hed my han's on 'im.

"Who be you?" says he.

"D'ri," says I.

"Tired out," says he; 'can't swim a stroke. Guess I 'll hev t' go t' th' bottom.'

#### XV.

D'ri's narrative wus the talk of the garrison. Those who heard the telling, as I did not, were fond of quoting its odd phrases, and of describing how D'ri would thrust and parry with his jack-knife in the story of the bouts.

The mystery of that plunge into darkness and invisible water wus a trial to my nerves the like of which I had never suffered. After they had pulled his Lordship out of the grave, and I knew there would be no more fighting, I began to feel the strain he had put upon me. He wus not so strong as D'ri, but I had never stood before a quicker man. His blade wus as full of life and cunning as a cat's paw, and he tired me. When

I went under water I felt sure it was all over, for I was sick and faint. I had been thinking of D'ri in that quick descent. I wondered if he was the man who had got away and gone down the slide. I was not the less amazed, however, to feel his strong hand upon me as I came up. I knew nothing for a time. D'ri has told me often how he bore me up in rapid water until he came into an eddy where he could touch bottom. There, presently, I got back my senses and stood leaning on his broad shoulder awhile. A wind was blowing, and we could hear a boat jumping in the ripples near by. We could see nothing, it was so dark, but D'ri left me, feeling his way slowly, and soon found the boat. He whistled to me, and I made my way to him. There were oars in the bottom of the boat. D'ri helped me in, where I lay back with a mighty sense of relief. Then he hauled in a rope and anchor, and shoved off. The boat, overrunning the flow in a moment, shot away rapidly. I could feel it take headway as we clove the murmuring waters. D'ri set the oars and helped it on. I lay awhile thinking of all the blood and horror in that black night—like a dream of evil that leads through dim regions of silence into the shadow of death. I thought of the hinted peril of the slide that was to be the punishment of poor courage.

D'ri had a plausible theory of the slide. He said that if we had clung to the sides of it to break our speed we'd have gone down like a plummet and shattered our bones on a rocky shore. Coming fast, our bodies leaped far into the air and fell to deep water. How long I lay there thinking, as I rested, I have no satisfactory notion. Louise and Louison came into my thoughts, and a plan of rescue. A rush of cavalry and reek-

ing swords, a dash for the boats, with a flying horse under each fair lady, were in that moving vision. But where should we find them? for I knew not the name of that country out of which we had come by ways of darkness and peril. The old query came to me, If I had to choose between them, which should I take? There was as much of the old doubt in me as ever. For a verity, I loved them both, and would die for either. I opened my eyes at last, and, rising, my hands upon the gunwales, could dimly see the great shoulders of D'ri swaying back and forth as he rowed. The coming dawn had shot an arrow into the great, black sphere of night, cracking it from circumference to core, and floods of light shortly came pouring in, sweeping down bridges of darkness, gates of gloom, and massy walls of shadow. We were in the middle of a broad river—the St. Lawrence, we knew, albeit the shores were unfamiliar to either of us. The sunlight stuck in the ripples, and the breeze fanned them into flowing fire. The morning lighted the green hills of my native land with a mighty splendor. A new life and a great joy came to me as I filled my lungs with the sweet air. D'ri pulled into a cove, and neither could speak for a little. He turned, looking out upon the river, and brushed a tear off his brown cheek.

"No use talkin'," said he, in a low tone, as the bow hit the shore, "ain' no country luk this 'un, don' care where ye go."

As the oars lay still we could hear in the far timber a call of fife and drum. Listening, we heard the faint familiar strains of "Yankee Doodle." We came ashore in silence, and I hugged the nearest tree, and was not able to say the "Thank God!" that fell from my lips only half spoken.

(To be continued.)



## WHEN A MAN COMES TO HIMSELF.

BY WOODROW WILSON.



IT is a very wholesome and regenerating change which a man undergoes when he "comes to himself." It is not only after periods of recklessness or infatuation, when he has played the spendthrift or the fool, that a man comes to himself. He comes to himself after experiences of which he alone may be aware: when he has left off being wholly preoccupied with his own powers and interests and with every petty plan that centers in himself; when he has cleared his eyes to see the world as it is, and his own true place and function in it.

It is a process of disillusionment. The scales have fallen away. He sees himself soberly, and knows under what conditions his powers must act, as well as what his powers are. He has got rid of earlier prepossessions about the world of men and affairs, both those which were too favorable and those which were too unfavorable—both those of the nursery and those of a young man's reading. He has learned his own paces, or, at any rate, is in a fair way to learn them; has found his footing and the true nature of the "going" he must look for in the world; over what sorts of roads he must expect to make his running, and at what expenditure of effort; whither his goal lies, and what cheer he may expect by the way. It is a process of disillusionment, but it disheartens no soundly made man. It brings him into a light which guides instead of deceiving him; a light which does not make the way look cold to any man whose eyes are fit for use in the open, but which shines wholesomely, rather, upon the obvious path, like the honest rays of the frank sun, and makes traveling both safe and cheerful.

There is no fixed time in a man's life at which he comes to himself, and some men never come to themselves at all. It is a change reserved for the thoroughly sane and healthy, and for those who can detach themselves from tasks and drudgery long and often enough to get, at any rate once and again, view of the proportions of life and of the stage and plot of its action. We speak

often with amusement, sometimes with distaste and uneasiness, of men who "have no sense of humor," who take themselves too seriously, who are intense, self-absorbed, over-confident in matters of opinion, or else go plumed with conceit, proud of we cannot tell what, enjoying, appreciating, thinking of nothing so much as themselves. These are men who have not suffered that wholesome change. They have not come to themselves. If they be serious men, and real forces in the world, we may conclude that they have been too much and too long absorbed; that their tasks and responsibilities long ago rose about them like a flood, and have kept them swimming with sturdy stroke the years through, their eyes level with the troubled surface—no horizon in sight, no passing fleets, no comrades but those who struggled in the flood like themselves. If they be frivolous, light-headed, men without purpose or achievement, we may conjecture, if we do not know, that they were born so, or spoiled by fortune, or befuddled by self-indulgence. It is no great matter what we think of them.

It is enough to know that there are some laws which govern a man's awakening to know himself and the right part to play. A man is the part he plays among his fellows. He is not isolated; he cannot be. His life is made up of the relations he bears to others—is made or marred by those relations, guided by them, judged by them, expressed in them. There is nothing else upon which he can spend his spirit—nothing else that we can see. It is by these he gets his spiritual growth; it is by these we see his character revealed, his purpose, and his gifts. Some play with a certain natural passion, an unstudied directness, without grace, without modulation, with no study of the masters or consciousness of the pervading spirit of the plot; others give all their thought to their costume and think only of the audience; a few act as those who have mastered the secrets of a serious art, with deliberate subordination of themselves to the great end and motive of the play, spending themselves like good servants, indulging no wilfulness, obtruding no eccentricity, lending heart and tone and gesture to the perfect progress of



the action. These have "found themselves," and have all the ease of a perfect adjustment.

Adjustment is exactly what a man gains when he comes to himself. Some men gain it late, some early; some get it all at once, as if by one distinct act of deliberate accommodation; others get it by degrees and quite imperceptibly. No doubt to most men it comes by the slow processes of experience—at each stage of life a little. A college man feels the first shock of it at graduation, when the boy's life has been lived out and the man's life suddenly begins. He has measured himself with boys; he knows their code and feels the spur of their ideals of achievement. But what the world expects of him he has yet to find out, and it works, when he has discovered it, a veritable revolution in his ways both of thought and of action. He finds a new sort of fitness demanded of him, executive, thoroughgoing, careful of details, full of drudgery and obedience to orders. Everybody is ahead of him. Just now he was a senior, at the top of a world he knew and reigned in, a finished product and pattern of good form. Of a sudden he is a novice again, as green as in his first school year, studying a thing that seems to have no rules—at sea amid cross-winds, and a bit seasick withal. Presently, if he be made of stuff that will shake into shape and fitness, he settles to his tasks and is comfortable. He has come to himself: understands what capacity is, and what it is meant for; sees that his training was not for ornament or personal gratification, but to teach him how to use himself and develop faculties worth using. Henceforth there is a zest in action, and he loves to see his strokes tell.

The same thing happens to the lad come from the farm into the city, a big and novel field, where crowds rush and jostle, and a rustic boy must stand puzzled for a little how to use his placid and unjaded strength. It happens, too, though in a deeper and more subtle way, to the man who marries for love, if the love be true and fit for foul weather. Mr. Bagehot used to say that a bachelor was "an amateur in life," and wit and wisdom are married in the jest. A man who lives only for himself has not begun to live—has yet to learn his use, and his real pleasure too, in the world. It is not necessary he should marry to find himself out, but it is necessary he should love. Men have come to themselves serving their mothers with an unselfish devotion, or their sisters, or a cause for whose sake they forsook ease and left off thinking of themselves. It is unselfish action, growing

slowly into the high habit of devotion, and at last, it may be, into a sort of consecration, that teaches a man the wide meaning of his life, and makes of him a steady professional in living, if the motive be not necessity, but love. Necessity may make a mere drudge of a man, and no mere drudge ever made a professional of himself; that demands a higher spirit and a finer incentive than his.

Surely a man has come to himself only when he has found the best that is in him, and has satisfied his heart with the highest achievement he is fit for. It is only then that he knows of what he is capable and what his heart demands. And, assuredly, no thoughtful man ever came to the end of his life, and had time and a little space of calm from which to look back upon it, who did not know and acknowledge that it was what he had done unselfishly and for others, and nothing else, that satisfied him in the retrospect, and made him feel that he had played the man. That alone seems to him the real measure of himself, the real standard of his manhood. And so men grow by having responsibility laid upon them, the burden of other people's business. Their powers are put out at interest, and they get usury in kind. They are like men multiplied. Each counts manifold. Men who live with an eye only upon what is their own are dwarfed beside them—seem fractions while they are integers. The trustworthiness of men trusted seems often to grow with the trust.

It is for this reason that men are in love with power and greatness: it affords them so pleasurable an expansion of faculty, so large a run for their minds, an exercise of spirit so various and refreshing; they have the freedom of so wide a tract of the world of affairs. But if they use power only for their own ends, if there be no unselfish service in it, if its object be only their personal aggrandizement, their love to see other men tools in their hands, they go out of the world small, disquieted, beggared, no enlargement of soul vouchsafed them, no usury of satisfaction. They have added nothing to themselves. Mental and physical powers alike grow by use, as every one knows; but labor for one's self alone is like exercise in a gymnasium. No healthy man can remain satisfied with it, or regard it as anything but a preparation for tasks in the open, amid the affairs of the world,—not sport, but business,—where there is no orderly apparatus, and every man must devise the means by which he is to make the most of himself. To make



the most of himself means the multiplication of his activities, and he must turn away from himself for that. He looks about him, studies the face of business or of affairs, catches some intimation of their larger objects, is guided by the intimation, and presently finds himself part of the motive force of communities or of nations. It makes no difference how small a part, how insignificant, how unnoticed. When his powers begin to play outward, and he loves the task at hand not because it gains him a livelihood but because it makes him a life, he has come to himself.

Necessity is no mother to enthusiasm. Necessity carries a whip. Its method is compulsion, not love. It has no thought to make itself attractive; it is content to drive. Enthusiasm comes with the revelation of true and satisfying objects of devotion; and it is enthusiasm that sets the powers free. It is a sort of enlightenment. It shines straight upon ideals, and for those who see it the race and struggle are henceforth toward these. An instance will point the meaning. One of the most distinguished and most justly honored of our great philanthropists spent the major part of his life absolutely absorbed in the making of money—so it seemed to those who did not know him. In fact, he had very early passed the stage at which he looked upon his business as a means of support or of material comfort. Business had become for him an intellectual pursuit, a study in enterprise and increment. The field of commerce lay before him like a chess-board; the moves interested him like the manœuvres of a game. More money was more power, a greater advantage in the game, the means of shaping men and events and markets to his own ends and uses. It was his will that set fleets afloat and determined the havens they were bound for; it was his foresight that brought goods to market at the right time; it was his suggestion that made the industry of unthinking men efficacious; his sagacity saw itself justified at home not only, but at the ends of the earth. And as the money poured in, his government and mastery increased, and his mind was the more satisfied. It is so that men make little kingdoms for themselves, and an international power undarkened by diplomacy, undirected by parliaments.

It is a mistake to suppose that the great captains of industry, the great organizers and directors of manufacture and commerce and monetary exchange, are engrossed in a vulgar pursuit of wealth. Too often they

suffer the vulgarity of wealth to display itself in the idleness and ostentation of their wives and children, who "devote themselves," it may be, "to expense regardless of pleasure"; but we ought not to misunderstand even that, or condemn it unjustly. The masters of industry are often too busy with their own sober and momentous calling to have time or spare thought enough to govern their own households. A king may be too faithful a statesman to be a watchful father. These men are not fascinated by the glitter of gold: the appetite for power has got hold upon them. They are in love with the exercise of their faculties upon a great scale; they are organizing and overseeing a great part of the life of the world. No wonder they are captivated. Business is more interesting than pleasure, as Mr. Bagehot said, and when once the mind has caught its zest, there's no disengaging it. The world has reason to be grateful for the fact.

It was this fascination that had got hold upon the faculties of the man whom the world was afterward to know, not as a prince among merchants,—for the world forgets merchant princes,—but as a prince among benefactors; for beneficence breeds gratitude, gratitude admiration, admiration fame, and the world remembers its benefactors. Business, and business alone, interested him, or seemed to him worth while. The first time he was asked to subscribe money for a benevolent object he declined. Why should he subscribe? What affair would be set forward, what increase of efficiency would the money buy, what return would it bring in? Was good money to be simply given away, like water poured on a barren soil, to be sucked up and yield nothing? It was not until men who understood benevolence on its sensible, systematic, practical, and really helpful side explained it to him as an investment that his mind took hold of it and turned to it for satisfaction. He began to see that education was a thing of infinite usury; that money devoted to it would yield a singular increase, to which there was no calculable end, an increase in perpetuity,—increase of knowledge, and therefore of intelligence and efficiency, touching generation after generation with new impulses, adding to the sum total of the world's fitness for affairs,—an invisible but intensely real spiritual usury beyond reckoning, because compounded in an unknown ratio from age to age. Henceforward beneficence was as interesting to him as business—was, indeed, a sort of sublimated business in which money moved new

forces in a commerce which no man could bind or limit.

He had come to himself—to the full realization of his powers, the true and clear perception of what it was his mind demanded for its satisfaction. His faculties were consciously stretched to their right measure, were at last exercised at their best. He felt the keen zest, not of success merely, but also of honor, and was raised to a sort of majesty among his fellow-men, who attended him in death like a dead sovereign. He had died dwarfed had he not broken the bonds of mere money-getting; would never have known himself had he not learned how to spend it; and ambition itself could not have shown him a straighter road to fame.

This is the positive side of a man's discovery of the way in which his faculties are to be made to fit into the world's affairs, and released for effort in a way that will bring real satisfaction. There is a negative side also. Men come to themselves by discovering their limitations no less than by discovering their deeper endowments and the mastery that will make them happy. It is the discovery of what they can *not* do, and ought not to attempt, that transforms reformers into statesmen; and great should be the joy of the world over every reformer who comes to himself. The spectacle is not rare; the method is not hidden. The practicability of every reform is determined absolutely and always by "the circumstances of the case," and only those who put themselves into the midst of affairs, either by action or by observation, can know what those circumstances are or perceive what they signify. No statesman dreams of doing whatever he pleases; he knows that it does not follow that because a point of morals or of policy is obvious to him it will be obvious to the nation, or even to his own friends; and it is the strength of a democratic polity that there are so many minds to be consulted and brought to agreement, and that nothing can be wisely done for which the thought, and a good deal more than the thought, of the country, its sentiment and its purpose, have not been prepared. Social reform is a matter of coöperation, and, if it be of a novel kind, requires an infinite deal of converting to bring the efficient majority to believe in it and support it. Without their agreement and support it is impossible.

It is this that the more imaginative and impatient reformers find out when they come to themselves, if that calming change ever comes to them. Oftentimes the most im-

mediate and drastic means of bringing them to themselves is to elect them to legislative or executive office. That will reduce over-sanguine persons to their simplest terms. Not because they find their fellow legislators or officials incapable of high purpose or indifferent to the betterment of the communities which they represent. Only cynics hold that to be the chief reason why we approach the millennium so slowly, and cynics are usually very ill-informed persons. Nor is it because under our modern democratic arrangements we so subdivide power and balance parts in government that no one man can tell for much or turn affairs to his will. One of the most instructive studies a politician could undertake would be a study of the infinite limitations laid upon the power of the Russian Czar, notwithstanding the despotic theory of the Russian constitution—limitations of social habit, of official prejudice, of race jealousies, of religious predilections, of administrative machinery even, and the inconvenience of being himself only one man, and that a very young one, over-sensitive and touched with melancholy. He can do only what can be done with the Russian people. He can no more make them quick, enlightened, and of the modern world of the West than he can change their tastes in eating. He is simply the leader of Russians.

An English or American statesman is better off. He leads a thinking nation, not a race of peasants topped by a class of revolutionists and a caste of nobles and officials. He can explain new things to men able to understand, persuade men willing and accustomed to make independent and intelligent choices of their own. An English statesman has an even better opportunity to lead than an American statesman, because in England executive power and legislative initiative are both intrusted to the same grand committee, the ministry of the day. The ministers both propose what shall be made law and determine how it shall be enforced when enacted. And yet English reformers, like American, have found office a veritable cold-water bath for their ardor for change. Many a man who has made his place in affairs as the spokesman of those who see abuses and demand their reformation has passed from denunciation to calm and moderate advice when he got into Parliament, and has turned veritable conservative when made a minister of the crown. Mr. Bright was a notable example. Slow and careful men had looked upon him as little better than a revolution-

ist so long as his voice rang free and imperious from the platforms of public meetings. They greatly feared the influence he should exercise in Parliament, and would have deemed the constitution itself unsafe could they have foreseen that he would some day be invited to take office and a hand of direction in affairs. But it turned out that there was nothing to fear. Mr. Bright lived to see almost every reform he had urged accepted and embodied in legislation; but he assisted at the process of their realization with greater and greater temperateness and wise deliberation as his part in affairs became more and more prominent and responsible, and was at the last as little like an agitator as any man that served the Queen.

It is not that such men lose courage when they find themselves charged with the actual direction of the affairs concerning which they have held and uttered such strong, unhesitating, drastic opinions. They have only learned discretion. For the first time they see in its entirety what it was that they were attempting. They are at last at close quarters with the world. Men of every interest and variety crowd about them; new impressions throng them; in the midst of affairs the former special objects of their zeal fall into new environments, a better and truer perspective; seem no longer so susceptible to separate and radical change. The real nature of the complex stuff of life they were seeking to work in is revealed to them,—its intricate and delicate fiber, and the subtle, secret interrelationship of its parts,—and they work circumspectly, lest they should mar more than they mend. Moral enthusiasm is not, uninstructed and of itself, a suitable guide to practicable and lasting reformation; and if the reform sought be the reformation of others as well as of himself the reformer should look to it that he knows the true relation of his will to the wills of those he would change and guide. When he has discovered that relation he has come to himself: has discovered his real use and planning part in the general world of men; has come to the full command and satisfying employment of his faculties. Otherwise he is doomed to live forever in a fools' paradise, and can be said to have come to himself only on the supposition that he is a fool.

Every man—if I may adopt and paraphrase a passage from Dr. South—every man hath both an absolute and a relative capacity: an absolute in that he hath been endued with such a nature and such parts and faculties; and a relative in that he is

part of the universal community of men, and so stands in such a relation to the whole. When we say that a man has come to himself, it is not of his absolute capacity that we are thinking, but of his relative. He has begun to realize that he is part of a whole, and to know *what* part, suitable for what service and achievement.

It was once fashionable—and that not a very long time ago—to speak of political society with a certain distaste, as a necessary evil, an irritating but inevitable restriction upon the "natural" sovereignty and entire self-government of the individual. That was the dream of the egotist. It was a theory in which men were seen to strut in the proud consciousness of their several and "absolute" capacities. It would be as instructive as it would be difficult to count the errors it has bred in political thinking. As a matter of fact, men have never dreamed of wishing to do without the "trammels" of organized society, for the very good reason that those trammels are in reality no trammels at all, but indispensable aids and spurs to the attainment of the highest and most enjoyable things man is capable of. Political society, the life of men in states, is an abiding natural relationship. It is neither a mere convenience nor a mere necessity. It is not a mere voluntary association, not a mere corporation. It is nothing deliberate or artificial, devised for a special purpose. It is in real truth the eternal and natural expression and embodiment of a form of life higher than that of the individual—that common life of mutual helpfulness, stimulation, and contest which gives leave and opportunity to the individual life, makes it possible, makes it full and complete.

It is in such a scene that man looks about to discover his own place and force. In the midst of men organized, infinitely cross-related, bound by ties of interest, hope, affection, subject to authorities, to opinion, to passion, to visions and desires which no man can reckon, he casts eagerly about to find where he may enter in with the rest and be a man among his fellows. In making his place he finds, if he seek intelligently and with eyes that see, more than ease of spirit and scope for his mind. He finds himself—as if mists had cleared away about him and he knew at last his neighborhood among men and tasks.

What every man seeks is satisfaction. He deceives himself so long as he imagines it to lie in self-indulgence, so long as he deems himself the center and object of effort. His

mind is spent in vain upon itself. Not in action itself, not in "pleasure," shall it find its desires satisfied, but in consciousness of right, of powers greatly and nobly spent. It comes to know itself in the motives which satisfy it, in the zest and power of rectitude. Christianity has liberated the world, not as a system of ethics, not as a philosophy of altruism, but by its revelation of the power of pure and unselfish love. Its vital principle is not its code, but its motive. Love, clear-sighted, loyal, personal, is its breath and immortality. Christ came, not to save himself, assuredly, but to save the world. His motive, his example, are every man's key to his own gifts and happiness. The ethical code he taught may no doubt be matched, here a piece and there a piece, out of other religions, other teachings and philosophies. Every thoughtful man born with a conscience must know a code of right and of

pity to which he ought to conform; but without the motive of Christianity, without love, he may be the purest altruist and yet be as sad and as unsatisfied as Marcus Aurelius.

Christianity gave us, in the fullness of time, the perfect image of right living, the secret of social and of individual well-being; for the two are not separable, and the man who receives and verifies that secret in his own living has discovered not only the best and only way to serve the world, but also the one happy way to satisfy himself. Then, indeed, has he come to himself. Henceforth he knows what his powers mean, what spiritual air they breathe, what ardors of service clear them of lethargy, relieve them of all sense of effort, put them at their best. After this fretfulness passes away, experience mellows and strengthens and makes more fit, and old age brings, not senility, not satiety, not regret, but higher hope and serene maturity.

## THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION IN EUROPE,

AND THE RELATION OF AMERICA TO THE WORK IN THE OLD WORLD.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.



ONE dull London day I sat at luncheon in a room which is, in some ways, one of the most interesting in the world, with a man who, judged by a central act in his life, stands among the notable figures of the nineteenth century. The table at which I sat is historic. Around it, one day in June, fifty-seven years ago, a band of London young men gathered—not more than a dozen in all. The man who sat with me was their leader. Guided by him, they established the greatest religious body known among men since the dawn of Christianity.

It was in this room, at this table, that George Williams founded the Young Men's Christian Association, recognized by progressive men, in and out of the church, as one of the most powerful agencies of modern life for the physical, mental, moral, and religious betterment of young men. When I called at the office of this white-haired yet young-faced old man one late September day in 1897, I found him sitting in his little private office in the building in Paternoster Row known wherever there is a member of

this great association. He was an old man, but his mind was clear, his intellectual grip strong.

He invited me to go up to the room, on the third floor of his great business house, unchanged since the day when he and his young friends gathered while he outlined to them his plans for the new organization. The room remains as it was on that memorable occasion, nearly sixty years ago. It is an oblong, low-ceiled room, with the long table at which the young men sat standing in the middle of the room. On the walls are photographs of important events in the life of the organization, taken in many parts of the world. When the semi-centennial of the association was celebrated in London, in 1894, Queen Victoria conferred knighthood upon Mr. Williams, and he was presented with the freedom of the City of London, an unusual honor.

Hard by the room where the association was founded are large apartments where members of the staff of the business house of which Sir George is the head take many of their meals. At the end of one of the



long rooms is a raised platform, and every morning, just before the wheels of the great business begin to revolve, the employees gather here for a short religious service. I recall the earnestness with which Sir George spoke of the work of the association in America, and the keen interest he expressed in various phases of life in the United States.

If priority of occupation signifies anything, then the work of the Young Men's Christian Association in Europe should be in advance of the work in America, for it had its origin and its first real trial in Europe. But even a superficial view of the ground is sufficient to convince one that in Europe this and similar movements need artificial aid, a made ground, so to speak, but which is not so rich, not so deep in its soil as that in which the association in America has wonderfully flourished. Yet it is not impossible that the difficulties of growth in Europe may, in the end, make as sturdy a tree.

It should be borne in mind, however, that had it not been for the influence, as well as the example, of leading Americans, the work in Europe could never have reached the point it has now attained. This is said with no intention of minimizing the importance of the work done by Europeans. The movement began in Europe, and its founder richly merits the high regard in which he is held wherever associations are found; but the cause which he nobly set in motion has advanced in its world-wide sweep more through the efforts of American leaders than through any other agency.

In the year 1854 representatives of the various associations in the United States and in the British North American provinces met in convention and appointed an executive committee, which migrated from year to year from one important city to another, on the vote of the convention. This com-

mittee possessed very little power, and was looked upon with jealousy by many of the associations. Its influence, however, increased until 1860, when its work was wholly suspended by the troubles which resulted in the War of the Rebellion. In

1864 it resumed its work, and in 1866 a committee was appointed which was located for three years in the city of New York. Action of subsequent conventions continued it in New York, until it was finally permanently located there by a legal incorporation under the name of the International Committee. From 1866 the work of this committee broadened until it came to be the great supervising agency of the organization.

As time passed, it became evident that there was need of some central organization in Europe.

In August, 1855, an international meeting of Young Men's Christian Association representatives was held in Paris, at which a conference, as it was called, was formed, which has since met triennially in various European capitals. It soon became apparent, however, that there must be a general committee similar to the International Committee in America. In 1878 such a committee was established at Geneva, which city has since been its working headquarters. The general scope of the International Committee in New York was studied, and the Geneva committee was modeled, and has since carried on its work, very largely on the plan of the American body. Mr. Charles Femand was chosen the secretary of the Geneva committee, and, in order that he might the better carry on the work in Europe, he visited the United States and made a study of association methods. His work in Europe has everywhere been recognized.

There is hardly a phase of the association work in Europe which has not been molded



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY PETER AITKEN.

SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS, FOUNDER OF  
THE Y. M. C. A.



by the influence of Americans. This has been shown in too many ways to be dwelt upon here, but an incident in the triennial meeting of the world's conference, held in Hamburg in 1875, suggests the manner in which the European work has been forwarded by Americans. There was a considerable American delegation at this convention, and the International Committee, which has since been in close touch with the foreign field, presented a supply of printed matter on the work of the American association which was received with great favor by the European delegates.

At that conference two papers written for the International Committee, and approved by them, were read, one upon "The Work which has been Accomplished by the American Associations," and the other, "Their Christian and Social Importance," which, by the direction of the committee, had been translated into the various languages which were spoken by the delegates of the convention, so that they might follow the speakers in their own tongue. This innovation was received with hearty approval, and secured attention to American methods and plans which otherwise could not have been gained.

To-day, in European cities, one may see not only the results of the general influence of the American associations, but a particular influence in the plans of the buildings, and in the arrangements of the rooms and the gymnasiums; in fact, in the whole material surroundings one will find how close has been the following of the initiative of America. The association building of the city of New York, which was erected in 1869 at a cost of half a million dollars, was so planned that it provided not only for the spiritual needs of young men, but for their mental and physical needs as well; and it has stood all these years as a pattern for Europe as well as for America. This is largely due to Mr. Robert McBurney, who became secretary of the New York association in 1862, a position which he held continuously until his death in 1898. During all this long period he was one of the commanding figures in national and international work.

The influence which has been exerted through college associations has been very great. The movement, set on foot in this country, spread rapidly around the globe, until there is now a great world-wide movement for universal evangelization. In 1895 the World's Student Christian Federation was organized in Sweden, with Mr. John Mott, of this country, as general secretary. In this federation are united Christian societies from over eight hundred universities and colleges, representative of twenty-seven nations and races. The initiative of this great work was American.

It is of interest to note that there has recently been constructed in the city of Brussels a fine association building on the American model, the funds for which were given by a resident of that city. The influence of the association spirit in the United States is seen not only in the actual work of Americans, but in a stimulation of European generosity.

The difficulties which confront the interdenominational laborer in Europe are not merely theoretical ones: they are practical. Even in London itself, the birthplace of the

association, and in all England as well, the progress has many times been halting, the outlook dark. Yet year by year the association has been advancing, until men of all Protestant denominations warmly welcome it; and when the semi-centennial of its life was celebrated in June, 1894, the opening service was held in Westminster Abbey, the sermon was delivered by the Bishop of London, and ten thousand people at-

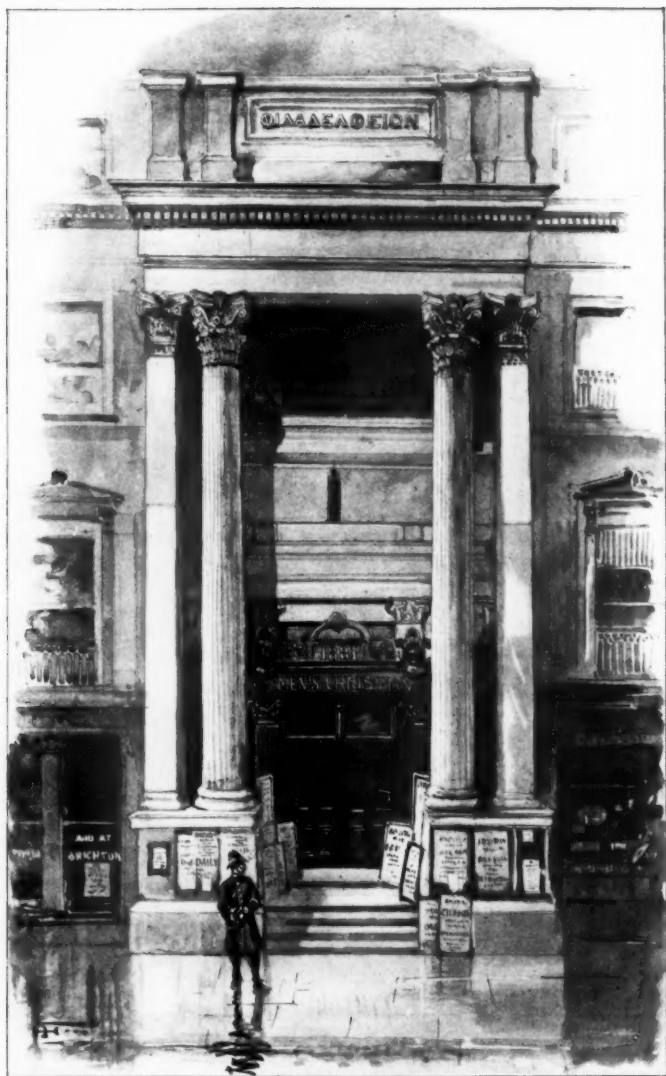
tended the thanksgiving service in the vast Cathedral of St. Paul.

The headquarters of the London association are in Exeter Hall, on the Strand, where Mr. John H. Putterill, the general secretary, has his office. The revenues of the association in London are now well on to one hundred thousand dollars a year, and the expenditures just about balance the receipts. The association in New York, with a membership of seven thousand, expends one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars a year in carrying on its work. In England, Ireland, and Wales there are nearly eighty-one thou-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

CASKET INCLOSING THE SCROLL GRANTING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON TO SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

EXETER HALL, LONDON.

sand members, and in Scotland about twenty-four thousand.

In London there are at present eight hundred thousand young men. It is demonstrated by the most careful and systematic census effort that fully six hundred thousand of this number do not associate themselves in religious work. It is among these six hundred thousand young men that the work of the London association is most pressed. I asked Mr. Putterill what was the greatest obstacle he had to overcome in reaching these young men. He told me that it was not the liquor-drinking habit, terrible as is its hold upon the young men of this vast mass, but the appalling prevalence of vice. If half is true that was told me in London about the prevalence of the most degrading habits among the young men of that city, there is little wonder that those in positions to know look with the keenest apprehensions to the future—a future which promises to make the young manhood of London within three generations a physical wreck, if not reinforced by fresher blood from the provinces. Indeed, there will not long be waiting such another wave of apprehension as that which has recently swept over France concerning the social situation in Paris, if some check is not found against the advance of immorality in London.

The work of the London association proceeds upon much the same lines that the associations move on in American cities. To one feature, however, is there given a prominence of consideration (it is now also being duplicated in America), that of providing restaurant facilities for young men in connection with association work. At the central association in Exeter Hall there is a type of these restaurants. A young man will not feel that he is going to dine on some form of thin theological soup seasoned with a spice of cant when he enters this restaurant, or the one in Aldersgate street, or any other similar eating-place in London. The prices for the food served are low, but the quality and quantity of the portions served are such as will appeal to a hungry young man from any station in life. These restaurants are open not only to the young men who are members of the association, but also to any others who will come, and they afford a capital means for bringing young men to a knowledge of the real attractions of the organization.

At every point of attack where a young man is susceptible of being conquered for good the association trains a gun. He is

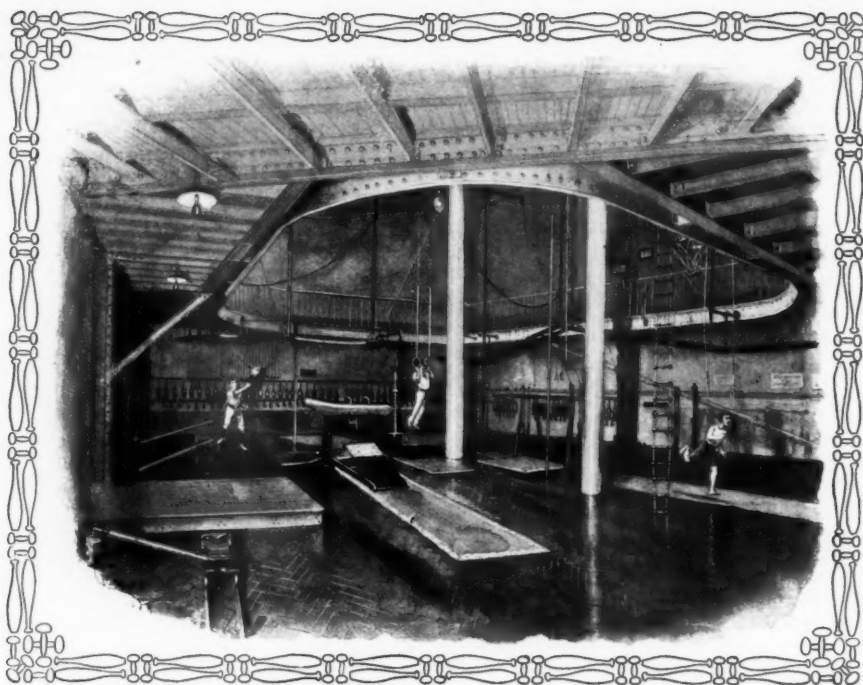
overcome by the best of music, by the advantages of lectures from men of great prominence upon topics about which he is eager to learn; he is given the advantage of well-equipped gymnasiums; there are all manner of interesting educational facilities for such as have not had the advantages of the collegian; and the religious element in the lives of the young men is developed with skill and sympathy.

"FROM that platform, sir, speak some of the greatest men of the French nation in literature, science, and art, and they are glad of an opportunity to do it."

I stood looking down into the assembly hall of the great French association in the city of Paris, as these words were spoken by the general secretary of the association, M. Paul Theis. I have used the adjective "great" because it is warranted. When in a city with many elements inimical to the work of such an organization there can be erected and maintained successfully such an association as the one in point, surely it must be termed a great organization.

Men prominent in all lines of French intellectual progress give gladly of their talents to help uplift the young men of the French association. The lecture courses are among the most notable features of the work in Paris. Close attention is also paid to the conduct of the restaurant privileges, and many young men drop into the dining-room of the association because they know that there they may get a well-cooked, well-served meal at a low price, something not always easily obtained in Paris. Of course there are all the usual features of association work in the United States—classes in all branches of education, lectures, concerts, receptions, outing clubs, athletics, hearty religious services, and, in some ways above these, a close and sympathetic watch over the members of the association.

Perhaps in this last way, more than in almost any other, has this association come to be recognized and appreciated by many of the young men of Paris. The general secretary and his aids seek to know these young men, to enter as far as possible into their personal lives, to help them to secure situations, if they are out of employment, steadfastly to hold them back from the sin of Paris—in a word, to keep them in the lines that lead to manhood. The fact that there are upward of three hundred and fifty Roman Catholic young men identified with this Paris Young Men's Christian Association is one of



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

GYMNASIUM OF THE PARIS Y. M. C. A.

no small significance. They are not in full voting membership with the association, but they are to all intents and purposes members, availing themselves of all the advantages of membership, attending the religious meetings, always undenominational, but distinctly Christian in tone, coming day by day more and more under the influence of the association, and day by day extending their individual influence among their Roman Catholic friends. The membership of the French association in Paris is about fifteen hundred, and it is increasing at the rate of about twenty a month. It is of interest to note that there are twelve Jews among its members. Fifteen nationalities are represented in the French association. Over seven hundred are French, about one hundred are from England, while the remainder represent widely separated nations.

The building of the association, on the Rue de Trévis, is one of the finest association halls in Europe. It was erected at a cost of one million one hundred thousand francs, and there remains only about two hundred thousand francs of indebtedness (about forty thousand dollars). It is fitted up in a very attractive manner, and the latest athletic appliances delight the gymna-

sium enthusiasts. It would make a young American collegian laugh to see a French game of foot-ball, and in many athletic exercises there is not the dash, nor is there the physical insistence, of the American or Englishman; but such a gymnasium as that in the Rue de Trévis is very largely attended and is a source of much benefit.

The French association has gained much from the unflinching generosity and foresight of an American, Mr. James Stokes of New York city. Largely through the efforts of this gentleman the association now has its magnificent building, and it is due to his constant interest that the means for carrying on the work have been available. Mr. Stokes became interested years ago in the work of the association on the continent of Europe. He was a member of the International Committee appointed in 1866, and has steadily maintained his interest in all departments of the work. His outlook has been that of the world's field, and he has spent much time in visiting foreign countries that he might find out for himself what was most needed to advance the cause of the association among the young men of all nations. M. André, a wealthy banker and merchant of Paris, since deceased, was greatly interested



with Mr. Stokes in the French work, and contributed liberally in money, influence, and labor for the establishment of the French association and the erection of its building. Perhaps it is safe to say that without his coöperation the work could not have been accomplished.

Mr. Stokes sent to Paris a man versed in the work of the American association to study the field, that he might the better understand the needs, and then—and this is one of the very many proofs of the inclusiveness of the American association spirit—he brought two young men to the United States, where they were placed in the Springfield training-school and given every opportunity to learn the details of the work in this country. Then he sent them back to work in Europe. In Rome Mr. Stokes established an association, the secretary of which, an Italian, had been brought by him to America and educated here for association work abroad. He purchased a building and gave it to the International Committee in trust for the association in Rome. Through the liberality of Mr. Stokes, a young Italian was sent to this country for training, to prepare for work in the interior of Italy. So earnest was the desire of Mr. Stokes that the young men of Paris should have the very best possible opportunity for development, physical as well as mental, that he fitted out the gymnasium of the French association with the most approved American appliances.

The obstacles to the work in Paris and in France in general are pronounced. Many of them might be termed obstacles of inertia, negative obstacles, obstacles which have grown during centuries of ecclesiasticism, and those which have been accumulating amid the lethargic indifference of infidelity or the more pronounced antagonism of atheism.

At No. 160 Rue Montmartre are the rooms of the Anglo-American Young Men's Christian Association of Paris, which for more than a quarter of a century has been steadily at work among the young men of English and American birth. The association is not large, having about one hundred and fifty members, but it is constant in its efforts to reach the young man away from home and to bring him under wholesome influences. About two hundred and fifty young men are reached each year, and helped by the association in a variety of ways—young men outside of the regular membership. While this association is smaller than that of the regular French organization, it is doing a needed

work and could ill be spared from the reform and Christianizing forces of the city.

Leading business men of Paris have not been slow to appreciate the value of this work, and in their subscriptions have liberally shown their interest. Such institutions, for instance, as the Bank of France, the great department stores of the Louvre and the Bon Marché, are among those which show their interest in a tangible manner.

The influence of the American association work has also been felt in the land of the Czar. Mr. Stokes opened the way for the favorable consideration, by the Czarina and Russian officials of influence, of a work for Russian young men similar to the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. Prince Hilkoﬀ, who is at the head of the Russian railway system, was in a similar way interested in the American association work among railroad employees, knowledge of which he had acquired in his own inspection of the American railway systems during a visit to this country. For it is the distinction of the American associations that they were not only the first to introduce their work among the student class, but also the first to bring to the attention of railroad officials and employees the adaptation of the association to promote the welfare of this class of our industrial population.

So favorably has this work commended itself to American railroad managers and employees that branches have been established at one hundred and fifty-nine railroad terminal points, forty thousand employees have been enlisted as members, and the railroad corporations contribute annually one hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars, besides a yet larger amount invested in buildings and other permanent property. The direction of this work is administered by the international and State agencies of association supervision.

Through the influence and coöperation of Mr. Stokes, the leading American railroad secretary, Mr. C. J. Hicks, visited Russia, and, by the courtesy of Prince Hilkoﬀ, traveled extensively over the entire Russian railway system. As a result, when Prince Hilkoﬀ received an invitation from the American International Committee to send delegates representing the Russian railways to the latest American Railroad Conference, held in Philadelphia in October, 1900, this invitation was accepted, and two officers of the Russian railways visited the American railroad organizations.

Meanwhile Mr. Stokes had also taken a





DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. A. IN NAGPUR, INDIA.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

FAÇADE OF THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, STOCKHOLM.

deep interest in the establishment of an association among the young men of St. Petersburg. Through his agency, the association secretary who had worked so admirably and successfully at Paris in preparing the way for the Paris building and the strong organization of the work for young men in that city was led to undertake a similar work for the young men of St. Petersburg. Last October, in the same month in which the Russian railways were represented by delegates on this side of the sea, Mr. Stokes was the guest of the new St. Petersburg Young Men's Christian Association at the opening of their rooms in the Russian capital, where already hundreds of young men are banded together in the work of an association under the leadership of Mr. Gaylord, the American association secretary to whom reference has just been made.

ONE sunny September day I strolled along the quaint streets of Copenhagen until I turned at last into the Vendersgade. Here, at No. 26, on the second floor of what, at some time, must have been a Danish residence, I found one of the most interesting association headquarters on either side of the Atlantic. The rooms were small and but ill adapted to the constantly increasing needs of the association, but nearly enough money was in sight, the secretary told me, for the fine building which the association has since erected at a cost of sixteen thousand dollars.

The Copenhagen work began in 1878. There were, by a recent report, nine hundred and thirty members of the association proper, seven hundred lads who make up, so far as I have been able to learn, the largest junior or auxiliary body in the world, six hundred soldier members, two hundred contributing members, and five hundred members in the suburban branches, a total of nearly three thousand. In all Denmark there were one hundred and sixty-nine associations, with a total membership of over six thousand.

Long racks or lockers in one of the rooms of the association are filled with queer-cut clothes of styles known in the country places of Denmark and worn to the city in the early summer by the young men who go to the city to begin their annual military service. Each suit of clothes is carefully hung by itself and labeled with the name of its owner. The soldiers come to the association headquarters six hundred strong, leave their clothing in this room for the

summer, don the suit of the soldier, and enter upon their military service.

During the summer, when the young men are in the vicinity of Copenhagen, they spend their spare moments at the association headquarters, and during the summer of 1897 they wrote over five thousand letters to their homes from there. Any one who has even a meager knowledge of the extent of the temptations which beset a young man in military service in Europe—temptations which rise into dangers more to be dreaded than bullets or bombs—will appreciate the importance of such a work as this association is doing among the soldiers of Denmark. With all vigor the work is being pushed, in order to bring as many young men of the army under association influences as possible.

A remarkable work has been done among the lads of Copenhagen. They are considered junior members of the association, and are looked after by the officers with as much concern as though they were members of the older class. Features of particular interest to these juniors are the summer outings to points of interest about Copenhagen, which are enjoyed by hundreds of them in a body.

The Young Men's Christian Association in Stockholm is now recognized as one of the strong factors in the progressive life of that city. A fine building at No. 35 Birger-Jarls-gatan attests the practical interest which the people of Stockholm have taken in the work. Several of the rooms have been decorated under the supervision of either the queen or Prince Eugene, the second son of the king, while on the walls of the dining-room is a dainty water-color motto done by the wife of the crown prince. There is not an unattractive room in the association building. Everything has been done that good taste and superior judgment could suggest to make this one of the notable association buildings on either side of the Atlantic. Prince Bernadotte, son of the king, is the president of the Swedish national committee and is an earnest advocate of the cause. It will be remembered that Prince Bernadotte, some years ago, renounced his right of accession to the throne that he might marry the young woman he loved, but who was not of royal blood.

When one considers the apparently insurmountable obstacles which confronted the pioneers in the work in Europe, one is amazed at the progress made in the last quarter of a century. In Germany there are over eighty-five thousand members, with

buildings owned by the associations valued at nearly three million marks. In Holland the association has grown with remarkable rapidity, considering the difficulties in the way, and there are now about twenty thousand members. In France there are over ninety associations, in Norway and Sweden over two hundred, and even in far-away Australia there are over two thousand members.

Italy, Hungary, Spain, Belgium, Finland, Russia, Switzerland, and Austria are steadily increasing the number and efficiency of their associations, while in India, China, and Japan association influences are taking root. There is a flourishing native association in Tokio, Japan, while there are associations regularly formed in Hankow and Shanghai, with auxiliaries and centers of association work in other parts of China and Japan.

The latest available figures show the Young Men's Christian Association membership of the world to be about 521,000. While not all of the associations in the United States and Canada make reports to the proper authorities for compilation in the year-books of the organization, the membership on January 1, 1900, may be given at approximately, 255,000. The property of the associations of the world, according to the latest available statistics, is worth nearly \$26,000,000, all but about \$6,000,000 of which is accredited to the United States.

Studying the associations of the representative cities of Stockholm, Copenhagen, Paris, and London, one must come to believe that, however great the obstacles, this most attractive and practical enterprise for the young men of the age is accomplishing great results in Europe, while in a broader survey of the association field in the nations in which these cities are located and in the sixteen other countries in Europe in which the organization maintains its work, not only the vastness of the hidden or open opposition to the association is seen, but also the great possibilities of the association in overcoming obstacles. In America, with its more than two hundred and fifty thousand members, with its splendid buildings and equipment, representing an investment of twenty millions of dollars, it would indeed be strange if the Young Men's Christian Association should not be still more effective in the future than in the past.

The Young Men's Christian Association long since passed the period when any thinking man, friend or foe, would attempt to set it aside as a haven fit only for the namby-pamby. It is an organization now standing in the forefront of the large powers of the century. Not only does it lead young men into the church, but it trains them into finer physical manhood, sharpens their minds, and fits them for the fight for better government, individual, municipal, State, and national.

## GREETINGS.

(CAIRO.)

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

UPON El Muski did I meet Hassan,  
Beneath arched brows his deep eyes twinkling bright,  
Good dragoman (and eke good Mussulman),  
And cried unto him, "May your day be white!"

"And yours, howadji!" came his swift reply,  
A smile illumining the words thereof  
(All men are poets 'neath that kindling sky),  
"As white as are the thoughts of her you love!"



## THE VENEZUELAN BOUNDARY CONTROVERSY.

### I. THE LONG-STANDING DISPUTE BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND VENEZUELA.

BY GROVER CLEVELAND,  
Ex-President of the United States.<sup>1</sup>



HERE is no better illustration of the truth that nations and individuals are affected in the same manner by like causes than is furnished by an observation of the beginning, progress, and results of a national boundary dispute. We all know that among individuals, when neighbors have entered upon a quarrel concerning their division-line or the location of a line fence, they will litigate until all account of cost and all regard for the merits of the contention give place to a ruthless and all-dominating determination, by fair means or foul, to win; and if fisticuffs and forcible possession are resorted to, the big, strong neighbor rejoices in his strength as he mauls and disfigures his small and weak antagonist.

It will be found that nations behave in like fashion. One or the other of two national neighbors claims that their dividing-line should be defined or rectified in a certain manner. If this is questioned, a season of diplomatic untruthfulness and finesse sometimes intervenes for the sake of appearances. Developments soon follow, however, that expose a grim determination behind fine phrases of diplomacy; and in the end the weaker nation frequently awakens to the fact that it must either accede to an ultimatum dictated by its stronger adversary, or look in the face of war and a despoliation of its territory; and if such a stage is reached, superior strength and fighting ability, instead of suggesting magnanimity, are graspingly used to enforce extreme demands if not to consummate extensive spoliation or complete subjugation.

I propose to call attention to one of these unhappy national boundary disputes, between the kingdom of Great Britain and the

South American republic of Venezuela, involving the boundary-line separating Venezuela from the English colony of British Guiana, which adjoins Venezuela on the east.

Venezuela, once a Spanish possession, declared her independence in 1810, and a few years afterward united with two others of Spain's revolted colonies in forming the old Colombian federal union, which was recognized by the United States in 1822. In 1836 this union was dissolved and Venezuela became again a separate and independent republic, being promptly recognized as such by our government and by other powers. Spain, however, halted in her recognition until 1845, when she quite superfluously ceded to Venezuela by treaty the territory which as an independent republic she had actually owned and possessed since 1810. But neither in this treaty nor in any other mention of the boundaries of the republic were they described with any more definiteness than as being "the same as those which marked the ancient viceroyalty and captaincy-general of New Granada and Venezuela in the year 1810."

England derived title to her colony of Guiana from Holland in 1814, by a treaty in which the territory was described as "the Cape of Good Hope and the establishments of Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice." No boundaries of those settlements or "establishments" were given in the treaty, nor does it appear that any such boundaries had ever been particularly defined.

It is quite apparent that the limits of adjoining countries thus specified, and lacking any mention of definite metes and bounds, were in need of extraneous assistance before they could be exactly fixed, and that in such cases their proper location was quite likely to lead to serious disagreement. In such circumstances threatening complications can frequently be avoided if the adjoining neighbors agree upon a divisional line promptly, and before their demands are

<sup>1</sup> This is the full text, hitherto unprinted, of a lecture delivered at Princeton University, on March 27, 1901. The second lecture, on the Intervention of the United States, will appear in the July CENTURY. A map will be found on page 296.—THE EDITOR.

stimulated and their tenacity increased by a real or fancied advance in the value of the possessions to be divided, or other incidents have intervened to render it more difficult to make concessions.

I shall not attempt to sketch the facts and arguments that bear upon the merits of this boundary controversy between Great Britain and Venezuela. They have all been thoroughly examined by an arbitral tribunal to which the entire difficulty was referred, and by whose determination the boundary between the two countries has been fixed—perhaps in strict accord with justice, but certainly finally and irrevocably. Inasmuch, however, as our own country became in a sense involved in the controversy, or at least deeply concerned in its settlement, I have thought these might be of interest in an explanation of the manner and the processes by which the interposition of the United States government was brought about. I must not be expected to exclude from mention every circumstance that may relate to the merits of the dispute as between the parties primarily concerned; but so far as I make use of such circumstances I intend to do so only in aid and simplification of the explanation I have undertaken.

—This dispute began in 1841. On October 5 of that year the Venezuelan minister to Great Britain, in a note to Lord Aberdeen, Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, after reminding the secretary that a proposal for joint action in the matter of fixing a divisional boundary, made by Venezuela on the 28th of January, 1841, still awaited the acceptance of Great Britain, wrote as follows:

The Honorable Earl of Aberdeen may now judge of the surprise of the Government of Venezuela upon learning that in the territory of the Republic a sentry-box has been erected upon which the British flag has been raised. The Venezuelan Government is in ignorance of the origin and purport of these proceedings, and hopes that they may receive some satisfactory explanation of this action. In the meantime the undersigned, in compliance with the instructions communicated to him, urges upon the Honorable Earl of Aberdeen the necessity of entering into a treaty of boundaries as a previous step to the fixation of limits, and begs to ask for an answer to the above-mentioned communication of January 28.

Lord Aberdeen, in his reply, dated October 21, 1841, makes the following statement:

Her Majesty's Government has received from the Governor of British Guiana Mr. Schomburgk's report of his proceedings in execution of

the commission with which he has been charged. That report states that Mr. Schomburgk set out from Demerara in April last and was on his return to the Essequibo River at the end of June. It appears that Mr. Schomburgk planted boundary posts at certain points of the country which he has surveyed, and that he was fully aware that the demarcation so made was merely a preliminary measure, open to further discussion between the Governments of Great Britain and Venezuela. But it does not appear that Mr. Schomburgk left behind him any guard-house, sentry-box, or other building having the British flag.

With respect to the proposal of the Venezuelan Government that the Governments of Great Britain and Venezuela should conclude a treaty as a preliminary step to the demarcation of the boundaries between British Guiana and Venezuela, the undersigned begs leave to observe that it appears to him that if it should be necessary to make a treaty upon the subject of the boundaries in question, such a measure should follow rather than precede the operation of the survey.

In a communication dated the 18th of November, 1841, the Venezuelan minister, after again complaining of the acts of Schomburgk and alleging that he "has planted at a point on the mouth of the Orinoco several posts bearing Her Majesty's initials, and raised at the same place, with a show of armed forces, the British flag, and also performed several other acts of domination and government," refers to the great dissatisfaction aroused in Venezuela by what he calls "this undeserved offense," and adds: "The undersigned therefore has no doubts but that he will obtain from Her Majesty's Government a reparation for the wrong done to the dignity of the Republic, and that those signs which have so unpleasantly shaken public confidence will be ordered removed."

No early response having been made to this communication, another was addressed to Lord Aberdeen, dated December 8, 1841, in which the minister refers to his previous unanswered note and to a recent order received from his government, which he says directs him "to insist not only upon the conclusion of a treaty fixing the boundaries between Venezuela and British Guiana, but also, and this very particularly, to insist upon the removal of the signs set up, contrary to all rights, by the surveyor R. H. Schomburgk in Barima and in other points of the Venezuelan territory"; and he continues: "In his afore-mentioned communication of the 18th of last month, the undersigned has already informed the Honorable Earl of Aberdeen of the dissatisfaction prevailing



among the Venezuelans on this account, and now adds that this dissatisfaction, far from diminishing, grows stronger—as is but natural—as time goes on and no reparation of the wrongs is made.”

These two notes of the Venezuelan minister were answered on the eleventh day of December, 1841. In his reply Lord Aberdeen says:

The undersigned begs leave to refer to his note of the 21st of October last, in which he explained that the proceeding of Mr. Schomburgk in planting boundary posts at certain points of the country which he has surveyed was merely a preliminary measure open to future discussion between the two Governments, and that it would be premature to make a boundary treaty before the survey will be completed. The undersigned has only further to state that much unnecessary inconvenience would result from the removal of the posts fixed by Mr. Schomburgk, as they will afford the only tangible means by which Her Majesty's Government can be prepared to discuss the question of the boundaries with the Government of Venezuela. These posts were erected for that express purpose, and not, as the Venezuelan Government appears to apprehend, as indications of dominion and empire on the part of Great Britain.

In a reply to this note, after referring to the explanation of the purpose of these posts or signs which Lord Aberdeen had given, it was said, in further urging their removal: “The undersigned regrets to be obliged to again insist upon this point; but the damages sustained by Venezuela on account of the permanence of said signs are so serious that he hopes in view of those facts that the trouble resulting from their removal may not appear useless.” The minister followed this insistence with such earnest argument that on the thirty-first day of January, 1842, nearly four months after the matter was first agitated, Lord Aberdeen informed the Venezuelan minister that instructions would be sent to the governor of British Guiana directing him to remove the posts which had been placed by Mr. Schomburgk near the Orinoco. He, however, accompanied this assurance with the distinct declaration “that although, in order to put an end to the misapprehension which appears to prevail in Venezuela with regard to the object of Mr. Schomburgk's survey, the undersigned has consented to comply with the renewed representation of the Minister upon this affair, Her Majesty's Government must not be understood to abandon any portion of the rights of Great Britain over the territory which was formerly held by the Dutch in Guiana.”

It should be here stated that the work which Schomburgk performed at the instance of the British government consisted not only in placing monuments of some sort at the mouth of the Orinoco River, upon territory claimed by Venezuela, but also in locating from such monuments a complete dividing-line running far inland and annexing to British Guiana on the west a large region which Venezuela also claimed. This line, as originally located or as afterward still further extended to the west, came to be called “the Schomburgk line.”

The Orinoco River, flowing eastward to the sea, is a very broad and deep waterway, which, with its affluents, would in any event, and however the bounds of Venezuela might be limited, traverse a very extensive portion of that country's area; and its control and free navigation are immensely important factors in the progress and prosperity of the republic. Substantially at the mouth of the Orinoco, and on its south side, two quite large rivers, the Barima and the Amacuro, flow into the sea. The region adjacent to the mouth of those rivers has, sometimes at least, been called Barima; and it was here that the posts or signs complained of by Venezuela were placed.

The coast from the mouth of the Orinoco River slopes or drops to the east and south; and some distance from that river's mouth, in the directions mentioned, the Essequibo, a large river flowing for a long distance from the south, empties into the sea. This is the river which the Venezuelans insisted they might reasonably claim to be the eastern boundary of their country and the western boundary of British Guiana.

After the correspondence which I have mentioned and which resulted in the removal of the initial monuments of the Schomburgk line from the Barima region, there seems to have been less activity in the boundary discussion until January 31, 1844, when the Venezuelan minister to England again addressed Lord Aberdeen on the subject. He referred to the erection of the Schomburgk monuments and the complaints of Venezuela on that account, and stated that since the removal of those monuments he had not ceased to urge Lord Aberdeen “to commence without delay negotiations for a treaty fixing definitely the boundary-line that shall divide the two countries.” He adds the following very sensible statement: “Although it was undoubtedly the duty of the one who promoted this question to take the first step

toward the negotiation of the treaty, the undersigned being well aware that other important matters claim the attention of Her Majesty's Government, and as he ought not to wait indefinitely, hastens to propose an agreement which, if left for a later date, may be difficult to conclude." It is disappointing to observe that the good sense exhibited in this statement did not hold out to the end of the minister's communication. After a labored presentation of historical incidents, beginning with the discovery of the American continent, he concludes by putting forward the Essequibo River as the proper boundary-line between the two countries. This was a proposition which the Venezuelan representative knew, or ought to have known, would not be considered for a moment by the government of Great Britain. The line suggested as a settlement of a delicate and serious dispute was the line which bounded Venezuela's most extreme pretensions; and it seems to me that a diplomatic error was made when, failing to apprehend the fact that the exigencies of the situation called for a show of concession, the Venezuelan minister, instead of intimating a disposition to negotiate, gave Great Britain an opportunity to be first in making proposals apparently calculated to meet the needs of conciliation and compromise.

Thus two months after the receipt of this communication,—on the thirtieth day of March, 1844,—Lord Aberdeen sent his reply. After combating the allegations contained in the letter of the Venezuelan representative, he remarked that if he were inclined to act upon the spirit of that letter, it was evident that he ought to claim on behalf of Great Britain, as the rightful successor to Holland, all the coast from the Orinoco to the Essequibo. Then follows this significant declaration:

But the undersigned believes that the negotiations would not be free from difficulties if claims that cannot be sustained are presented, and shall not therefore follow Señor Fortique's example, but state here the concessions that Great Britain is disposed to make of her rights, prompted by a friendly consideration for Venezuela and by her desire to avoid all cause of serious controversies between the two countries. Being convinced that the most important object for the interests of Venezuela is the exclusive possession of the Orinoco, Her Majesty's Government is ready to yield to the Republic of Venezuela a portion of the coast sufficient to insure her the free control of the mouth of this her principal river, and to prevent its being under the control of any foreign power.

Lord Aberdeen further declared that, "with this end in view, and being persuaded that a concession of the greatest importance has been made to Venezuela," he would consent on behalf of Great Britain to a boundary which he particularly defined, and in general terms may be described as beginning in the mouth of the Moroco River, which is on the coast southeast of the mouth of the Orinoco River and about two thirds of the distance between that point and the Essequibo River, said boundary running inland from that point until it included in its course considerably more territory than was embraced within the original Schomburgk line, though it excluded the region embraced within that line adjacent to the Barima and Amacuro rivers and the mouth of the Orinoco.

This boundary, as proposed by Lord Aberdeen, was not satisfactory to Venezuela. Soon after its submission her diplomatic representative died, and this interruption was quickly followed by a long period of distressing internal strifes and revolutions, which so distracted and disturbed her government that for more than thirty years she was not in condition to renew negotiations for an adjustment of her territorial limits.

During all this time Great Britain seemed not especially unwilling to allow these negotiations to remain in abeyance.

This interval was not, however, entirely devoid of boundary incidents. In 1850 great excitement and indignation were aroused among the Venezuelans by a rumor that Great Britain intended to take possession of Venezuelan Guiana, a province adjoining British Guiana on the west, and a part of the territory claimed by Venezuela; and the feeling thus engendered became so extreme, both among the people and on the part of the government of the republic, that all remaining friendliness between the two countries was seriously menaced. Demonstrations indicating that Venezuela was determined to repel the rumored movement as an invasion of her rights were met by instructions given by Great Britain to the commander of her Majesty's naval forces in the West Indies as to the course he was to pursue if the Venezuelan forces should construct fortifications within the territory in dispute. At the same time, Mr. Balford Hinton Wilson, England's representative at Caracas, in a note addressed to the Minister of Foreign Affairs for Venezuela, indignantly characterized these disquieting rumors of

Great Britain's intention as mischievous, and maliciously false; but he also declared that, on the other hand, her Majesty's government would not see with indifference the aggressions of Venezuela upon the disputed territory.

This note, however, contained a rather impressive pronouncement in these words:

The Venezuelan Government, in justice to Great Britain, cannot mistrust for a moment the sincerity of the formal declaration, which is now made in the name and by the express order of Her Majesty's Government, that Great Britain has no intention to occupy or encroach upon the territory in dispute; therefore the Venezuelan Government, in an equal spirit of good faith and friendship, cannot refuse to make a similar declaration to Her Majesty's Government, namely, that Venezuela herself has no intention to occupy or encroach upon the territory in dispute.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs for Venezuela responded to this communication in the following terms:

The undersigned has been instructed by His Excellency the President of the Republic to give the following answer: The Government never could be persuaded that Great Britain, in contempt of the negotiation opened on the subject and the alleged rights in the question of limits pending between the two countries, would want to use force in order to occupy the land that each side claims—much less after Mr. Wilson's repeated assurance, which the Executive Power believes to have been most sincere, that those imputations had no foundation whatever, being, on the contrary, quite the reverse of the truth. Fully confident of this, and fortified by the protest embodied in the note referred to, the Government has no difficulty in declaring, as they do declare, that Venezuela has no intention of occupying or encroaching upon any portion of the territory the possession of which is in controversy; neither will she look with indifference on a contrary proceeding on the part of Great Britain.

In furtherance of these declarations the English government stipulated that it would not "order or sanction such occupations or encroachments on the part of the British authorities"; and Venezuela agreed on her part to "instruct the authorities of Venezuelan Guiana to refrain from taking any step which might clash with the engagement hereby made by the Government."

I suspect there was some justification on each side for the accusations afterward interchanged between the parties that this understanding or agreement, in its strict letter and spirit, had not been scrupulously observed.

As we now pass from this incident, over a long period, to a date when attempts to negotiate for a settlement of the boundary controversy were resumed, it may be profitable, before going further, to glance at some of the conditions existing at the time of such resumption, as they are made apparent by the narration of facts which has already been given.

In 1876—thirty-two years after the discontinuance of efforts on the part of Great Britain and Venezuela to fix by agreement a line which should divide their possessions—Venezuela was confronted, upon the renewal of negotiations for that purpose, by the following conditions:

A line proposed by her, founded upon her conception of strict right, which her powerful opponent had insisted could not in any way be plausibly supported, and which therefore she would in no event accept.

An indefiniteness in the limits claimed by Great Britain—so great that, of two boundary-lines indicated or suggested by her, one had been plainly declared to be "merely a preliminary measure open to future discussion between the Governments of Great Britain and Venezuela," and the other was distinctly claimed to be based upon generous concessions and a "desire to avoid all cause of serious controversies between the two countries."

A controversy growing out of this situation impossible of friendly settlement except by such arrangement and accommodation as would be satisfactory to Great Britain, or by a submission of the dispute to arbitration.

A constant danger of such an extension of settlements in the disputed territory as would necessarily complicate the situation and furnish a convenient pretext for the refusal of any concession respecting the lands containing such settlements.

A continual profession on the part of Great Britain of her present readiness to make benevolent concessions and of her willingness to coöperate in a speedy adjustment, while not substantially reducing her pretensions, and certainly not attempting in a conspicuous manner to hasten negotiations to a conclusion.

A tremendous disparity in power and strength between Venezuela and her adversary, which gave her no hope of defending her territory or preventing its annexation to the possessions of Great Britain in case the extremity of force or war was reached.

The renewed negotiations began with a

communication dated November 14, 1876, addressed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs for Venezuela to Lord Derby, then Great Britain's Principal Secretary of State. In this communication the efforts made between the years 1841 and 1844 to establish by agreement a divisional line between the two countries, and their interruption, were referred to, and the earnest desire was expressed that negotiations for that purpose might at once be resumed. The minister suggested no other line than the Essequibo River, but in conclusion declared that the President of Venezuela was led to "hope that the solution of this question, already for so many years delayed, will be a work of very speedy and cordial agreement."

On the same day that this note was written to Lord Derby, one was also written by the same Venezuelan official to Mr. Fish, then our Secretary of State. After speaking of the United States as "the most powerful and the oldest of the Republics of the new continent, and called on to lend to others its powerful moral support in disputes with European nations," the minister calls attention to the boundary controversy between Venezuela and Great Britain and the great necessity of bringing it to a speedy termination. He concludes as follows: "But whatever may be the result of the new steps of the Government, it has desired that the American Government might at once take cognizance of them, convinced, as it is, that it will give the subject its kind consideration and take an interest in having due justice done to Venezuela." A memorandum was inclosed with the note, setting forth the claims of Venezuela in the boundary matter.

This appears to be the first communication addressed to our government on the subject of a controversy in which we afterward became very seriously concerned.

A short time after the date of these communications, a Venezuelan envoy to Great Britain was appointed; and, on the thirteenth day of February, 1877, he addressed to Lord Derby a note in which, after asserting the right of Venezuela to insist upon the boundary previously claimed by her, he declared the willingness of his government "to settle this long-pending question in the most amicable manner," and suggested either the acceptance of a boundary-line such as would result from a presentation by both parties of Spanish and Dutch titles, maps, documents, and proofs existing before the advent in South America of either Venezuela or British Guiana, or the adoption of

"a conventional line fixed by mutual accord between the Governments of Venezuela and Great Britain after a careful and friendly consideration of the case, keeping in view the documents presented by both sides, solely with the object of reconciling their mutual interests, and to fix a boundary as equitable as possible." The suggestion is made that the adoption of a divisional line is important "to prevent the occurrence of serious differences in the future, particularly as Guiana is attracting the general attention of the world on account of the immense riches which are daily being discovered there."

Let us here note that this renewal by Venezuela of her efforts to settle her boundary-line was accompanied by two new features. These, though in themselves entirely independent, became so related to each other, and in their future combination and development so imperiously affected our government, that their coincident appearance at this particular stage of the controversy may well strike us as significant. One of these features was the abandonment by Venezuela of her exclusive insistence upon a line representing her extreme claims, and which England would not in any contingency accept, thus clearing the field for possible arbitration; and the other was her earnest appeal to us for our friendly aid. Neither should we fail to notice the new and important reference of the Venezuelan envoy to the immense riches being discovered in the disputed territory. Gold beneath the soil in controversy does not always hasten the adjustment of uncertain or disputed boundary-lines.

On the twenty-fourth day of March, 1877, Lord Derby informed the Venezuelan envoy that the governor of British Guiana was shortly expected in London, and that he was anxious to await his arrival before taking any steps in the boundary discussion.

After waiting for more than two years for a further answer from the English government, the Venezuelan representative in London, on the 19th of May, 1879, addressed a note on the subject to Lord Salisbury, who, in the meantime, had succeeded Lord Derby. In this note reference was made to the communication sent to Lord Derby in 1877, to the desire expressed by him to await the arrival of the governor of British Guiana before making reply, and to the fact that the communication mentioned still remained unanswered; and on behalf of



Venezuela her representative repeated the alternative proposition made by him in February, 1877, in these words: "The boundary treaty may be based either on the acceptance of the line of strict right as shown by the records, documents, and other authoritative proofs which each party may exhibit, or on the acceptance at once by both Governments of a frontier of accommodation which shall satisfy the respective interests of the two countries"; and he concluded his note as follows:

If Her Britannic Majesty's Government should prefer the frontier of accommodation or convenience, then it would be desirable that it should vouchsafe to make a proposition of an arrangement, on the understanding that, in order to obviate future difficulties and to give Great Britain the fullest proof of the consideration and friendship which Venezuela professes for her, my Government would not hesitate to accept a demarcation that should satisfy as far as possible the interests of the Republic.

At all events, my Lord, something will have to be done to prevent this question from pending any longer.

Thirty-eight years ago my Government wrote urging Her Majesty's Government to have the Boundary Treaty concluded, and now this affair is in the same position as in 1841, without any settlement; meanwhile Guiana has become of more importance than it was then, by reason of the large deposits of gold which have been and still are met with in that region.

Now, at the date of this communication England's most extreme claims were indicated either by the Schomburgk line or by the line which Lord Aberdeen suggested in 1844 as a concession. These were indeed the only lines which Great Britain had thus far suggested. When in such circumstances, and with these lines distinctly in mind, the envoy of Venezuela offered to abandon for his country her most extreme claims, and asked that Great Britain should "vouchsafe to make a proposition of an arrangement" upon the basis of a "frontier of accommodation or convenience," what answer had he a right to expect? Most assuredly he had a right to expect that if Great Britain should prefer to proceed upon the theory of "accommodation or convenience," she would respond by offering such a reduction of the claims she had already made as would indicate a degree of concession or "accommodation" on her part that should entitle her to expect similar concession from Venezuela.

What was the answer actually made? After a delay of nearly eight months, on the tenth day of January, 1880, Lord

Salisbury replied that her Majesty's government were of the opinion that to argue the matter on the ground of strict right would involve so many intricate questions that it would be very unlikely to lead to a satisfactory solution of the question, and they would therefore prefer the alternative "of endeavoring to come to an agreement as to the acceptance by the two Governments of a frontier of accommodation which shall satisfy the respective interests of the two countries."

He then gives a most startling statement of the English government's claim, by specifying boundaries which overlap the Schomburgk line and every other line that had been thought of or dreamed of before, and says that such claim is made "by virtue of ancient treaties with the aboriginal tribes and of subsequent cessions from Holland." He sets against this claim, or "on the other hand," as he says, the fact that the President of Venezuela, in a message dated February 20, 1877, "put forward a claim on the part of Venezuela to the river Essequibo as the boundary to which the Republic was entitled"—thereby giving controlling importance to a claim of boundary made by the President of Venezuela three years before, though his Lordship was answering a communication in which Venezuela's present diplomatic representative distinctly proposed "a frontier of accommodation." His declaration, therefore, that the boundary which was thus put forward by the President of Venezuela would involve "the surrender of a province now inhabited by forty thousand British subjects," seems quite irrelevant, because such a boundary was not then under consideration; and in passing it may occur to us that the great delay in settling the boundaries between the two countries had given abundant opportunity for such inhabitation as Lord Salisbury suggests. His Lordship having thus built up a contention in which he puts on one side a line which for the sake of pacific accommodation Venezuela no longer proposes to insist upon, and on the other a line for Great Britain so grotesquely extreme as to appear fanciful, soberly observes:

The difference, therefore, between these two claims is so great that it is clear that, in order to arrive at a satisfactory arrangement, each party must be prepared to make considerable concessions to the other; and although the claim of Venezuela to the Essequibo River boundary could not under any circumstances be entertained, I beg leave to assure you that Her Majesty's Govern-



ment are anxious to meet the Venezuelan Government in a spirit of conciliation, and would be willing, in the event of a renewal of negotiations for a general settlement of boundaries, to waive a portion of what they consider to be their strict right, if Venezuela is really disposed to make corresponding concessions on her part.

And ignoring entirely the humbly respectful request of the Venezuelan minister that Great Britain would "vouchsafe to make a proposition of an arrangement," his Lordship thus concludes his communication: "Her Majesty's Government will therefore be glad to receive, and will undertake to consider in the most friendly spirit, any proposal that the Venezuelan Government may think fit to make for the establishment of a boundary satisfactory to both nations."

This is diplomacy—of a certain sort. It is a deep and mysterious science; and we probably cannot do better than to confess our inability to understand its intricacies and sinuosities, while at this point we are reminded of the methods of the shrewd, sharp trader who demands exorbitant terms, and with professions of amicable consideration invites negotiation, looking for a result abundantly profitable in the large range for dicker which he has created.

An answer was made to Lord Salisbury's note on the twelfth day of April, 1880, in which the Venezuelan envoy states in direct terms that he had received specific instructions from his government for the arrangement of the difficulty, by abandoning the ground of strict right and "concurring in the adoption for both countries of a frontier mutually convenient, and reconciling in the best possible manner their respective interests—each party having to make concessions to the other for the purpose of attaining such an important result."

It will be remembered that in 1844, when this boundary question was under discussion, Lord Aberdeen proposed a line beginning in the mouth of the Moroco River, being a point on the coast south and east of the mouth of the Orinoco, thus giving to Venezuela the control of that river, but running inland in such a manner as to include, in the whole, little if any less area than that included in the Schomburgk line; and it will also be recalled that this line was not then acceptable to Venezuela. It appears, however, that the delays and incidents of thirty-six years had impressed upon the government of the republic the serious disadvantages of her situation in contention with Great Britain; for we find in this reply of the

Venezuelan envoy the inquiry "whether Her Britannic Majesty's Government is disposed now, as it was in 1844, to accept the mouth of the river Moroco as the frontier at the coast." To this Lord Salisbury promptly responded that the attorney-general for the colony of British Guiana was shortly expected in England, and that her Majesty's government would prefer to postpone the boundary discussion until his arrival.

This was followed by a period of five months of silence, with no word or sign from England's Foreign Office; and in the meantime Earl Granville had succeeded Lord Salisbury as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. After waiting thus long, the representative of Venezuela, on the 23d of September, 1880, reminded Lord Granville that in the preceding April his immediate predecessor had informed him that the arrival of the attorney-general of British Guiana was awaited before deciding the question of boundaries between the two Guianas; and as he had not, after the lapse of five months, been honored with a communication on the subject, he was bound to suppose that the attorney-general had not accomplished his voyage, in which case it was useless longer to wait for him. He further reminded his Lordship that on the 24th of March, 1877, Lord Derby, then in charge of British foreign affairs, also desired to postpone the consideration of the question until the arrival in London of the governor of British Guiana, who was then expected, but who apparently never came. He then proceeds as follows:

Consequently it is best not to go on waiting either for the Governor or for the Attorney-General of the Colony, but to decide these questions ourselves, considering that my Government is now engaged in preparing the official map of the Republic and wishes of course to mark out the boundaries on the East.

In my despatch of 12th of April last, I informed your Excellency [Excellency's predecessor?] that as a basis of a friendly demarcation my Government was disposed to accept the mouth of the River Moroco as the frontier on the coast. If Her Britannic Majesty's Government should accept this point of departure, it would be very easy to determine the general course of the frontier, either by means of notes or in verbal conferences, as your Excellency might prefer.

On the twelfth day of February, 1881, Lord Granville, replying to Venezuela's two notes dated April 12 and September 23, 1880, informed her representative, without explanation, that her Majesty's government

would not accept the mouth of the Moroco as the divisional boundary on the coast.

A few days afterward, in an answer to this refusal, Venezuela's representative mentioned the extreme claims of the two countries and the fact that it had been agreed between the parties that steps should be taken to settle upon a frontier of accommodation; that in pursuance thereof he had proposed as the point of departure for such a frontier the mouth of the Moroco River, which was in agreement thus far with the proposition made by Lord Aberdeen on behalf of Great Britain in 1844; and pertinently added: "Thus thirty-seven years ago Her Britannic Majesty's Government spontaneously proposed the mouth of the Moroco River as the limit on the coast, a limit which your Excellency does not accept now, for you are pleased to tell me so in the note which I have the honor of answering." He thereupon suggests another boundary, beginning on the coast at a point one mile north of the mouth of the Moroco River and thence extending inland in such manner as to constitute a large concession on the part of Venezuela, but falling very far short of meeting the claims of Great Britain. He declares, however, that this demarcation "is the maximum of all concessions which in this matter the Government of Venezuela can grant by way of friendly arrangement."

Apparently anticipating, as he well might, that the boundary he proposed would fail of acceptance, he suggests that in such case the two governments would have no alternative but to determine the frontier by strict right, and that on this basis they would find it impossible to arrive at an agreement. Therefore he declares that he has received instructions from his government to urge upon Great Britain the submission of the question to an arbitrator, to be chosen by both parties, to whose award both governments should submit.

In this proposal of arbitration by Venezuela we find an approach to a new phase of the controversy. First, the two countries had stood at arm's-length, each asserting strict right of boundary, only to be met by obstinate and unyielding resistance. Next, the field of mutual concession and accommodation had been traversed, with no result except damaging and dangerous delay. After forty years of delusive hope, the time seemed at hand when the feeble contestant must contemplate ignominious submission to dictatorial exaction, or forcible resistance, futile and distressing, unless honorable

rest and justice could be found in arbitration—the refuge which civilization has builded among the nations of the earth for the protection of the weak against the strong, from which the ministries of peace issue their decrees against the havoc and barbarism of war.

The reply of Lord Granville to the communication of the envoy of Venezuela proposing an alternative of arbitration was delayed for seven months; and when, in September, 1881, it was received, it contained a rejection of the boundary offered by Venezuela and a proposal of a new line apparently lacking almost every feature of concession; and, singularly enough, there was not in this reply the slightest allusion to Venezuela's request for arbitration.

I do not find that this communication of Great Britain was ever specifically answered, though an answer was often requested. No further steps appear to have been taken until September 7, 1883, when Lord Granville instructed the British minister to Venezuela to invite the serious attention of the Venezuelan government to the questions pending between the two countries, with a view to their early settlement. These questions are specified as relating to the boundary, to certain differential duties imposed on imports from British colonies, and to the claims of British creditors of the republic. His Lordship declared in those instructions that as a preliminary to entering upon negotiations it was indispensable that an answer should be given to the proposal of her Majesty's government in regard to the boundary.

The representations made to the government of Venezuela by the British minister, in obedience to those instructions, elicited a reply from her Secretary of State, in which a provision of the Venezuelan constitution was cited prohibiting the alienation or cession of any part of the territory of the republic; and it was suggested that, inasmuch as the Essequibo line seemed abundantly supported as the true boundary of Venezuela, a concession beyond that line by treaty would be obnoxious to this constitutional prohibition, whereas any reduction of territory brought about by a decree of an arbitral tribunal would obviate the difficulty. Therefore the urgent necessity was submitted for the selection of an arbitrator, "who, freely and unanimously chosen by the two Governments, would judge and pronounce a sentence of a definite character."

The government of her Majesty, in a

response dated February 29, 1884, commented upon the new difficulty introduced by the statement concerning the prohibition contained in the constitution of the republic, and expressed a fear that if arbitration was agreed to, the same prohibition might be invoked as an excuse for not abiding by an award unfavorable to Venezuela; and it was declared that "if, on the other hand, the arbitrator should decide in favor of the Venezuelan Government to the full extent of their claim, a large and important territory which has for a long period been inhabited and occupied by Her Majesty's subjects and treated as a part of the Colony of British Guiana would be severed from the Queen's dominions." This declaration is immediately followed by a conclusion in these words:

For the above-mentioned reasons, therefore, the circumstances of the case do not appear to Her Majesty's Government to be such as to render arbitration applicable for a solution of the difficulty; and I have accordingly to request you, in making this known to the Venezuelan Government, to express to them the hope of Her Majesty's Government that some other means may be devised for bringing this long-standing matter to an issue satisfactory to both powers.

Let us pause here for a moment's examination of the surprising refusal of Great Britain to submit this difficulty to arbitration, and the more surprising reasons presented for its justification. The refusal was surprising because the controversy had reached such a stage that arbitration was evidently the only means by which it could be settled consistently with harmonious relations between the two countries.

It was on this ground that Venezuela proposed arbitration; and she strongly urged it on the further ground that inasmuch as the prohibition of her constitution prevented the relinquishment, by treaty or voluntary act, of any part of the territory which her people and their government claimed to be indubitably Venezuelan, such a relinquishment would present no difficulties if it was in obedience to a decree of a tribunal to which the question of ownership had been mutually submitted.

In giving her reasons for rejecting arbitration Great Britain says in effect: The plan you urge for the utter and complete elimination of this constitutional prohibition—for its expurgation and destruction so far as it is related to the pending dispute—is objectionable, because we fear the prohibition thus eliminated, expunged, and de-

stroyed will still be used as a pretext for disobedience to an award which, for the express purpose of avoiding this constitutional restraint, you have invited.

The remaining objection interposed by Great Britain to the arbitration requested by Venezuela is based upon the fear that an award might be made in favor of the Venezuelan claim, in which case "a large and important territory which has for a long period been inhabited and occupied by Her Majesty's subjects and treated as a part of the Colony of British Guiana would be severed from the Queen's dominions."

It first occurs to us that a contention may well be suspected of weakness when its supporters are unwilling to subject it to the test of impartial arbitration. Certain inquiries are also pertinent in this connection. Who were the British subjects who had long occupied the territory that might through arbitration be severed from the Queen's dominions? How many of them began this occupancy during the more than forty years that the territory had been steadily and notoriously disputed? Did they enter upon this territory with knowledge of the dispute and against the warning of the government to which they owed allegiance, or were they encouraged and invited to such entry by agencies of their government who had full notice of the uncertainty of the British title? In one case, being themselves in the wrong, they were entitled to no consideration; in the other, the question of loss and indemnification should rest between them and their government, which had impliedly guaranteed them against disturbance. In any event, neither case presented a reason why Great Britain should take or possess the lands of Venezuela; nor did either case furnish an excuse for denying to Venezuela a fair and impartial adjudication of her disputed rights. By whom had this territory "been treated as a part of the Colony of British Guiana"? Surely not by Venezuela. On the contrary, she had persistently claimed it as her own, and had "treated" it as her own as far as she could and dared. England alone had treated it as a part of British Guiana; her immense power had enabled her to do this; and her own decrees seemed to promise greater advantages as against her weak adversary than arbitration could possibly assure.

The Secretary of State of Venezuela, soon after this refusal of Great Britain to submit the boundary dispute to arbitration, in a despatch dated the second day of April,

1884, still urged that method of settlement, citing precedents and presenting arguments in its favor; and in conclusion he asked the minister of the English government at Caracas "to have the goodness to think out and suggest any acceptable course for attaining the solution of this difficulty." This was followed, a few days afterward, by another communication from the Venezuelan Secretary of State, repeating his urgent request for arbitration. From this communication it may not be amiss to make the following quotation:

Venezuela and Great Britain possess the same rights in the question under discussion. If the Republic should yield up any part of her pretensions, she would recognize the superior right of Great Britain, would violate the above-quoted article of the Constitution, and draw down the censure of her fellow-citizens. But when both nations, putting aside their independence of action in deference to peace and good friendship, create by mutual consent a Tribunal which may decide in the controversy, the same is able to pass sentence that one of the two parties or both of them have been mistaken in their opinions concerning the extent of their territory. Thus the case would not be in opposition to the Constitution of the Republic, there being no alienation of that which shall have been determined not to be her property.

On the tenth day of June, 1884, arbitration was again refused in a curt note from Lord Granville, declaring that "Her Majesty's Government adhere to their objection to arbitration as a mode of dealing with this question."

About this time complaints and protests of the most vigorous character, based upon alleged breaches of the agreement of 1850 and violation of territorial rights, began on both sides of this controversy, and accusations of aggression and occupation were constantly made. I shall not attempt to follow them, as in detail they are not among the incidents which I consider most relevant to the presentation of my theme.

On the thirteenth day of December, 1884, Venezuela, in reply to a proposition of the British government that the boundary question and certain other differences should be settled simultaneously, suggested, in view of the unwillingness of Great Britain to submit the boundary dispute to arbitration, that it should be presented for decision to a court of law, the members of which should be chosen by the parties respectively.

The British government promptly declined this proposition, and stated that they were not prepared to depart from the arrangement

made in 1877 to decide the question by adopting a conventional boundary fixed by mutual accord between the two governments.

This was in the face of the efforts which had been made along that line and found utterly fruitless.

Immediately following the last-mentioned proposition by Venezuela for the adjustment of this difficulty, negotiations were entered upon for the conclusion of a treaty between Great Britain and Venezuela, which should quiet a difficulty pending between the two countries relating to differential duties and which should also dispose of other unsettled questions. In a draft of such a treaty submitted by Venezuela there was inserted an article providing for arbitration in case of all differences which could not be adjusted by friendly negotiation. To this article Great Britain suggested an amendment, making such arbitration applicable only to matters arising out of the interpretation or execution of the treaty itself, and especially excluding those emanating from any other source; but on further representation by Venezuela, Lord Granville, in behalf of the government of Great Britain, expressly agreed with Venezuela that the treaty article relating to arbitration should be unrestricted in its operation. This diplomatic agreement was in explicit terms, her Majesty's government agreeing "that the undertaking to refer differences to arbitration shall include all differences which may arise between the High Contracting Parties, and not those only which arise on the interpretation of the Treaty."

This occurred on the fifteenth day of May, 1885. Whatever Lord Granville may have intended by the language used, the government of Venezuela certainly understood his agreement to include the pending boundary dispute as among the questions that should be submitted to arbitration. The other provisions of the treaty remaining under discussion seemed so easy of adjustment that its early completion, embodying a stipulation for the arbitration of the boundary controversy, was confidently and gladly anticipated by the republic.

The high hopes and joyful anticipations of Venezuela born of this apparently favorable situation were, however, but short-lived.

On the twenty-seventh day of July, 1885, Lord Salisbury, who in the meantime had succeeded the Earl of Granville in Great Britain's Foreign Office, in a note to Venezuela's envoy, declared: "Her Majesty's Government are unable to concur in the



assent given by their predecessors in office to the general arbitration article proposed by Venezuela, and they are unable to agree to the inclusion in it of matters other than those arising out of the interpretation or alleged violation of this particular treaty."

No assertion of the irrevocability of the agreement which Venezuela had made with his predecessor, and no plea or argument of any kind, availed to save the enlarged terms of this arbitration clause from Lord Salisbury's destructive decree.

On the twentieth day of June, 1886, Lord Rosebery suggested for Great Britain, and as a solution of the difficulty, that the territory within two certain lines which had been already proposed as boundaries should be equally divided between the contestants, either by arbitration or the determination of a mixed commission. This was declined by Venezuela on the twenty-ninth day of July, 1886, upon the same grounds that led to the declination of prior proposals that apparently involved an absolute cession of a part of her territory; but she still insisted on arbitration embracing the entire disputed territory as the only feasible method of adjustment.

This declination on the part of Venezuela of Lord Rosebery's proposition terminated the second attempt to settle this vexed question. In the meantime the aggressive conduct which for some time the officials of both countries had exhibited in and near the contested region had grown in distinctness and significance, until Great Britain had openly and with notorious assertion of ownership taken possession of a valuable part of the territory in dispute. On the 26th of October, 1886, an official document was published in the London "Gazette" giving notice that no grants of land made by the government of Venezuela in the territory claimed by Great Britain would be admitted or recognized by her Majesty. This more significant statement was added: "A map showing the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela claimed by Her Majesty's Government can be seen in the library of the Colonial Office, Downing Street, or at the Office of the Government Secretary, Georgetown, British Guiana." The boundary here spoken of, as shown on the map to which attention is directed, follows the Schomburgk line. Protests and demands in abundance on the part of Venezuela followed, which were utterly disregarded, until on the thirty-first day of January, 1887, the Venezuelan Secretary of State

distinctly demanded of Great Britain the evacuation of the disputed territory which she occupied in violation of prior agreement and the rights of the republic, and gave formal notice that unless such evacuation should be completed, and accompanied by acceptance of arbitration as a means of deciding the pending frontier dispute, by the twentieth day of February, 1887, diplomatic relations between the two countries would on that day cease.

These demands were absolutely unheeded; and thereupon, when the twentieth day of February arrived, Venezuela exhibited a long list of specific charges of aggression and wrong-doing against Great Britain, and made the following statement and final protest:

In consequence, Venezuela, not deeming it fitting to continue friendly relations with a state which thus injures her, suspends them from to-day.

And she protests before the Government of Her Britannic Majesty, before all civilized nations, before the whole world, against the acts of spoliation which the Government of Great Britain has committed to her detriment, and which she will never on any consideration recognize as capable of altering in the slightest degree the rights which she has acquired from Spain, and respecting which she will be always ready to submit to a third power, as the only way to a solution compatible with her constitutional principles.

Notwithstanding all this, three years afterward, and on the tenth day of January, 1890, an agent of Venezuela, appointed for that purpose, addressed a note to Lord Salisbury, still in charge of Great Britain's foreign relations, expressing the desire of Venezuela to renew diplomatic relations with Great Britain, and requesting an interview to that end.

A short time thereafter the government of Great Britain expressed its satisfaction that a renewal of diplomatic relations was in prospect, and presented to the representative of Venezuela "a statement of the conditions which Her Majesty's Government considered necessary for a satisfactory settlement of the questions pending between the two countries."

As the first of these conditions it was declared that "Her Majesty's Government could not accept as satisfactory any arrangement which did not admit the British title to the territory comprised within the line laid down by Sir R. Schomburgk in 1841; but they would be willing to refer to arbitration the claims of Great Britain to certain territory to the west of that line."



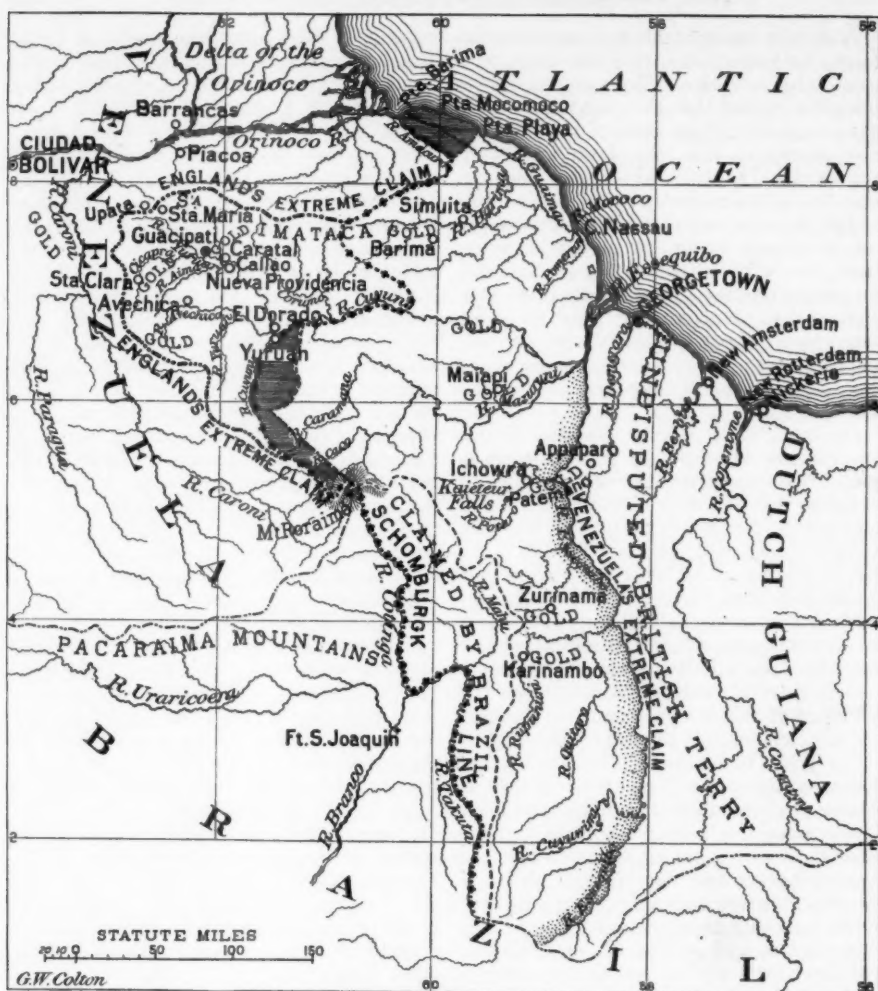
Naturally enough, this statement was received by Venezuela with great disappointment and surprise. Her representative promptly replied that his government could not accept any single point of the arbitrary and capricious line laid down by Sir R. Schomburgk in 1841, which had been declared null and void even by the government of her Majesty; and that it was not possible for Venezuela to accept arbitration in respect to territory west of that line. He further expressed his regret that the conditions then demanded by Lord Salisbury were more unfavorable to Venezuela than the proposals made to a former agent of the republic prior to the suspension of diplomatic relations.

On the 19th of March, 1890, the British government reiterated its position more in detail. Its refusal to admit any question as to Great Britain's title to any of the territory within the Schomburgk line was emphatically repeated, and the British claim was defined to extend beyond any pretension which I believe had ever been previously made except by Lord Salisbury himself in 1880. A map was presented indicating this extreme claim, the Schomburgk line, and a certain part of the territory between the boundary of this extreme claim on the west and the Schomburgk line, which Great Britain proposed to submit to arbitration, abandoning all claim to the remainder of the territory between these last-named two lines. This scheme, if adopted, would give to England absolutely and without question the large territory between British Guiana's conceded western boundary and the Schomburgk line, with an opportunity to lay claim before a board of arbitration for extensive additional territory beyond the Schomburgk line.

This is pitiful. The Schomburgk line, which was declared by the British government, at the time it was made, to be "merely a preliminary measure, open to further discussion between the Governments of Great Britain and Venezuela," and since largely extended in some mysterious way, is now declared to be a line so well established, so infallible, and so sacred that only the territory that England exorbitantly claims beyond that line is enough in dispute to be submitted to impartial arbitration. The trader is again in evidence. On this basis England could abundantly afford entirely to lose in the arbitration she at length concedes.

And yet Venezuela was not entirely dis-

couraged. Soon after the receipt of Great Britain's last depressing communication, she appointed still another agent who was to try his hand with England in the field of diplomacy. On the twenty-fourth day of June, 1890, this new representative replied to the above proposal made to his predecessor by her Majesty's government, and expressed the great regret of Venezuela that its recent proposals for a settlement of the boundary difficulty by arbitration affecting all the disputed territory had been peremptorily declined. He also declared that the emphatic statement contained in Great Britain's last communication in reference to this question created for his government "difficulties not formerly contemplated," and thereupon formally declined on behalf of Venezuela the consideration of the proposals contained in said communication. This statement of discouraging conditions was, however, supplemented by a somewhat new suggestion to the effect that a preliminary agreement should be made containing a declaration on the part of the government of Venezuela that the river Essequibo, its banks, and the lands covering it belong exclusively to British Guiana, and a declaration on the part of her Majesty's government that the Orinoco River, its banks, and the lands covering it belong exclusively to Venezuela, and providing that a mixed commission of two chief engineers and their staffs should be appointed to make, within one year, careful maps and charts of the region to the west and northwest of the Essequibo River, toward the Orinoco, in order to determine officially the exact course of its rivers and streams, and the precise position of its mountains and hills, and all other details that would permit both countries to have reliable official knowledge of the territory which was actually in dispute, enabling them to determine with a mutual feeling of friendship and good will a boundary with perfect knowledge of the case; but in the event that a determination should not be thus reached, the final decision of the boundary question should be submitted to two arbitrators, one selected by each government, and a third chosen by the other two, to act as umpire in case of discord, who, in view of the original titles and documents presented, should fix a boundary-line which, being in accordance with the respective rights and titles, should have the advantage as far as possible of constituting a natural boundary; and that, pending such determination, both governments should remove or



MAP OF THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.

The Schomburgk line is laid down on this map in conformity with the claims of Great Britain as to its proper position. By the arbitration Great Britain has lost the two strips of land within that line indicated on the map by shaded sections, one at the mouth of the Orinoco and the other between Yuruan and Mount Roraima. These shaded sections comprise about 5000 square miles, an area a trifle larger than the State of Connecticut, and represent what Venezuela has gained in territory within the Schomburgk line as defined by Great Britain. Venezuela's political gain consists in the complete control of the mouth of the Orinoco, which is the natural outlet to nearly all of Venezuela and a large part of Colombia.—EDITOR.

withdraw all posts and other indications and signs of possession or dominion on said territory, and refrain from exercising any jurisdiction within the disputed region.

On the 24th of July, 1890, Lord Salisbury declined to accept these suggestions of the Venezuelan representative, and declared: "Her Majesty's Government have more than once explained that they cannot consent to submit to arbitration what they

regard as their indisputable title to districts in the possession of the British Colony."

Is it uncharitable to see in this reference to "possession" a hint of the industrious manner in which Great Britain had attempted to improve her position by permitting colonization, and by other acts of possession, during the half-century since the boundary dispute began?

Efforts to settle this controversy seem

to have languished after this rebuff until March, 1893, when still another agent was appointed by Venezuela for the purpose of reestablishing diplomatic relations with Great Britain, and settling, if possible, the boundary trouble and such other differences as might be pending between the two countries. As a means to that end, this agent, on the twenty-sixth day of May, 1893, presented a memorandum to the British government containing suggestions for such settlement. The suggestion relating to the adjustment of the boundary question rested upon the idea of arbitration and did not materially differ from that made by this agent's immediate predecessor in 1890, except in the proposition that the *status quo*, pending final adjustment, should be the same as that existing after the agreement of non-interference in the disputed territory made by the two governments in 1850.

The plan thus suggested was declined by the government of Great Britain, because, in the first place, it involved an arbitration, "which had been repeatedly declined by Her Majesty's Government," and, further, because it was, in the language of the British reply, "quite impossible that they should consent to revert to the *status quo* of 1850 and evacuate what has for some years constituted an integral portion of British Guiana."

A further communication from the agent of Venezuela, offering additional arguments in support of his suggestions, brought forth a reply informing him that the contents of his note did not "appear to Her Majesty's Government to afford any opening for arriving at an understanding on this question which they could accept."

On the twenty-ninth day of September,

1893, a final communication was addressed by the representative of Venezuela to the British government, reviewing the situation and the course of past efforts to arrive at a settlement, and concluding with the words:

I must now declare in the most solemn manner, and in the name of the Government of Venezuela, that it is with the greatest regret that that Government sees itself forced to leave the situation produced in the disputed territory by the acts of recent years unsettled, and subject to the serious disturbances which acts of force cannot but produce; and to declare that Venezuela will never consent to proceedings of that nature being accepted as title-deeds to justify the arbitrary occupation of territory which is within its jurisdiction.

Here closed a period in this dispute, fifty-two years in duration, vexed with agitation, and perturbed by irritating and repeated failures to reach a peaceful adjustment. Instead of progress in the direction of a settlement of their boundaries, the contestants could only contemplate, as results of their action, increased obstacles to fair discussion, intensified feelings of injury, extended assertion of title, ruthless appropriation of the territory in controversy, and an unhealed breach in diplomatic relations.

My narration of the incidents leading to this situation has been long, and I am afraid not always interesting; but it has seemed to me that it would aid in a clear discussion of our general topic if these incidents, once entered upon, were completely disposed of before passing to a separate and independent consideration, on another occasion, of the interposition of our own government in a controversy whose prominent features I have endeavored thus far to exhibit.

(To be concluded.)



## TOLSTOI'S MORAL THEORY OF ART.

THE PRIZE ESSAY IN "THE CENTURY'S" COMPETITION FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES OF 1899.

BY JOHN ALBERT MACY, A.B.,  
Harvard University.

### I.



TWO years ago appeared a treatise on art by one of the greatest of living artists.<sup>1</sup> Although it attracted wide attention among the critics and was reviewed in many journals, none of the reviews, so far as I have seen them, attempted to deal fully with the stimulating questions raised in this singular volume. Yet the work is so distinctly vital and original that it demands, and will, I think, continue to demand, more extended consideration than is possible in a mere book-review. Even if Tolstoi's essay is not destined to take a permanent place in the literature of esthetics and criticism, it nevertheless discusses with great power, and in a new light, questions which will refuse to be laid aside so long as there are artists and writers on art.

Tolstoi's "What is Art?" contains a querulous exposition of existing evils, a sincere attempt to find out and formulate the causes, and some sweeping statements of dogma, based on a wide and rather ill-defined socialism, by which he hopes to see the causes removed. Like most reformers, he succeeds better in naming the disease than in prescribing the cure for it. New rules to set the world right are always inadequate and often cardinaly wrong.

As a reformer, Tolstoi handles large ethical problems, and, to assess the work fairly, the critic cannot confine himself to a purely esthetic discussion. The different branches of philosophy, especially ethics and esthetics, are so interwoven that they are only abstractly capable of complete separation. This, indeed, is at the bottom of the first lesson which Tolstoi himself would teach, namely, that all art is worthless which swings away from morality. The large task he sets himself is to prevent art from wandering out of the road of good healthy life into the

quagmire of moral stagnation. Thus it is in the field of ethics that the main part of Tolstoi's discussion really lies. The book is a sermon on art, in the course of which many of the deepest problems of esthetics are touched on or treated at length.

Now, a sermon should appeal to our emotions, and should stimulate us to richer and loftier purpose. Viewed in this aspect, Tolstoi's book is hardly successful. Instead of the power that wins and persuades, Tolstoi's strength in many parts of this work takes the form of mere violence. One is reminded that the author is old. Lecturing from the mount of threescore and ten, he has none of the errors of young theorists, nor at the same time has he the enthusiasm of youth, which often atones splendidly for error; he shows rather the irascibility of old age than its tempered wisdom. Though he has a great height from which to view the world, his eyes are bad; and for all the contagion of good will and brotherly love which he preaches, his own heart is not warm enough to make us forget in the fervor of his belief the fallacies contained in it. Neither the truth nor the error of his teaching stirs us very deeply. The reaction on his doctrines is cold, and the very incitement to better things which he preaches as the great glory of true art fails to beat in the blood. This failing, almost pathetic to one who has felt the astonishing power of Tolstoi's earlier writings, would not be so noticeable were it not the very shortcoming for which he condemns what we call art. In "What is Art?" the genius, though still wonderful, is broken and scattered, not masterful like the genius of the great artist who in a time of supreme intellectual vigor gave us "Anna Karénina." The power of the man holds our interest, but does not bring us irresistibly to his conclusions. The thought comes to us many times in reading the book that Tolstoi has outlived his power. Where he should command and inspire, he irritates the reader or leaves him cold, and the sermon fails.

But one is not left in an indifferent state

<sup>1</sup> "What is Art?" by Count Leon N. Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian by Charles Johnston. Philadelphia, Henry Altemus, 1898.



of mind. The reaction on the book, though perhaps cold and judicial, must be strong. Interesting questions are raised and discussed in an interesting manner. Tolstoi's book is an important utterance on important problems.

Before passing to these problems, however, let me first call attention to certain general biases and limitations which must affect Tolstoi's work, and then dispose of certain minor things in the essay, which, though he spends many pages in their development, are only incidental to his principal thought, and grow like excrescences out of the crotchety side of his doctrine.

One bias is evident: Tolstoi is a Russian. In Russia class distinctions are cruelly manifest, and Tolstoi's socialism and hatred of aristocracy are too sectional to form the basis of a universal theory of art. Russian art, moreover, with notable exceptions in fiction and music, does not rank with the best art of modern Europe, and the narrow range, marked by the special works of art which Tolstoi selects to praise or to blame, makes one question whether he is well enough acquainted with the art of other countries. The accidents of time and place cramp his view and distort his theory.

Tolstoi's greatest limitation is one partly of temperament, partly of education. He is not a wise student of philosophy. A philosopher he certainly is, perhaps a great one in the untechnical sense; but he does not see the value of metaphysics, which lifts its head above the paltry pursuits of men and which sees God as the religious consciousness of the common man cannot see him. Tolstoi will not admit that one can find more in the universe than God the Father and men the brothers. Great world-formulas, which spell Beauty with a capital letter and forget king and peasant, may not be such fatuous nonsense as he thinks. Tolstoi invites adverse criticism by calling attention repeatedly to his weak spots.

This he does fatally by uttering heresies against the demigods of art. Some of our gods may be of putty, but not all. To have our love of Greek statues condemned as immoral is staggering. This effect soon gives way to a sense that one is listening to a monomaniac, when, one by one, nearly all our great artists become objects of Tolstoi's attack. It is doing Tolstoi an act of overjustice to pass by these things as unimportant. If he exposes his breast, it is right to strike him, but one prefers to win scientifically. Therefore I shall not argue with him if he con-

demns the symbolists and the decadents; personally, I agree with him at this point. But if we are right in considering them bad, it is not because we are somewhat mystified in reading them, not because their ideas are not morally good for humanity, but for some purely "artistic" reason (not as Tolstoi understands the word), such as lack of unity, of coherence, of beauty of expression, of sincerity. He may be right when he insists that Goethe's "Faust" does not produce "a true artistic impression," but the reason for such a doubtful conclusion is not that "Faust" is "based on borrowing." Perhaps one may complain justly of its lack of unity, but the life of genius awakens it from dead imitation. When Tolstoi brands Greece as "a half-savage, slave-trading little nation, which could nicely depict the nakedness of the human body and construct buildings pretty to look at," and stigmatizes the "production of Sophocles, Euripides, Æschylus, and especially Aristophanes," as "wild, coarse, and meaningless," it is generous to keep silent. Let him think that Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" is foolish, that Beethoven's later period is futile, that Ibsen, Wagner, Strauss, and the rest are mere imitators. Maybe Wagner's operas have their silly movements; but it is hard to sit calm and hear a critic say, "All this beauty is of the lowest type."

It is necessary to mention these things, because they are the rubbish which must be cleared away before one can get to the good of Tolstoi's work. To treat them as the peevish impotence of a man with a hobby uncontrolled is to help Tolstoi to keep his feet. Unless one separates these sweeping condemnations from the cooler discussion of the book, one cannot do justice to what is sane.

## II.

ACCORDING to Tolstoi, art is an important activity which costs an incalculable amount of labor and ruins millions of human lives. What is there to justify this great expenditure of work? Is art, that is, what is commonly called art, worth what it costs? The usual answer is that art awakens and preserves one's sense of beauty, that it is food for a natural esthetic hunger within us which must be satisfied. As a matter of fact, few persons get the pleasure which art pretends to furnish. The toiling millions, whose life-blood runs red on the altars of Art, never feel the soothing touch of her hand. Nor is art an end in itself, like truth and honor, to which enormous sacrifice should be paid un-



questioningly. Art, like other good activities, is a means to a wider, better, more brotherly life; in other words, the life of socialism.

Criticism and esthetics, continues Tolstoi, have tried to make the function of art the search after the beautiful. But beauty is only another name for pleasure of a selfish, unworthy sort. If I say that a certain poem is beautiful, I mean simply that it pleases me; and my neighbor, who finds no pleasure in it, says truly that it lacks beauty. Beauty is the vitiating factor in art. Tolstoi's syllogism runs thus: There is no standard of pleasure; beauty is pleasure; therefore beauty cannot be the standard of art. The truth of this conclusion is enforced by the fact that writers on esthetics have always tried to frame their definitions of art to include the productions that have appealed to them or have been recognized in their time.

How, then, he asks, shall we define art?

Art is transfer of feeling. The action of art consists in "calling up in one's self a feeling once experienced, and conveying this feeling" by means of symbols, "so that other people are affected by this feeling and live it over in themselves." By means of art, the individual not only experiences again, in a higher form, his own emotions, but becomes a partner in the experience of the race. True art thus prevents isolation, and brings about a common brotherhood. It lifts our view of life from the personal to the universal. Now, the universal is represented in any given race and period by the prevailing religious consciousness, and it is this religious consciousness which the best art most clearly and most forcibly expresses, for it is the highest understanding of life. Whenever, as is the unhappy case of the educated to-day, the religious consciousness grows dim and faith goes out of the temple, art, Tolstoi maintains, is prevailingly bad, because people have nothing left to measure it by except personal pleasure.

Rooted in a false conception of art, esthetics, which calls itself the science of the beautiful and falsely pretends to have arisen among the Greeks, has tried to make a holy trinity of goodness, beauty, and truth. These three qualities, when stripped of metaphors and misleading associations, are found to have nothing in common, to lead, in fact, in quite different directions. To follow beauty is to depart from good; and truth, being destructive of delusion, annihilates the prime condition of beauty.

Such false esthetic theories have made

art an exclusive pursuit of the elect; while the masses, who are true judges of real art, are considered by the artistic cliques as not being educated up to high appreciation of fine productions. Except for a few works which teach broad religion and a wide-armed humanitarianism, little has been created in art which the honest literate workman, the great model of manhood, can enjoy. Only the rich, whose sense of art is atrophied, can take pleasure (and that a debilitating, immoral pleasure) in the modern novel, which is, with few exceptions, a morbid study of the loves of the upper classes; in the symbolists and the decadents; in complex, highly technical music; in Wagner; in Beethoven of the second period. Corresponding to the prevailing cliques in art, spring up schools of imitation of approved masterpieces and schools of criticism which foster this imitation.

Thus, Tolstoi complains, a great organ of human progress, art, which should be the great means of communication between men's hearts and souls, is diseased and impotent. Callous to the true contagion of art, and feeling only a tinge of artificial rapture over fine technic or clever novelty, the upper classes live without the softening effect of true art, and drift away from morality. The common people waste labor in works of false art, and grow corrupt by continual contact with it. Morality is weakened by the unwarranted confounding of good and beauty.

What, then, according to Tolstoi, are the conditions of true art? Real art is contagious; it produces mental union with the author and, through him, with the spectators. The stronger the contagion, the better the art; that is, independent of the worth of the feelings it carries. To make good art, these feelings must be good; that is, all art depends for its value on the goodness of the subject-matter. This subject-matter must have as its essence the religious consciousness of the time. The purpose of Christian art should be to bring man nearer to God; the feelings must accordingly be universal, common to men, and must be expressed with clearness and sincerity. Ideas that make for religion and humanitarianism must be presented so that the ordinary man may feel them as he contemplates a work of art. The artist must work for love, because he has a message, not because he is skilful with words or musical symbols, and can make money selling exhibitions of his skill. With simplified media of expression and a higher education among the poor, distinction in class

will vanish, and the hidden artists among the people will come forth with the truths they have to tell. The good can produce good art and the good can enjoy it. Aristocracy, says this great peasant-count, will fall when the true art comes. In his vision of the true art some day to be, Tolstoi might have quoted Kipling:

No one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame.

Nor shall "the joy of the working" count either, except that the real art-worker shall be promoting the common happiness, and so be happy himself. Art for art's sake and all the superrefined taste of the falsely educated must disappear before something larger and finer when moral socialism brings true Christian art.

### III.

It is well just here to admit in part the justice of Tolstoi's arraignment of modern art, since most of my criticism is opposed to his teachings. It is a sad fact that millions of dollars and thousands of human lives are devoted to false, useless art; nay, to art which is worse than useless, which debilitates and perverts the people who feed their senses on it. The only questions are, whether any educated people pretend that this is art; whether the most fastidious of Tolstoi's "atrophied" critics and connoisseurs are not as bitterly opposed as he to lascivious operas, "Frenchified" novels, nude atrocities in flesh and paint; and whether the same honest workman, who toils with such heroic patience for his family, does not enjoy these cheap yellow corruptions more than the pampered child of culture. Is it not the ruddy-cheeked peasant who, as soon as he comes to town, makes straight for the beer-saloon adorned with wicked women who lie in suggestive postures in frames of gilt? The crime is there. Are the superrefined to blame for it? I shall say more of this when I come to discuss the qualified judge of art.

Pointing much nearer the breast of the cultured is the charge that art has parted company with life; that novels of refined sexual love imitate one another in their independence of truth and of naturalness; that the cultured dilettante has a lust for production, which breeds bastard books and abortive pictures. It is true that some critics seem to care more for form than for substance, that to them anything is artistic which is technically skilful, that good structure and good style cover a multitude of sins

against God's truth and man's welfare. Not content with deifying mere good workmanship, critics form exclusive and hostile schools, and pretend to solve the mystery of how genius manifests itself. It is a bitter fact that the study of recognized masterpieces is carried to such an extent that imitations multiply beyond count. Unnatural tastes are created for certain styles of art, and thousands of hacks set to work to imitate what has pleased, and so to please again. It must be confessed that certain critics isolate themselves from the intelligent public and take pleasure in admiring what few others can enjoy, and admiring it for that very reason. The false note struck half in fun by Lowell, when he said that he wanted Chaucer for himself and a few friends, jars everywhere in modern criticism. The supreme contempt of critics who make Walter Pater a fetish, for those who dare to dislike his fine intricate form for its own sake, is an example of this scornful exclusiveness, which says, "I am holier than thou." And in so far as Tolstoi preaches as a cure for these diseases a wider sympathy with men, unflinching sincerity, independence of critical idols and codified forms of worship, simplicity of style, and decency of subject-matter, he is a good teacher. One wishes that some good might come from his stinging rebuke of literary snobs who erect fences between themselves and "Philistines," their name, apparently, for all sensible, healthy people. There is a tendency among certain modern writers to estimate supersubtle indirectness of expression above anything else on either side of the heavens. The idea embodied counts for nothing so long as it be set forth in language which shows, to use the jargon of later-day criticism, "sensitiveness to word-effects." If Tolstoi can pull such people into the sunlight, his book will not be in vain.

### IV.

THE chief noun in esthetics is beauty. Since Tolstoi rules beauty out of art entirely, his work is not so much a treatise on esthetics as an attack on the very existence of this branch of philosophy. "There is no objective definition of beauty," he says; and again, "All attempts to define what taste is can lead to nothing, and an explanation why one thing is pleasing to one person and not to another . . . does not and cannot exist." "All esthetic theories consist in recognizing certain productions as good because they please us, and then establishing a theory of

art . . . such as to embrace all these productions." These statements deny psychological esthetics and metaphysical esthetics, leaving only dogmatic criticism and history. Now, although it is true that no esthetic theory is more adequate than any other theory which man has ever tried to formulate, although no one has succeeded by any method, psychological or metaphysical, in telling us exactly what beauty is, yet it is destructive of all esthetics, destructive of artistic and literary criticism, to say with Tolstoi that, because beauty is only a kind of pleasure, it has no place in art. The true relation between beauty and pleasure is this: We associate with things the degrees and kinds of pleasure they give us, and say that the quality by virtue of which we derive pleasure from them is their beauty. That beauty expresses merely the value of the thing to us. To try to find its value independent of ourselves is nonsense. This I shall develop presently.

First, however, it is necessary to separate esthetic pleasures from other pleasures. The pleasure one takes in the beautiful comes from the keenest exercise of the perceptive senses, and is not to be confounded or classed with pleasures, like those of eating and breathing, which attend the discharge of function in other organs than those by which we perceive. This line of division is obvious, yet Tolstoi confusedly associates with the enjoyment of perceptions the bad reputation that, in ethics, hangs about the animal pleasures. Past the age when the lust for life is strong, Tolstoi has a moralistic prejudice against pleasure; so the very fact that beauty pleases, vitiates it. Furthermore, recognizing that pleasure is subjective, that the beauty of a poem varies with the person who reads it, Tolstoi concludes that beauty cannot be a standard.

These fallacies are due to Tolstoi's lack of training in philosophy. He does not see that the same subjectivity that destroys for him the value of judgments about beauty holds in all the judgments we make. Like beauty, all things that men think about and believe in—God, goodness, truth, all the conclusions of science, religion, ethics—depend on the biased individual. The whole world of thought and experience is subjective, and to destroy esthetics on the ground that its judgments are based on personal pleasure is to destroy equally all branches of thought. This is a commonplace in modern philosophy, and does not need to be enlarged on here.

The fallacy which rules out pleasure as the register of anything good and true misses the meaning of half of human life and is in strange contradiction to Tolstoi's very definite statement that art is transfer of feeling. Feeling is the key-note, and Tolstoi, like some other moralists, has not had a sure ear for its hum in the gamut of things human. Man is primarily an emotional creature. His rationality is an after development. Now, as Mr. Santayana shows in his chapter on the nature of beauty,<sup>1</sup> all values depend on emotional consciousness. Without the sense of pleasure or pain, there would be no such thing as appreciation, weighing of values. Our sense of preference depends on our feelings in both ethical and esthetical experiences. Pleasure is the register in us of what an object means for us. Therefore, not only is Tolstoi wrong in saying that judgments about art must not depend on our pleasures, but if he understood psychology, he would see that his own theory, his book, all that he writes, is an expression of his pleasure, his personal sense of value, the very sort of ground which he would draw from under the structure of esthetics.

The difficulty into which Tolstoi has fallen is a natural danger to one who does not watch thought closely. The rational side of human thought has a deluding soundness of aspect which makes one forget that the stuff with which the reason builds is selected according to our preferences.

Moral preferences, moreover, on which ethics is constructed, being based on remoter pleasures, which concern rather the whole of life than the emotions of the hour, set up for themselves and lose sight of the emotional choices which underlie all morality. For this reason morality, which looks askance at pleasure, whereas esthetics openly avows it as the ground of its being, seems to have an independent right to exist, free of personal judgments, and draws its white skirts away from esthetics.

With preference, then, based on pleasure, esthetics confessedly deals, and sees in art the activity which tries to separate and preserve what pleases us from what is ugly, that is, unpleasant. To justify esthetics on this ground would be as useless as to try to prove that there ought to be a science of ethics. It is enough to have shown that the reason for which Tolstoi has tried to separate art and beauty—namely, that beauty can be traced back to mere pleasure or pref-

<sup>1</sup> "The Sense of Beauty," by George Santayana, pp. 14-23.

erence—is a fallacy, which, if insisted on, is fatal to all the rest of human thought.

## V.

THE trouble with Tolstoi's approach to questions of art is that he comes to it as a moralist. It is significant that, of all writers on the philosophy of art, the three who have dealt with it in the least satisfactory manner, Plato, Ruskin, and Tolstoi, have been primarily interested in ethics, in sociology, and in economics. To Tolstoi, as we have seen, all art which does not make for two great moral principles, devotion to God and universal brotherhood, is bad. He would correct art. Plato, on the contrary, would reject art, with a few exceptions, on the ground of two charges against it, one metaphysical, the other ethical.

Art, says Plato,<sup>1</sup> deals with the appearances of things, which are, in turn, only the imperfect images of ideal reality; art is, therefore, twice removed from truth. Moreover, art deals largely with unworthy passions,<sup>2</sup> and represents the gods as beings in the flesh; therefore it excites in men the base emotions which it depicts, and falsifies religion. The first theory is hardly a live one in modern times, and perhaps needs no refutation here. But it may be said that Aristotle and Schopenhauer are sounder. Aristotle believes<sup>3</sup> that art comes nearer to expressing the idea which nature but imperfectly embodies in matter. "The illusions which fine art employs do not cheat the mind; they image forth the immanent Idea which cannot find adequate expression under the forms of material existence." For Schopenhauer, art is an escape from miserable personality to the universal, and so to larger truth.

The bearing of this metaphysical discussion on Tolstoi is a bit remote, but it suggests how completely he fails to see one great value of art, its attempt to perfect something, if it be only the human form. The finest sense men have is a love of the flawless. Our conception of God is an expression of this love, but God is invisible to the senses, which seek perfection in more tangible form through art. Art tries to take a little section of life or nature and rid it of flaws and excrescences until it expresses one idea, unhindered, free from what is irrelevant. This is the meaning of Beauty with a capital letter, which Tolstoi sneers at as a

vague, meaningless abstraction of metaphysicians. Both Tolstoi and Plato think of works of art too narrowly as mere pictures of things, and accordingly go astray in judging the value of the picture by the value of the thing depicted. They make unfair demands that art shall justify itself by its subject-matter alone.

This leads to the second charge of Plato that art represents base passions. One phase of this idea Tolstoi brings out strongly in his arraignment of the novel of sexual passion, which is too often the production of a man "suffering from erotic mania," and which stimulates morbidly our sexual desires. There is truth in this. How many novels are there which make vice attractive! In this the French are great offenders. Masterly in style, fine in construction, delicate in the handling of extremely dangerous subject-matter, with a subtle skill in touching the feelings and at the same time in dealing opiates to the sense of moral distinctions, too many of the French *nouvelles* and *romans* during the last thirty years tend to lure us into bad air, where the dimness of the light makes the smut show less black. Some of them, it is true, like a few of Guy de Maupassant's stories, deal with problems of sex in a healthy manner and are good for the right-minded adult; but there is little in the modern French story of that love of purity and the sure understanding of it, through which the artist gives us at once the fascination of vice for men and its loathsomeness, so that the reader experiences a revulsion against it, and a purification of the emotions, of which Aristotle makes so much! Although, to be true to life, the novelist must deal with vice, he need not revel in it. In the preface to one of his novels, Théophile Gautier says that Virtue is a wrinkled grandmother and Vice a pretty girl who shows her ankles. The Frenchman is to blame for thinking so, and cannot afford to laugh at the Puritan for loving the grandmother and asking the pretty girl to wear longer skirts. Fortunately, there is little hypocrisy about the indecent novel. It cannot cheat the man with his eyes open. Even the scientific school of Zola, the "subjectivists," who pretend to "study" vice as an excuse for painting it luridly, cannot sow bad seed except in bad soil. Here is the great answer to Tolstoi. Art bad in subject-matter cannot hurt the moral man so much as Tolstoi thinks. The worst art could do little harm if morality did its work.

So we cannot agree with Plato in ruling

<sup>1</sup> "Republic," Bk. X.    <sup>2</sup> "Republic," Bk. II, IX, X.

<sup>3</sup> Butcher, "Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Arts," p. 160 ff.



out of art the expression of any but high and lofty ideas, or with Tolstoi, who confuses a bad idea with a bad ideal, yet we can agree that the subject-matter of art should be cleaner than it is, for art would sacrifice nothing and would free itself from the charges of the rigid moralist.

But all rigid moralists do not condemn art as we know it. According to Ruskin, whose moral esthetic theory is an odd mixture of sober thought and irrational prejudice, art is man's instrument for the glorification of God. In this sense art has a moral function, but it is not, like the useful arts, subservient to life and the problems of existence. It is an end in itself which we pursue because it broadens the vision and opens the view to "Him in whom [we] rejoice and live." This, I take it, is another way of expressing the attempt of art to get through matter to idea, the function of art which Tolstoi ignores and which Plato denies.

To get at a moral theory of art, Tolstoi discards the notion of beauty. Ruskin deifies it, and makes all ideas of beauty essentially moral.<sup>1</sup> The very love of God which is cardinal in Tolstoi's theory, Ruskin makes a secondary consequence of enjoyment of beauty. He agrees with Tolstoi that the sense of art may be atrophied by association and long habit; but, unlike Tolstoi, he holds that true beauty is the soul of art, its presence is recognized by the highest senses of the pure in heart, and it embodies or typifies in human life God's infinity, divine comprehensiveness, divine permanence, divine justice, and divine energy. The faculty which perceives beauty is the *theoria*, the power of seeing, which finds its perfect state in charity, unselfishness, and justice of moral judgment. Immoral qualities in art destroy beauty. The lion is more beautiful in a state of kingly repose than when snarling over a dead carcass. Only love can produce the ideal form, and objects of moral hatred cannot become objects of great art.

This theory of the moral essence of beauty is certainly sounder than Tolstoi's doctrine as a working hypothesis by which to judge art. Although open to serious objections, it deals better with the relations between the moral and the esthetic sides of man than Tolstoi's absolute exclusion of beauty. It at once invites art to a full life and arrives at moral conclusions which Tolstoi might accept. "Divine Providence," says Ruskin,<sup>2</sup> "which leaves it open to us . . . to abuse

this sense [the sense of sight, beauty, art, etc.], like every other, and pamper it with selfish and thoughtless vanities as we pamper the palate with deadly meats, until the appetite of tasteful cruelty is lost in its sickened satiety, incapable of pleasure, unless, Caligula-like, it concentrate the labor of a million lives into the sensations of an hour, leaves it also open to us, by humble and loving ways, to make ourselves susceptible of deep delight from the meanest objects of creation, and of a delight which shall not separate us from our fellows, nor require the sacrifice of any duty or occupation, but which shall bind us closer to men and to God, and be with us always, harmonized with every action, consistent with every claim, unchanging and eternal." If Tolstoi should read Ruskin, he would see that there is at least one other writer on art who moves in the same general direction, though by a more attractive road.

In all these moralistic theories of art there is a truth and there is a misconception. The truth is a great one, easy for the writer on esthetics to overlook, that in life the hardest and most important thing men have to do is to lead good lives. Our moral task is so great that it overshadows everything else. No matter whether one's ethical theory depend on divine command or expediency or abstract principle or what not, all else in life shrinks into nothingness when the problems of morality press hardest. Lovers of art as we are, we should be willing to sacrifice art if the gods would take from us the curse of wickedness. Better a dull, gray world which is good than an interesting, bright-colored life where sin festers in the soul, even while the eyes are feasting on beauty. I put this strongly in order to go as far as possible with our moral writers on esthetics. One can understand thus why Plato banished the poets so calmly. He was ready to sacrifice a lesser good to a greater good; and if his charges against the delightful arts are true, then, we consent, let them by all means be exiled. If art is immoral, we can see why Tolstoi wants it completely regenerated, and we can sympathize with the almost agonized struggle of Ruskin to save art and morality together.

But the misconception back of this is as great as the truth. Except Plato, who limits and undervalues art, these moralists expect art to do more than it possibly can. It is right to require of art that it shall not hinder morality, but it is folly to expect art to put its shoulder to the moral wheel. Indirectly,

<sup>1</sup> "Modern Painters," Vol. II, Part I, pp. 15, 16.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 26.



by enlarging our knowledge and our sympathies, by covert didacticism, by the general purifying and stimulating of the emotions, art may help morality, even as a man may do good because it is an immediate pleasure. But the play of art must not, cannot, be turned into the work of morality. Art decorates the house which morality tries to keep sound, but the decorator is no carpenter. If morality could do its work finally, the play of art would still go on. As it is, men must work and play too. So long as the work is first and most important, and so long as it is imperfectly done, the play must be somewhat restricted; but the play has its own place in life and need not be suspended or called by any other name. Perhaps, however, the name "play" connotes the trivial and the unessential. As Mr. Santayana says,<sup>1</sup> some people take the word in its frivolous sense and condemn the thing. But play means really all activity that is not forced on us by the necessity of adjusting ourselves to the conditions of life. It means not what is fruitless, but what is spontaneous, an activity for its own sake, in which, but for our imperfect adjustment to surroundings, which it is the business of work to correct, man finds his true happiness. We speak of the "play" of the senses, the "play" of the imagination, and so on. Thus art, being the product of the genius and the imagination, is play, and has its value in itself. It is a thing for man to pursue for its intrinsic worth. So long as art does not mean immoral art, "Art for art's sake" is a true and living maxim. Work is activity against hindrances; art as play, being unhindered, goes into the regions which slow-footed, plodding morality cannot reach.

As I have said, art may do work, and it is the occasional willingness of art to be of practical use that has made our moralists wish to press her forever into the service of morality. There is often, too, an element of artistic pursuit in the necessary work we do. The work of the artist himself is largely play. As Stevenson says,<sup>2</sup> "The most profitable work is that which combines into one continued effort the largest proportion of the powers and desires of a man's nature, in which he will know the weariness of fatigue, but not that of satiety, and which will be ever fresh, pleasing, and stimulating to his taste. . . . This is what his art should be to the true artist, and that to a degree unknown in

other and less intimate pursuits." Here is indeed the pleasant element that makes a play of work; but play, as such, must not be expected to identify itself with work.

So Tolstoi has mistaken the nature of art when he has given it such a binding and special task to perform. He may ask art to be of great and serious value to man, and indeed it is and should be so, but he has not the right to expect art to help always in the drudgery of morality.

## VI.

AFTER all this discussion of the nature and relations of art, how shall we determine what good art is and who is qualified to judge it?

It has been said that a good piece of literature is one that has been enjoyed by many people for many years. This is definite enough for the art of the past; for recent works, we can find no infallible standard by which to weigh and classify them. There are schools which, like the old Edinburgh Reviewers, set up standards and throw to the rubbish-heap whatever in literature fails to comply with them; but there is nothing about a work of art in itself which, like the birthright of a prince, gives it immediate title to distinction. It rather undergoes a democratic election which has to be ratified from year to year before its place is assured. This, I believe, Tolstoi indirectly teaches, and his attacks on a too limited and exclusive enjoyment as the test of art are largely just. Unless, sooner or later, a large majority come in and support the individual judgment, the greatest critic in the world cannot say what shall be added to, or subtracted from, the list of the elected masterpieces. He may give reasons a-plenty for his decision, but the reasons themselves will depend on his personal like and dislike, and will stand or fall with his conclusion unless agreed to by others. A man always has a right to say, "For me, this is great art." To him, then, great art it is, and no one shall gainsay it. But when a man expresses the opinion of the majority through the ages, he can omit the "for me," and his statement becomes an impersonal fact. The decision lies with the many, not with the few. So far Tolstoi is on the right track, although his use of the word "exclusive" is paradoxically wide, and seems to apply to all the rich and cultivated taken together.

The question, then, arises, Who is eligible to help decide whether a work is good or not—who is the qualified voter?

<sup>1</sup> "The Sense of Beauty," p. 27.

<sup>2</sup> "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," Henry David Thoreau, p. 129.

Defining art as the transfer of feeling, Tolstoi makes the supreme assumption that any sane human being can feel again the expressed feelings of another. "Good art," he says, "is always intelligible to every one." Here is a great error. Art cannot suggest to a man a feeling which he has not had before. The previous experience of a reader, his capacity in general, determines how much he shall receive of emotional pleasure or of moral stimulus from the work of a great artist. We take our little cups to the fountain of beauty and get them filled, and our cups vary in size from the littleness of ignorance and inexperience to the greatness of full appreciation. Socialism reduces us all to one caliber, and in this it falsifies the great fact of human diversity and unlikeness. It is untrue that "the great objects of art are great only because they are accessible and intelligible to all," "because the relation of every man to God is one and the same." Every man who thinks (and all men do think in some degree) has a special view of man and of God, and to him appeal only such parts of art as touch feelings possible in him kindred to those which the artist expresses. The same Book of Job, the story of Joseph, the Psalms, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and other works that Tolstoi cites as good, mean more to one than to another, according to his temperament, his experience, and his attitude toward life.

The necessary diversity of judgment among men is the foundation of disputes about the relative values of artistic productions—disputes which Tolstoi attributes to various sorts of perverted and exclusively trained taste. As I have said, the only possible way to decide the worth of works of art is to see where there is greatest unanimity of opinion. But all who have eyes to see and ears to hear are not equally able to judge.

Who is the normal and truly qualified critic? Surely not, as Tolstoi says, the toiler of the people, although a few genuine poets may have their hands on the plow, or their shoulders under the hod. There is something so inevitable about the expression of genius, and the tendency of the man who can recognize real genius to assert himself, that no amount of hardship inflicted by the rich, no degree of corrupt culture among aristocrats, could keep the people down, if they were as pure and genuine lovers of art and poets potential as Tolstoi holds them to be. A voice from the people like Burns is a rare phenomenon. I speak here of production and

enjoyment of production together, because it is true that it takes a poet to understand a poet; and, though not true of individuals, it is true of classes and of castes, that where art is appreciated, there art is produced. It has a fine sound, but it strikes wide of the truth to say that "to simple uncorrupted toilers of the people . . . the very highest is intelligible."<sup>1</sup> Tolstoi commends "Adam Bede." Well, I hold that it means more to a hundred callow sophomores than to a gang of horny-palmed laborers. Tolstoi brings it against our modern light opera that the honest literate workman stands agape at it. Well, so he stands agape at "Hamlet," at an oratorio of Handel, or at Homer. From the Book of Revelation he gets wild prophecies and promises which, in his ignorance of metaphorical language, his lack of historical and poetic sense, he takes with stupid literalness. I would not for a minute underrate the moral worth, integrity, and manly dignity of Tolstoi's ideal peasant, but it is absurd to think (unless he chance to be a genius clad in homespun) that he can have the finest feelings or begin to understand the highest in the very art which Tolstoi admits to be good—"Les Misérables," Dickens, the Bible, Dostoyevsky, and so on. "The highest world-concept of his time" is not present to the consciousness of the simple day-laborer; neither, on the other hand, does it dwell in the heart of the warped critical consciousness that feeds on caviar; but it is found in the cultivated man who, with his eyes open, has been out of his own village, has seen much, felt much, worked much, and tried to make the best of himself. We have thousands of such men who enjoy books and pictures—doctors, merchants, bankers, professors, lawyers; they know the world, they know as much as any one does of heaven, and they can tell what art is good more surely than the simple, "uncorrupted workman," more surely, too, than the professional critic who dwells in art until he forgets how it looks from the outside.

For a cultivated audience, it is hardly worth while to make a long argument against Tolstoi's sublimated workman as an appreciator of art; but, remember, we are all atrophied and exclusive and must let the uncorrupted toiler into our sanctuaries of art to see what he enjoys. Granted he enjoys a good deal, but can he tell a chromo from a Turner, Homer's "Iliad" from a book of fairy-tales? Probably not. Our taste may be atrophied, but he has none at all. Not to

<sup>1</sup> "What is Art?" p. 148.

speak of works of art, does he enjoy the very country he lives in? Does he ever watch a sunset? Two summers ago I spent a month in the Susquehanna valley and made a point of asking about thirty different farmers if they did not think the valley beautiful. Yes, they usually replied, but the tobacco business was n't what it used to be before so much was imported from Havana. A Pennsylvania farmer is surely as fine as a Russian peasant, yet he has little enough eye for things good to look at. To make him enjoy the view from his cottage door, you must educate him, teach him to use his esthetic faculty, open his mind to what is beautiful.

If he cannot see the beauty of a sunset, what business has he with art? The true judge of art is the man of experience, who has been enjoying art for a long while and learning much about the life art deals with. His judgment in art, like his judgment in morals, in politics, in all wide and vital subjects, survives the dicta of schools, because the final majority of his fellows are with him. To set the unschooled workman, whose faculties are undeveloped, above this man of general culture, not to speak of the man of preëminently high sensibility, is to destroy the highest criterion of artistic values.

## COLLEGE TRAINING-TABLES.

### THEIR USE AND ABUSE.

BY WALTER CAMP.



ONE of the special accompaniments of college athletics at the present day, and an accompaniment regarded by many as absolutely essential to the satisfactory development of teams, nines, and crews, is that institution known as the training-table. Here the athlete consumes roast beef, steaks, chops, and various other strength-giving and nourishing foodstuffs to his heart's content. Previous to the more perfected organization of the training-table, the collegian who was engaged in athletics was the bane of the landlady, and many were the devious ways by which she managed to curtail his ravenous appetite before it wrecked her financially. Even after the establishment of the training-table, the athlete continued to be feared by the boarding-mistress, for there were times in the year when, his training-table not having begun, though his preliminary work was under way, his appetite became as vigorous as in mid-season.

A striking instance of the ability of landladies to tell the plain unvarnished truth was at the expense of a certain well-known giant of the athletic field who had been refused board at one of the so-called regular boarding-houses near the Yale campus. This good lady thus interrogated the would-be boarder: "Are n't you Mr. Blank, who took your meals with me in your freshman year?"

"Why, yes, Mrs. Smith; I believe I did board here for a time."

"Well, then, sir, I don't want you again, not at any price; and what's more, I won't have you. Why, you eat biscuits as though they were huckleberries!"

The diet of the men who pulled in college crews back in the fifties was not made such an object of critical attention as it was even a decade later. A member of the crew in 1852 was expected to abstain from eating pastry and "summer fruits" and to "eat meat in preference."

But the days of proscription were short, and, as a matter of fact, the men put a deal more belief in blackleading the boat than they did in disciplining their stomachs. Then followed in the sixties the adoption of professional trainers at some of the colleges. The most advanced of these, like William Wood of New York, had just begun to realize the value of some system of dieting, and took great pleasure in carrying out their then rather experimental ideas upon the fine subjects furnished by the college crews.

Some of the victims complained that the diet was too severe, and even rebelled at the lack of liquid and the constant reiteration of nearly raw beef; for it was quite the fashion in those days, both here and in England, to get rid of "internal fat," whatever that might mean, by making the men exercise violently, and then, when the excessive per-

spiration led to a most healthy thirst, curtailing the amount allowed each man to a preposterously small measure. In fact, men who could get on with only three small tea-cups of liquid of any kind through the twenty-four hours were known and spoken of as splendid trainers. This would hardly have suited one of the members of a foot-ball team seven or eight years ago who was being "reduced," owing to his over-abundance of adipose tissue. This young man was forced to run around the gymnasium track every evening after playing in the afternoon, and upon several days had lost nearly six pounds when weighed at night; but by noon of the following day he had added it again, much to the disgust of the coaches and trainer, who studied most carefully to account for the phenomenon. Finally a spy system was adopted, and it was found that as soon as the stout youngster reached his room for the night he had brought up to him a huge pitcher of cold milk, which he consumed before retiring. It is needless to state that his weight came off much more satisfactorily after that practice was stopped.

But English trainers in those days had determined that perspiration was "only fat in a state of melt," and acted accordingly. By the seventies, however, more rational ideas began to prevail. One trainer, famous for his logical mind, went to the other extreme in the matter of liquid refreshment, and announced that, as the human bulk was two thirds water, a man weighing one hundred and sixty-five pounds could and ought to drink one hundred and ten pounds of water! Still, as his system resulted in the men getting as much water as they wanted, it was probably preferable to that of an earlier authority who contended that "drinking should be avoided almost altogether, and that man who can be satisfied with rinsing the mouth and gargling the throat with water will train better than he who drinks any kind of fluid *even in limited quantities.*"

The beverage most common to all training-tables a few years ago, and one which will never lose its value, was oatmeal-water. This certainly is most unpleasant in appearance, but, for all that, seems to quench thirst in a satisfactory manner, and the average man in training may drink freely of it without question. Ale was given the athlete occasionally, but not regularly, nor, as a rule, save after some specially exhausting effort or in case of danger of overtraining. Champagne was administered in cases of overtraining, but usually in homeopathic

doses. The tendency to have meats extremely underdone continued, and, as one man puts it, "Underdone, indeed! It was blood-raw, and as free from the influence of fire-heat as when it hung in the butcher's shop." But there is one other favorite of the early-day trainers which ought not to be forgotten. It was "egg in sherry," to be given a man just as he was stepping into the boat for the race. A physician—a blunt man in his way—was asked what he thought of this custom. He began quite mildly, saying that the wine would act upon the man's nervous system almost at once, whether beneficially or not was a question. "But," continued he, "as for the egg—that egg, my dear sir, will remain in his stomach as egg until long after the race is over; and as for any aid it will give him, he might just as well carry it in his pocket." Perhaps the fact that crew-men in those days were made to cover from three to five miles on foot before breakfast, half the distance at a smart run, and that they rowed ten miles every day, will account for some of the vagaries in dietetics.

Foot-ball men, a little later, were sometimes made to play hard for two hours, and then put into the gymnasium in the evening and given a three-mile run. It took some fuel to drive the machine in those days, and the great wonder is that the machine survived at all.

The memory of most of our modern athletes does not antedate the day of regular training-tables, for it was over twenty years ago that this institution was founded. Its origin lay in the belief that the daily companionship at table would bring the men into a better organization and make their efforts on the field and in the boats more united. It was quite as much this view of the case as the desire to secure better food that first gave rise to the selection of special quarters for the athletic organizations. In its early days the institution was a most crude affair. The food was hardly any better than could be obtained at any of the boarding-houses, although it must be confessed there was more of it, and men were able to secure a second helping when they asked for it. Besides this, the greatest difference the writer noticed was that in the base-ball season there was a far greater abundance of fresh ripe fruit than was to be had elsewhere. The freedom of the training-table in those days was quite as marked as it is at present, perhaps in certain instances even more so. The writer well remembers one broiling-hot sum-



mer, when Yale was training for her final matches with Harvard, that one of the prominent members of the nine walked in to dinner clad in a linen duster; and as he took his seat it became evident that that was the only garment of any kind that he had on. Such informality was rare, however, although the costumes were usually not full-dress during the heated period.

It is remarkable how little the general principles of this institution have altered with the lapse of years. The same free discussion prevails around that festive board as in the olden time, and the veteran who returns and drops in to say a word and take dinner at the table finds the same frankness of manner that he knew when he, as a new member, was undergoing the rigors of that ordeal. Jokes that were old even in his day have apparently renewed their youth, and the same tremendous appetites have been handed down.

The price per head at which these lusty appetites are appeased, however, has materially increased since the early establishment of the training-table. There was a time when seven or eight dollars a week was considered enough to tempt even the most careful landlady to the experiment of taking "the boys" during these few weeks of active training. The custom as well as the cost grew until at many colleges a house was rented or erected, and a special steward, under the employ of the association, ran the table, receiving a salary for his services, the association footing all bills and then striking an average per head. For there has been one saving principle of training-tables at all our colleges and universities, namely, that the association pays only the additional cost of maintenance at the high pressure; that is, each individual member pays exactly what he has been paying at his usual boarding-place, and the difference between that sum and what it costs to keep him at the training-table is made up by the organization of which he is a member.

In many places this stewardship by the association has later given place to the contract system, as it might be called. For it is usually found that no steward or manager can cater as closely and to such an advantage as the landlady whose education has been along the line of a sterner necessity than the treasury of the athletic association usually enforces. Training-tables have been known to cost as much as fourteen dollars a man under certain generous managements, but close investigation has not seldom

revealed the fact that such expensive tables usually provided certain offshoots in the way of second tables and special clubs with a high-class article of board at an extremely reasonable figure. For example, rather indefinite arrangements would be made with a steward to the effect that the board was to cost about ten or twelve dollars a man, including the rent of the room, which he was to secure at a certain price. At the end of the season the steward would present his bill, and the result would be an expenditure of, say, thirteen dollars a man. The manager would pay up, but in a state of bewilderment, and then his successor would take up the matter and find that there was a club in the rooms below his training-table. Upon inquiry of the members of this club it would transpire that they had the same diet as the members of the team, save perhaps some of the specialties in the way of fruit, and finally that they paid seven dollars and a half, or even seven dollars, for this board. Putting two and two together would generally convince the succeeding manager that he could not see his way clear to the renewal of the last year's arrangement.

But training-tables are really exceedingly expensive. The actual amount of good roast beef that a table of athletes will consume is something appalling to the uninitiated. Three members of a Yale foot-ball team once went to Cambridge to watch a match between Harvard and some other team. These three men stopped at a hotel for their luncheon. Among other things, the spokesman of the party ordered three portions of cold roast beef. "But, sir," said the waiter, "two portions will be a great plenty for all three of you." The giant of the party looked up blandly at the servant, and said, "You bring the three portions, and then watch us eat it."

When the writer was captain of the team, long before the days of special method in management, the eleven were to play at Cambridge, and leaving New Haven the afternoon of the day preceding the match, went to a Boston hotel for dinner and the night. Most of the men were readily collected at one or two large tables, but a certain rusher, being late, had seated himself at a table in a distant part of the dining-room, and he was told by the manager to order his own dinner. That boy's dinner, and it is needless to say that it was without wine, came to the extraordinary total of \$18.85! He was quite able to play the next day, however.



One of the most marvelous instances of training in the way of dieting was exhibited to American collegians when the Cambridge athletic team came over to contest with Yale. Our notions of what a man may eat have been of late years greatly modified from those of earlier days, but the Englishman was far and away beyond us. He ate and drank what he liked. He smoked in a mild way almost up to the week of contest. But it was his excesses in partaking of things he fancied that was the most serious in our eyes. It was the season for peaches, and peaches were everywhere. The price was astonishingly cheap that year, too, and within a very few days after the arrival of the team nearly every member had made himself ill. It is said upon the authority of an eye-witness that two of the team ate an entire basket of peaches at a single sitting. These men were unable to see any reason for the severities of some of the American systems, but after the match, wherein Yale overwhelmingly defeated them, the Englishmen admitted that there was more or less method in the American madness. Their visit and the freedom with which they followed their own bent in the matter of training were not, however, without beneficial effect upon their more extreme competitors, for since that international match it is quite apparent even to the casual observer that the American collegian is taking things more reasonably, and that the law of extreme self-denial has grown more lax, and a fair measure of choice is permitted to the man in training.

Apropos of this, the writer a few years ago made a study of the breakfasts of the members of a foot-ball team (which had been in training for some months) on the morning after their last match. Approximately half of the men ate very nearly the same articles that had been served to them for eight weeks, namely, steaks, chops, and eggs. But the others evidently felt the desire for a change. Sausages and griddle-cakes was the order for two of them, kidneys and bacon pleased another, while omelet with jelly, followed by hot waffles and honey, was needed to appease the sweet desires of a fourth. Dining with the same team immediately after the game was not so edifying, because they had not then had time quite to realize their liberty; but one man was heard to order a large mince-pie, and was observed to eat more than half of it.

There are objections to the principle of training-tables, but these objections are

founded mainly, not upon their use, but upon their abuse.

The training-table is certainly an added incentive to the men to become candidates for athletic honors, for so they can secure not only a rather better chance to dine well, but also enjoy the closer companionship of the most prominent of their fellows in the athletic line. Then there is a pleasure and an advantage in the opportunity given of meeting the older athletes and absorbing the more intimate advice and profiting by the acquaintance of the coaches who come back and spend part of their time in assisting their younger comrades to athletic triumphs. One of the great weaknesses of our American college athletic system lies in the tendency, so often magnified by the detractors of that system, toward the special development physically of the men who perhaps need that added development the least. The inducements of the training-table are surely arranged upon the side of leading greater numbers to try to "make" some team. The prospect of college glory is an incentive to that effort, but the training-table adds very materially to that incentive, especially in the cases of men who are working their way through college, or who, from financial reasons, really cannot from their own resources indulge in hearty meals.

That a training-table does enable men to perform their work at a greater advantage is in many respects an incontrovertible fact. A man taking violent or long-continued physical exercise must consume more food, and food of a better quality, unless he is an exception to his class, owing to the conditions of his early life and habits or his inherited constitution. Perhaps more pertinent to the discussion is the fact that,—at any rate in the case of the crew and sometimes of other organizations,—indulging in the late practice rendered advisable by the summer heat, the men must come in to the last meal of the day at an hour entirely inconvenient for the ordinary boarding-house keeper. Crews often take their dinner as late as half-past seven or eight o'clock, while half-past six is usually the latest hour of the regular boarding-houses.

But the abuse of the training-table enters as soon as the spirit of the thing is lost sight of and men are taken at prices lower than they should be, or the period of time during which the training-table is continued is made inordinately long, or the number of men increased beyond reasonable numbers. In such cases the charge of hiring athletes may well

lie against the managements, for the very essence of such a charge may be found in furnishing support for a man, in return for which he gives his athletic services to the organization. Many plausible excuses have been made for long-continued training-tables and for low payments by persons taken to these tables, and from such excuses and mistaken ideas as to the real nature of honest amateur sport a tendency—fortunately as yet only a tendency—has grown up to violate the ethics of college sport. For instance, a man previous to his entering the sport may be paying for his board in some other way than by actual money payment. He may be waiting on the table. When he goes to the training-table, what should be his status as to payments? Another may be acting as steward at some boarding-place previous to his being called upon to go to the training-table. What, if anything, should he pay? But these cases can be met by investigation and settled without infringement of the spirit of the law.

There is one other very interesting and extremely perplexing phase of the subject of training-tables and their connection with amateur athletics. It is offered by a trip abroad. The generally accepted law of the training-table is embodied in the following extract from the Harvard Athletic Regulations: "No student shall be allowed to represent Harvard University in any public athletic contest . . . who either before or since entering the University . . . shall at any time have received for taking part in any athletic sport or contest any pecuniary gain or emolument whatever, direct or indirect, with the single exception that he may have received from the college organization, or from any permanent amateur association of which he was at the time a member, the amount by which the expenses necessarily incurred by him in representing his organization in athletic contests exceeded his ordinary expenses."

This clearly and distinctly provides that in going to a training-table a man must pay as much for board as he pays before he is taken to the athletic table. If his board at that table costs twelve dollars, and he paid five dollars where he was, he must pay five dollars to the treasury of the athletic organization unquestionably.

But that organization determines to go to England and row against Oxford. The race is to take place, say, in August. Does the member of the crew pay from the time he leaves his college training-table the same

sum toward his maintenance abroad, or does he pay what he happened to have paid during the previous July at some watering-place, or does he pay nothing and have his summer board, lodging, and other incidental expenses given him by the athletic organization? To speak frankly, it is not likely that the American crews and teams that have been to England, nor the English teams that have come here, ever individually defrayed any large part of the expense of their board and lodging out of their own pockets. But a strict interpretation of such a law as the one quoted above would certainly entail upon the individual the payment of a part of this expense, to the extent of what the man would have paid for his maintenance under other conditions. But, it may be argued, the man would have had his summer expenses paid by his father. So, too, for the most part are his winter, fall, and spring expenses paid by his father. The five dollars he hands into the athletic treasury comes as directly from his father as do his summer funds.

Yet it is hard to fancy the treasurer of an organization on such a trip asking the members of the team for an amount equivalent to their room-rent and the five dollars a week after the men had gone on board ship, and it is still more difficult to imagine the men paying it. But, fortunately, such a problem is of so rare occurrence that its solution may be left to the occasion when it arises. There are much more immediate and more vital questions of the abuse of training-table principles.

With our democratic tendencies we cannot, in this country at least, but admire the man who cares enough for an education to work his way through college—to earn by whatever means are placed in his power enough funds to pay for his tuition and living while studying and availing himself to the utmost of the facilities for learning placed at his disposal at any of our great universities. But when such a man goes into athletics he makes the problem a serious one for those who are watching the welfare of our sports, and complicates the situation very greatly. It was from this very germ that the abuse—now so widely acknowledged—of summer ball nines first sprang. Young men who were working their way through college were able to earn not a little by acting as waiters in hotels at summer resorts. The hotel proprietor, not at all slow to realize the value as an attraction to his house of a ball nine, and knowing the ability as players of many of his student waiters, impressed them into taking part in matches with rival

hotels and near-by rival resorts. Whether the boy wished to enter into such sport or not, he was virtually obliged to do so by the exigencies of the case. This grew until, instead of selecting the student for his ability as a waiter, the proprietor selected him for his prowess as a ball-player, and before long it was a fact that at certain summer resorts students not only received their board and lodging free in return for playing on the nine representing that resort, but in some cases actual recompense beyond that. This had its indirect vicious influence as well, for even the preparatory-school boy, whose ideas of the proportions of things were not fixed, who might be a prominent player at his school, was led to value as a compliment to his playing-abilities an invitation to become a member of some such summer organization. In a word, even before he had reached college he was contaminated with the touch of professionalism. Then the proselytism, if it might be so called—the visits of prominent athletes in college to the preparatory schools and the inducements offered in the way of rebates, virtually for athletic services to be rendered—left an added trail of semi-professionalism. The offer of a stewardship at a training-table or at some ordinary boarding-place, the management of some local sporting-goods store where the athletes should purchase supplies, a hundred and one ways of turning into the pocket of the promising athlete a dollar, dirtied by what it was really given for, have led to such a state of affairs at times as to make one almost despair of keeping college athletics clean, and have well-nigh driven those who love sport for its own sake to turn to the English system of caste as the only one likely to keep the sports really the sports of gentlemen.

But there is surely a way out of most of these difficulties without barring a man who is making his living instead of having it given to him by his parents. The first step lies in the direction of the training-table. If the training-table lasts a good part of the year, it offers all the temptation already referred to in the way of stewardships, free board, and the general support of a body of

athletes who are none the less hired athletes because they are paid indirectly for their participation in college sport. The training-table is an excellent institution, but its extension over several months of time is by no means necessary to the fulfilment of its ends. Of the average collegian it can certainly be said that his ordinary food, such as he may obtain at his usual boarding-place, is not so poor and so non-nourishing as to make it necessary to build him up for weeks and months previous to the time of his more important contests. As a matter of fact, in the case of most of our college athletes it can hardly be far from the mark to say that a month or at the most six weeks of training-table would answer all legitimate purposes of the institutions. When the board bill of an athletic organization runs three hundred dollars a week, and when there are four such organizations in every college, making a bill of twelve hundred dollars a week, and when that is kept up eight, ten, and even twelve weeks, it offers too great a field not only for temptations mentioned above, but for accusations of extravagance in the management of sports that seriously hurt the standing of all college organizations. It is the college training-table that has set the pace for athletic-club tables and led to more serious threatenings of the very structure of general athletic purity throughout the United States than any other single cause.

It remains for those men who are heart and soul in favor of clean athletics at our colleges to take up this issue and by combined action put an end to the chances for abuse. Nor should such action be dependent upon a general agreement among colleges. The excuse that others will not do it is a valid one if one measures the duty only by the standard of possible victory or defeat; but when one college alone is brave enough to step to the front and stand for what is right in the view of the vital interests of general college sport, such a college always finds others ready to be as brave and to take the chances of defeat, if there be such chances, on a platform of athletic morality.



## ALLEGED LUXURY AMONG COLLEGE STUDENTS.

### I.

BY ARTHUR T. HADLEY,  
President of Yale University.

**D**URING the last thirty years there has been a decided increase in the amount of luxury enjoyed by the well-to-do classes in the community as a whole. There has also been a similar, though somewhat less marked, increase in luxury among our college students. The latter is an almost necessary consequence of the former. Parents sending their sons to college are apt to demand for their boys the same kind of comforts to which these boys are accustomed at home.

This increase in students' expenses has not been accompanied by an increase in self-indulgence in its grosser forms. There is decidedly less drunkenness among college students now than was the case thirty years ago. The danger from this movement lies in another quarter. It is not that increased attention to physical comfort will make students vicious, but that increased attention to the accidents and externals of civilization may make them neglect things which are really more important for the progress of civilization as a whole. There are always certain students with whom the interests of the club-room and of what is technically called "society" tend to monopolize so much time that they have little left for the zealous pursuit of broader objects. If for any reason men of this kind are allowed to assume a position of social leadership in the college world, there is danger that its ideals and interests will become perverted. It will become a place where the attainment of a commanding position depends partly upon wealth, and where a boy who does not possess a certain amount of wealth feels his powers repressed instead of expanded.

That this state of things exists in any considerable number of colleges I do not believe. It is certainly very far from existing at Yale. The life of a good American college is more democratic than that of any other community into which a boy is likely to be thrown; but the danger from outside influences is so great, and the necessity for the preservation of old-fashioned democratic

standards so imperative, that it is the duty of our college authorities to use their utmost exertion to prevent any change in this respect.

Prohibition of luxury and repression of its several manifestations will avail little toward this end. In many colleges such prohibition on the part of the faculty would be the one thing needed to make the students really prize and value it. The responsibility and power of the authorities lie in another direction. Let them make the college course a field for hard work. A man who carries his pursuit of personal comfort and social enjoyment to the extent of excluding all other pursuits will soon find that such a college is no place for him. Through this means some will be deterred from even trying to enter; others will be kept out by the entrance examinations; still others will drop away before the close of their freshman year. Those who remain, living in a community of workers, will be workers themselves. It has been our experience at Yale that the men who have the most money at their command are apt to be active in college interests. It may not be in the line of study or writing, or in any other strictly intellectual pursuit. It is just as likely to be in athletics, or in religious work, or in the organization of the various forms of business for which the college life gives occasion. But no matter what may be the particular direction taken, the evils of luxury are avoided when those who are able to practise it make it no longer their chief concern.

And what of those who are not able to practise it? These men, too, are not hurt, but rather helped, by having learned to live in a community where luxury exists and is rated at its true value—a community where personal and social enjoyment is cultivated on a considerable scale without being made the chief end of man. They are sure to come in contact with luxury, and with many other things which tend to the overvaluation of wealth, as soon as their university course is ended. Far better is it that they should pass



their college years in a place where the things which wealth can purchase are seen and fairly weighed, than in a place where these things have been kept out of sight for a time by communistic regulations. Not by any such artificial suppression of wealth shall we train men to the real understanding of its responsibilities and its limitations.

So long as our universities can maintain their character as places for work, with a collegiate life and collective interests of their own, I have little fear of the effects of wealth within their walls. It is when the courses of study become widened, and the interests of the students more specialized, that the danger becomes acute. The elec-

tive system, however well managed, gives some of the undergraduates a chance to take easier courses than were possible in the old curriculum. The introduction of distinctively professional studies into the years of collegiate education causes a specialization and separation of interests which allows each man to lead his own life, whether of work or of luxury, more or less apart from his fellows. It is this which creates the distinctive grounds for apprehension at the present day; and it is this which may well make our educators move somewhat slowly in yielding to those demands for specialized study which are the inevitable result of modern conditions.

## II.

BY CHARLES C. HARRISON,  
Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

MORE than one paper or address has been published of late in criticism of what are stated to be growing habits of luxury and enfeebling ways of living on the part of the student bodies of the larger colleges and universities. If the views so set forth mean anything, they signify that the influences upon the life-habits of the students at the greater seats of learning are not as wholesome as was the case in past years.

There is, I feel, another view of the question, which I will try to state briefly, for such value as it may have.

No one will suppose that there are no faults to be found in a body of students, whether the college or university be small or large. The influence of the mother or the sins of the father follow the lad wherever he may go; and where a student body is numbered by the thousand, we really have a world in miniature to consider and of which to write.

But, indeed, it seems to me that the growing effort of all the larger institutions of which I know is clearly upon the side of taking more care of the daily life of the student outside of the class-rooms. Are these efforts wise or unwise? Let us consider one or two directions in which serious attempts have been made to be helpful to the student as a man. A few years ago, any group of students when out of the class-room had no meeting-place except in newspaper offices or cigar-shops or pool-rooms. It was even said by an American critic that one of our universities was located in front of the bar of a certain hotel. We and others,

doubtless with equal anxiety, took these conditions to heart, and we have been earnestly trying to make wholesome provision for the entire twenty-four hours of the day. We have built a student club-house, costing, not fifty thousand dollars, but more than three times that sum, and we have furnished it with reading-rooms and with game-rooms, and with whatsoever might entertain or interest in the hours not devoted to study or work. We are sure that its influence is elevating. It could not fail to be so. It is the center of the social life of the two thousand members of the Houston Club. And all who are familiar with the daily scenes within that hall know with what moderation and unexclusive comradeship the students avail themselves of the opportunities for comfort and relaxation there provided. All costs of maintenance, including heating and lighting, are paid through small membership and other charges agreed upon between the students, so that, while the hall was a gift to the university, it is maintained by the student body in cooperation.

Write in parallel columns the conditions of student life and their influences and results at this or at any of the great universities before student club-houses were conceived, dormitories of architecture rivaling Oxford or Cambridge colleges erected, fields for athletic exercises provided, and even fraternity houses encouraged, and I am sure that our sober judgment will decide that steps toward a higher standard of life, moral and physical, have since been trodden.

Is all education to be had in the classroom? What of that education to be had, at Pennsylvania, or Columbia, or Yale, or Harvard, from meeting men different from ourselves? Does not every student, unconsciously perhaps, read another's biography in those meetings in dormitories, or club-house, or athletic field? With the adaptability of the American lad and his impressionable qualities, no large bodies of young men are at this time thrown together at any one of the best colleges or universities without guiding one another in many ways wholly unexpected, but wholly helpful. The young man from a home where manners have not been softened comes into contact with others who are used to the ways of refinement, and in a while he has learned that lesson. The rich man's son, who thought his money could and would buy all, dines for four years with him who is "working his way through college," and who is the favorite of the two, and he discovers something of the limitations of wealth, and so learns his lesson. No university or college can right, or can be expected to set right, all the misdirected education or acquired habits of its students. We cannot prevent the exclusiveness of "societies," but we can temper it with the democracy of the university club. We cannot prevent an over-indulged son from making prey of a foolish father; but we can return him to his father if he cannot keep well up with his university work; and if he can keep up with that work,

he will probably cease to take advantage of his father, and so that will be also to the good. We may not be able to stop all the hindrances to idealism in athletics, but we can work out honest rules and codes of eligibility, and we can live up to them, or send to Coventry all those who do not.

Far from being discouraged at the morale of a large student body, I am greatly encouraged and happy over it; for, to my mind, the attitude of these young men toward one another, and in the decision of questions of right and wrong, is distinctly higher and better than it was when I went to college. Occasional intemperance will go on in and out of college, gambling and betting will go on in and out of college; but as the influence of the university increases by what it actually is to its students, these vices will continue to decrease, and the milder and immature habits which have been the subject of recent criticism will be overshadowed by the fine lives which the great majority of college and university men are trying to lead, and are, indeed, leading.

I venture, then, to express confidence in the general results of the efforts which the colleges and universities and their students have been putting forth in the interest of the lives of college men; and I venture further to express the hope that similar efforts will be expended to the betterment of the life-conditions of the men who go into the professional schools.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME

### Multimillionaires in Thinking-Caps.

MR. CARNEGIE'S recent munificent gifts have done more than simply to attest the sincerity of his view of the responsibilities of the rich, as set forth in his notable essay on "The Gospel of Wealth," in which he wrote:

Men may die without incurring the pity of their fellows, still sharers in great business enterprises from which their capital cannot be or has not been withdrawn, and which is left chiefly at death for public uses; yet the day is not far distant when the man who dies leaving behind him millions of available wealth, which was free for him to administer during life, will pass away "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," no matter to what uses he leaves the dross which he cannot

take with him. Of such as these the public verdict will then be: "The man who dies thus rich dies disgraced."

In the first place, Mr. Carnegie's appeal to the principle of self-help in the communities which he has made his beneficiaries has relieved his generosity of the charge of pauperizing them which is so often the drawback of large benevolence. Again, in his effort to benefit his fellow-men he has wisely thrown the bulk of his example to the support of preventive rather than remedial reform; for, cavil as one may, it remains true that the good and the permanent influences in a library vastly outweigh the evil and the meretricious. More than this, and more wide-reaching even than the primary effect of his large giving, Mr. Carnegie has set every

man of wealth in America to thinking on the subject of his own relations to the public in the disposition of his means. Both by word and act he has set a standard of intelligent generosity and public service by which every other capitalist knows that posterity will judge him also. This is no small gain for mankind. For, the demands of a man's ambition in the accumulation of riches being satisfied, his next, and very natural, wish is to stand well in the eyes of the world and of history. Looking over the list of those who in the past have reaped rich harvests of commercial effort and opportunity, it is seen that it is chiefly composed of those who are highly honored and those who are deeply execrated. America has already names of men of great riches—the living as well as the dead—which are a hissing and a byword, the synonym of greed, extortion, and selfishness—men who have crossed the flood of years by treading on the sinking bodies of their fellows. On the other hand, the annals of benevolence are brilliant with such names as Girard and Peabody and Cooper and Slater, benefactors of education or science whose money has upon it no taint of "restitution," no suspicion of an endeavor to bribe the future to plead with immortality for their names. For, better than to have given money wisely, it is to have acquired it honestly.

We are not of those who deprecate the making of large fortunes, if they be made by the honest multiplication of effort. This is a day of large affairs and of larger imaginings. More than one man living could buy an archipelago, or free a suffering race, or make the problem of an Isthmian Canal a certainty. To be sure, life is more than meat, but, granted the higher impulse in mankind, the power of the purse to accelerate its progress is phenomenal. Hard as it is to make a great fortune, it must be harder to spend it well. And yet must there not be a *delight of faculty* in one case as in the other, the executive mind taking even more pleasure in dispensing than in getting?

It is interesting to see how the munificence of one man like Mr. Carnegie (whose happiness seems only just begun) can put the whole world to considering the best use of superfluous wealth. He and others of similar means have not been at a loss for suggestions from individuals or clubs, for the whole country has been looking at the subject seriously. So far, however, we have seen no mention of two neglected fields in which there is room for the sowing of much-needed seed.

First, money is greatly needed for the endowment of good causes. Many will occur to readers; we think especially of two.

Among the half-dozen most useful men now living in the United States, we should place the name of Booker T. Washington. In the providence of God no man is indispensable, but Mr. Washington's work at Tuskegee is so fruitful to the black race and so necessary to the white—so conservative an influence in the relations of these races, so important as pointing the way out of a labyrinth—that its value is not to be measured in words. It is in the power of any one of a thou-

sand men to multiply this great work at Tuskegee and similar institutions so that it shall well-nigh solve the most difficult problem of the time.

If we were asked to name the most useful cause now appealing to the support of Americans we should name Civil Service Reform. We give it this preëminence because it is the fundamental political reform, the success of which is essential to the honest determination of any other political question. It is an organized protest against the loading of dice by politicians against the people. By the substitution of merit for personal whim in the constitution of the public service, it supports a true democracy against the aristocracy of partizanship. Space would fail us to recount a tithe of what this reform has accomplished in the interest of every reader of these lines, due to the self-sacrificing labors of a band of devoted and non-partizan advocates, supported by a large public sentiment, but working at the disadvantage of slender means. We are not blind to the dangers of a large endowment of even so good a movement as this, but those who are thinking how best to use their surplus wealth would not be slow in coming to the aid of this cause could they understand what watch-dog work it is daily doing for all citizens against those who would rob the country of its inheritance by evading, ignoring, and violating law, and by using ill-gotten office in alliance with a hundred vicious influences, to the undermining of the spirit as well as the forms of liberty.

The second field of need and promise is the endowment of scientific research—not by prizes, but by the support of practical work, such as the fuller study of scourges like tuberculosis; or the dissemination among the young of knowledge looking toward the physical and moral improvement of the race; or for the untrammelled investigation of great problems in electricity or air-navigation. It is easy to say, on the one hand, that all such matters would best be left to the initiative and stress of individual effort, or, on the other, that they should be relegated to a governmental paternalism; but great projects need the support of large means, and alas! the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in impatience for the coming of a better time when the plane of the popular welfare shall be lifted much above the standards of to-day, when we shall realize Whitman's prophecy of "the greatness of the average." In the progress that shall lead the sad, the poor, and the ignorant into happiness and comfort and light, what a high and lasting satisfaction is that of him who gives them, not alms, but opportunity!

#### America's Memorial to a Noble Englishman.

HEINE'S famous saying may be paraphrased to read that every country has the heroes it deserves. Alas! if we were to judge from the superficial report of public sentiment, we might say that America does not deserve the heroes she has because of the way she treats them. Instead of accepting our hero as a man of like passions with ourselves, we acclaim him, at the start, as a sort of demigod who has just invented courage, rather

than a man who has simply done the duty that lay before him; then we begin to depreciate what he actually has done by saying that anybody could have done it; and, finally, discovering that he has some foible or frailty, some of that common humanity which helps to give his action its value and its inspiration, in a hectic fever of impatience, which is largely our own wounded vanity, we spurn him as an ungrateful impostor. Years afterward, when Time has thrown things into perspective, we see that we were in error both in praise and blame, and History is called in to do him justice. Meantime we have suffered more loss of poise and dignity than the hero whom we have temporarily deserted.

England has always seemed to us to be freer than either America or France from this hot-and-cold sentimentality. Is it because she has brought a steadier imagination to the consideration of heroic actions, and has somewhat stolidly taken heroism for granted, as "all in the day's work," as the settled habit of a nation whose martial drum-beat may at any time be heard somewhere around the world? Certain it is that there is in her blood a more temperate pulsation, which keeps the mind free for a juster judgment of her bravest. To her the doing of deeds of valor is not the less that the accent of fame has not yet been placed upon them.

In the case of one Englishman who lately gave

his life for his fellow-men it is more natural and more appropriate that this accent should come from America than from his own government. Mr. Hobson, in his modest and interesting narrative of the *Merrimac* affair, paid a grateful tribute to F. W. Ramsden, the British consul at Santiago, for his kindness to the captured party, and this service has now been commemorated by a tablet which has been placed upon Mr. Ramsden's late residence in Santiago, and in duplicate among the archives of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. It reads:

Here lived  
During the Spanish-American War  
FREDERICK W. RAMSDEN  
Consul General of Great Britain  
He died at Jamaica  
August X. MDCCCXCVIII

The Navy Department of the United States  
in token of his humanity to American Naval Prisoners  
erects this tablet to his memory.

But this tablet is more than a recognition of this service. It will recall to the inhabitants of Santiago how, in the dreadful days of siege and famine, Ramsden was a good Samaritan to unfortunates of every race and class, losing his life as the result of his devotion to this work. The memorial is something in which England and America may take an equal pride.

## OPEN LETTERS

### The Young Men's Christian Association Jubilee Convention.

THE convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, to be held in Boston June 11-16, will commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Young Men's Christian Association in North America and in the United States. The first associations were organized in December, 1851, but the Jubilee Convention is held in mid-summer instead of midwinter for prudential reasons. Naturally, the proceedings of the convention will be historic, expository, and prophetic.

The American plan of the Association is a technical name for the full realization of what an ideal association is and ought to be. It has three features: first, an association of Christian young men at work for non-Christian young men; second, the penetration of all departments of the work by the spirit of Christ and of Christianity; third, an organization of laymen rather than of clergymen. The coming convention will be attended by the gentleman who wrote from London in 1850 to the "Watchman and Reflector," now the "Watchman," of Boston, the letter

descriptive of the London Association which occasioned the organization of the Boston Association—the Rev. George M. Van Derlip, a resident of New York and a charter member of the New York Young Men's Christian Association, organized in 1853. Sir George Williams, the fortunate founder of the first Association in London in 1844, will not be able to attend the convention, but his son, Howard Williams, will represent him. There will be two thousand delegates with legislative power from sixteen different countries—American, European, and Asiatic. Even the islands of the sea will be represented. Men of all colors, from Christian and pagan lands, will participate. The speakers will include distinguished men in church and state, and will consider the fundamental principles of the Association; its great facts; its contribution to the city problem, to the physical development of young men, to the welfare of the commercial and industrial classes and of boys, to the moral and religious life of the universities and colleges; its work among the railroad men of North America, and its obligations to the seven millions of young men in our small towns and country districts, and to the masses of



young men hitherto untouched by the associations in the great cities of the United States and Canada. In the early history of the associations, a general attempt to do good to all classes of the community was made, but specialization of work by young men for young men has vindicated itself. It has made the associations true to their name; it has shown the need and the sufficiency of this species of specialized Christian work. Kindred work for young women has followed the work for young men. The Christian activities of young people of both sexes have multiplied. The associations have been pioneers in this line of effort: it is scarcely too much to say that they have generated the young people's organization of a denominational and an interdenominational type. The classified exhibit which is to be made will show that since 1866, when the International Committee was located in New York, the movement has been characterized by wise forethought and planning.

The progress of the associations since 1851 will be compared with the progress of civilization,

and every art known to world's fairs and industrial exhibitions will be utilized to put the Young Men's Christian Association in evidence historically and as an object-lesson in practical, united, and successful work. The convention and the exhibit will serve to illustrate a remark made by Justin McCarthy, in his "History of Our Own Times," that a number of great events occurred in 1851. Chief among those events was the origin of the Young Men's Christian Association in North America. The good that Sir George Williams, Thomas J. Claxton, and George M. Van Derlip did when, in person and in print, they founded the first associations, will live after them; and it is a great satisfaction to the Young Men's Christian Association constituency that two of the three still live to see the fruit of their labors, in the great expansion of this historic movement. No greater satisfaction is ever afforded to men of light and leading within the sphere of the present life.

James H. Ross.



#### Policeman Flynn's Adventures.

##### VII. HE EFFECTS A COMPROMISE.

"BARNEY," said Mrs. Barney Flynn, as the policeman settled himself for a smoke.

"Prisent," returned Patrolman Flynn, absently saluting.

"Ha-ave ye a minute to spa-are?"

"I ha-ave tin iv thim," answered Patrolman Flynn.

"T will be enough," said Mrs. Flynn. "I wisht ye 'd r-run nixt door an' arrist Mrs. Dugan."

"F'r why?" asked Patrolman Flynn, looking at her in astonishment. "Did she give ye th' cold shtare whin ye pa-assed her be th' corner, or did she tell th' neigh-bors ye was wearin' a hat iv la-last year's crop?"

"Ha-ave a little sinse about ye, Barney," returned Mrs. Flynn, indignantly. "She do be pilin' ashes ferninst th' fince, where they blows over an' roons th' wur-rk iv a day's washin'. I ha-ave th' clo'es hung out to dhry, an' whin I take thim in me best white pitticoat luks like a polky-dot dhress."

"Why don't ye wear it f'r wan?" demanded Patrolman Flynn, pertinently. "'T w'u'd be money saved."

"Barney, are ye a fool?" asked Mrs. Flynn, warmly. "Will ye arrist that woman or will ye not?"

"T is th' first time I iver knew ye c'u'd n't hold up ye-er own ind with anny wan," replied Patrolman Flynn, evasively. "If they was foor to wan,

't w'u'd be difrent; but with wan to wan I niver knew ye to back down."

"Back down, is it!" cried Mrs. Flynn. "Sure, ye betther not sa-ay that more than wanst. Back down! Oh, me! oh, my! G' wan over an' ask Mrs. Dugan if I backed down. I give her as good as she give me ivery time. D' ye think I ha-ave no tongue in me head to let th' likes iv her come over me?"

"I know ye ha-ave," said Patrolman Flynn, with feeling. "But, accordin' to ye-er own shtory, 't is an akel thing."

"T is not, if ye 're a ma-an," asserted Mrs. Flynn; "if ye 're not, thin I've me know it. 'T is an akel thing bechune her an' me, with me havin' a little th' best iv it; but her ma-an do be a dhriver an' not a po-lisman. F'r why are ye on th' foorce? F'r th' protiction iv thim as nades it. If ye 'll not sta-and up f'r me, I might as well be marri'd to a hod-caryer."

"Mrs. Flynn," said the patrolman, impressively, "they 's wan thing I 'd like f'r to tell ye. 'T is me that niver shir-rked me juty. I 've been ferninst th' wur-rst that iver come down th' pla-ank r-road. I 've tuk three min to th' station to wanst, an' I 've kep' ordher Iliction Day in th' ha-ardest disthricht in th' city. I 've tuk th' con min an' th' shtrong-arm min an' th' wur-rst char-acters that iver was put behind th' ba-ars, but I niver wint up ferninst a woman in a clo'es-line fight, an' I niver will while I ha-ave me sinse left to me. I 'd rather go to th' pa-ark an' arrist th' tiger f'r playin' with a blind pig, I w'u'd that. I 'd rather r-run

in th' elyphant fr th' larceny iv a bale iv hay. I'd sooner dispute th' r-right iv wa-ay iv a cable-car with me ba-ack tur-rned to it. Mrs. Flynn,"—and here he became even more impressive,—“I ha-ave a head iv hair that I'd like fr to kape, an' t is not to me likin' to ha-ave me uniform tore to pieces.”

“Ye 'll not arrist her?”

“I will not.”

“Will ye go over an' talk to her fri'ndly-like?”

“What 'll I sa-ay to her?”

“Tell her in a qu'it, ginteele wa-ay that she 's no la-ady, or she 'd not be afther throwin' ashes where they blows on me clo'es, an' talkin' back to her betthers. Spake gintle, iv coorse, but tell her ye 'll sind her to th' pinitintary an' br-reak her ma-an's head in with ye-er club if she says wan wur-rd more to me, whither I spake to her or not. Will ye do that fr me, Barney?”

“I will not,” answered Patrolman Flynn. “F'r why? F'r because 't w'd be nicissary fr to take ye both in if I tuk wan.”

This seemed to Patrolman Flynn to be an inspiration, but he was not posted on feminine logic or he would have known better. Wise and sensible as Mrs. Flynn was when advising him in relation to matters that did not directly concern herself, personal interest had a tendency to pervert her views.

“T w'd be a fine thing,” went on Patrolman Flynn, “fr me to go ma-archin' to th' station with me wife an' me neigh-bor's wife. Oho! I think I see mesilf. ‘What's th' cha-arge?’ says th' judge. ‘Disord'ly conduct,’ says I. ‘What 's they been doin’?’ says he. ‘Jawin' each other over th' fince,’ says I, ‘an' distur-rbin' ivery wan in th' block. Me wife,’ I says, ‘tells me neigh-bor's wife her father was sint back be th' immigration officials fr th' reason he 's wanted fr shteealin' a pig, an' me neigh-bor's wife tells me own wife that her brother 's dodgin' th' po-lis now. An' from that they go to callin' ha-ard names an' vi'latin' th' la-aw.’ T w'd be a gr-reat sight, it w'd that.”

“Ye c'u'd n't arrist me fr that,” asserted Mrs. Flynn.

“F'r why?”

“F'r because I'm a po-lisman's wife,” was the confident reply, and then, considering that matter settled, she returned to the charge. “I 'll tell ye what, Barney Flynn,” she said, “ye 'll make that woman ha-ave a civil tongue in her head, or ye 'll ha-ave no hot coffee waitin' fr ye whin ye come home anny more. If ye-er cow'r'dly nature won't let ye ta-alk to th' woman, go lam her ma-an wanst, jist to let thim know ye 're sta-andin' up fr th' r-rights iv ye-er wife.”

“M-m-m, well,” replied Patrolman Flynn, apparently brought to terms by this threat, “if ye insist, I 'll ha-ave it out with him. They 's no ma-an walks that I 'm afraid to go ferninst, but a woman—” He ended the sentence with a shake of his head.

“Give it to him good,” urged Mrs. Flynn. “She's been threat'nin' to tell him to knock ye-er head off. Give it to him in th' neck.”

“T is there I aim to put it,” said Patrolman Flynn.

The matter being thus settled, nothing remained but to carry out the plan, and Patrolman Flynn straightway hunted up Dugan. They shook hands in a guarded sort of way, like two watchful prize-fighters, and then the policeman remarked casually: “Th' good woman do be ha-avin' some wur-rds with ye-er wife.”

“I heard iv it,” replied Dugan, and for a minute they eyed each other suspiciously.



DRAWN BY FREDERIC DOOR STEELE.

POLICEMAN FLYNN IN A REASONING ATTITUDE.

“T is a sha-ame to ha-ave quar'ls bechune fri'nds,” asserted Patrolman Flynn, finally. “If ye 'll put a br-rake on ye-er wife's tongue I 'll do th' same be mine.”

“If ye 'll ha-ave ye-er wife kape her clapper shtill,” returned Dugan, “I 'll ha-ave th' ash-pile changed.”

“T is done,” responded Patrolman Flynn, promptly. “Will ye ha-ave a bit iv th' ol' shtuff at Hogan's ba-ar?”

“I will.”

When Patrolman Flynn reached home he announced that the ashes thereafter would be

dumped elsewhere. "But don't mintion it," he cautioned. "Don't say a wur-rd to Mrs. Dugan. Poor la-ad, I'm sorry fr him, an' they's no use r-rubbin' it in."

"What did ye do to him?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"I give it to him," answered the patrolman, "first in th' mouth an' thin in th' neck." And he added to himself, "It wint down that wa-ay, fr I saw it go."

*Elliott Flower.*

**Forecast: "Fair."**

THE sky was like a leaden pall;  
The wind was from the east;  
The rain's determined, dreary fall  
Abated not the least.  
'T was vain the heavens o'er to scan  
For happy signs—I swear  
I marveled at the weather-man  
For prophesying "Fair"!

But lo! within an hour, about,  
The weather switched around!  
No climate better made throughout  
Could anywhere be found!  
Such tender air! Such summer blue!  
Such buoyancy! I guess  
At Washington they somehow knew  
That Nell would answer "Yes."

*Edwin L. Sabin.*

**Mixed Maxims.**

A PENNY saved spoils the broth.  
A FOOL and his money corrupt good manners.  
A WORD to the wise is a dangerous thing.  
A GUILTY conscience is the mother of invention.

*Carolyn Wells.*

**At Cupid's Counter.**

"CUPID," quoth he, "my soul desires  
A maiden sweet and rare;  
Some sprite that hovers half in cloud,  
With brow untouched by care.

"A roguish imp to soothe dull moods,  
Sedate in graver hours,  
A counselor of wisdom ripe  
And keen, instinctive powers.

"She must be beautiful and good;  
'T were well if she were rich;  
A housewife deft, as maids should be,  
To bake, to brew, to stitch.

"And—" Cupid broke in roguishly:  
"Your order's understood.  
I'm out of angels for to-day;  
Here's something 'just as good'!"

Then Cupid from his shelves took down  
A maiden such as grows  
Wherever summer sunshine gleams  
Or winter sifts its snows.

*Tudor Jenks.*

**Parades.**

MAKES no matter where we live,  
It's the same old cheat  
As it allus is—parades  
Don't come down our street.

Never knowed 'em, Fourth-July  
Or Election Day.  
All we do is hear the drums,  
'Bout a mile away.



Other chaps can see without  
Makin' half a try.  
Jest a-look at Billy's luck  
When the Six' went by—

(Day they would n't lemme go  
'Cause 't was rainin' hard)—  
Watched the whole thing, sittin' on  
The front stoop in his yard!

Jacky allus gets 'em, Joe's  
Corner's where they meet.  
Like to know, once, why parades  
Don't never come our street.

*Catharine Young Glen.*

